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VOL. XIX.—NO. 29. BOSTON, TUESDAY MORNING, JULY 21, 1891. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## IN DICKENS' SLUMS.

### Where Now Little Children Learn to Read.

### Their Only Happy Hours are Those Spent With Their Teachers.

### Henry George, Jr.'s Pathetic Story of the London Board Schools.

LONDON, July 4.—Passing over Blackfriars bridge and pushing along Blackfriars road for several blocks, one comes, on the left, to Charlotte st., and on the further corner to the firm of ironmongers, Jelly, Son & Jones, whose emblem of trade, a dog eating out of a pot, jutting out at the corner over the sign, was made celebrated the world over by Charles Dickens.

"The dog looks so fat and slick and the pot so large," wrote he, "that the passing hungry human gazers were like to be moved with envy."

Turning into narrow Charlotte st. and moving eastward, parallel with the river, what that dog and pot meant to Dickens is at once apparent.

For this district embraces the Southwark slums. It was the part of London in which Dickens lived the first cruel years of his life, and whence he afterwards drew many of his pictures and characters.

By frequently inquiring, I found my way yesterday morning through the Southwark district to the Orange Street board school, a large, dull, yellow brick building, fronted by a high, dull, yellow brick wall. This was the first of the schools opened by the London school board in the poorer parts of this city.

The school is divided into three divisions, an infant division, of which Mrs. Wayne is head mistress; a boys' division, of which Mr. J. Stanton is head master, and a girls' division, of which Mrs. E. M. Burgwin is head mistress.

Mrs. Wayne has been teaching there for 12 years, and Mr. Stanton has had long service; but Mrs. Burgwin is the pioneer board school teacher in the slums of London.

The curriculum of the London board schools is similar to that of the elementary public schools of the United States, and the methods pursued are similar, though I believe slight advantages are claimed here in a few respects.

Mrs. Burgwin with a just pride conducted me over her school and gave exhibitions of the proficiency of the various standards or classes. Coming as they did from the very "mud sills of society," the children sang well, read well, wrote well and showed a somewhat remarkable aptness for figures.

But the appalling thing forcing itself on one's attention was the poverty of the children. It appeared in their soiled and forlorn garments, their unkempt hair, their scars; but more than all in their serious, sallow faces, so shockingly strange in these islands, where ruddy cheeks are universally given to healthy childhood.

"We teach our girls to be neat and clean," said Mrs. Burgwin, "but the poor little souls cannot do much. They cannot get away from the terrible conditions in which they live." And then she told me of things that

**Drew a Fearful Picture.**

"Eighteen years ago," said she, substantially, "I commenced this work without a thought of the world of suffering it would open to me. I found at the start that most of the children had something the matter with them—diseased eyes, bad hearing, consumptive lungs, weak heart or some other deep seated trouble; and as for fatalities, they were fearfully frequent.

"I was prepared to find poverty, but I was shocked at these other troubles, and still more shocked at the savage manners of the children, and the unutterable oaths of even the smallest girls.

We at once perceived that we could not commence with them as we commenced with other children in better circumstances. There was no home influence to help us. We had to begin by teaching them many of the simplest and commonest words, which seemed to be wholly unknown to them, a careful examination showing that the unschooled cockney living in these poorer quarters uses only 50 words outside of nouns.

"A thing we noticed early was the absence of songs in their play. They had a game, and it seemed to be their only game, which greatly puzzled us at first. They called it 'Mother and Father.' Without letting them know it we watched them closely, and observed that one child played the part of mother, another that of father, another that of oldest son, and others represented more children. The father would come reeling along, and, catching hold of the mother and small children, beat them soundly until grappled by the oldest son. All the while there was screaming and shouting.

"Of course we stopped the playing of 'Mother and Father' at once. But it

**Told a Terrible Story.**

"The older girls we found were in many instances kept at home and deprived of schooling to mind babies. So we told them to come to school and bring the babies with them. We established a cratch for the babies, and had a nurse to look after them. In this way babies came to us that were but a few months old. We watch over them and keep them with us till the time when the law allows them to be taken away to be put to work.

"Mr. Stanton, in charge of the boys' division, has twins who are 7 years old, and have been coming here for six years—pretty little blue-eyed fellows with yellow curls. I had a girl of 13 who had been coming 12 years.

"But the most dreadful discovery was the hunger among the children. Their pale faces and stunted forms were due, we found, more than anything else to lack of food. An appalling number came to school without having had any breakfast, and went home again perhaps not to have any dinner.

"We gathered funds in various ways, and fed as many of them as needed it on wholesome porridge and bread, and in the evening, as the case might be, provided dinners of something better. This feeding of hungry children goes on regularly, and, for that matter, it has become a necessary part of the educational system in many of the board schools

**Throughout This Country.**

"For nearly 20 years we have been teaching children in these slums to read and write and figure, but what is the use of it all if they cannot live decently? So far as I can see, schooling has made little change in this. The plain truth is, there is more than an educational question involved. Beneath is a social question—the question of how the people are to live. It is for the politicians to say how they will settle that. But one thing is certain: We, with this schooling, are kindling a spirit of independence in these people in the slums that must very soon find a vent in one way or another."

This Orange st. school, taken altogether, doubtless presents the worst phase of poverty in all the 440 board schools in London, but there are many more that follow close after. At the office of the school board I learned that there were on March 24, 870 pupils on the roll of the Orange st. school, and that the weekly penny fee of 394 who were too poor to pay had to be remitted. On the same date there were 448,107 on the rolls of all the board schools of London, and fees had to be remitted in 98,685 cases, showing the wide extent of poverty, and the necessity of the bill now passing through Parliament remitting fees.

Two years ago a special committee reported to the school board to the effect that "during the year the number of children in average attendance in the schools of the board was 341,495," and "of those 43,888, or 12.08 per cent., are returned as habitually attending school

**In Want of Food."**

The committee also reported information received from the school boards of Birmingham, Gateshead, Glasgow, Liverpool and Manchester, showing that the same condition of things prevailed throughout the kingdom.

Many children cannot come to the tables or attend school until they get a little assistance in the way of clothing.

As I write there recurs to me the words of one of the songs I heard at the Southwark school, and there comes the sound of low voices and the scene of the uncouth, ragged, soiled garments, the unkempt hair, the scars and the pitiful little faces—faces that even now brighten and glow at the picture in the song:

Little girl with fairy feet,
Whither are you straying?
O'er the hill and down the hill,
And in the meadows playing?

I'm a little fairy girl,
Through the meadows straying;
With my basket on my arm,
You see I've been a maying.

HENRY GEORGE, JR.

**Laundries and Good Morals.**

[New York Herald.]

"It may surprise you to hear that we laundrymen sometimes render the New York detectives material assistance in working out difficult cases," said the proprietor of the Mt. St. Vincent laundry yesterday. "Nearly every one of our patrons has his name on his cuffs and collars, but there are some who go by certain marks and numbers. These marks are copied by each American laundryman and the owner's name placed opposite the mark, so you will see that by searching through the laundries many a necessary link has been added to the chains of evidence.

"We have many requests not to mark the owner's articles with his name. This happens when a man is leading a double life and who fears that a fictitious name might excite his wife's suspicions. To avoid having their collars marked thus, many of these shady individuals go to Chinese laundries to have their work done."

## CRISP TO BE SPEAKER.

### New York Delegation will Probably Make Him Their Choice.

WASHINGTON, July 19.—A prominent Tammanyite, who generally knows what is going on in the inner circles of that organization, told the writer in New York yesterday that Representative Crisp of Georgia would be the speaker of the next House.

He added that while the New York delegation had held no meeting on the subject it was generally understood that Crisp was their choice, and while there were members of the delegation who were favorably disposed toward the other candidates, yet as Crisp had a majority of the members he would be able to secure the solid support of New York in caucus.

It has generally been believed that Crisp is the choice of Tammany, but that he can count on the solid support of New York—as this enthusiastic Tammanyite says—is very doubtful.

A New Yorker, who was a member of the last House, and who is known to favor Representative McMillin of Tennessee for speaker is quoted as saying:

"It is not true that the New York delegation has settled upon Crisp or any other man for speaker. In the first place the delegation have never met to discuss the subject, and what is more important, there are at least 11 of them who favor the selection of Mr. McMillin. I know it is said that Tammany Hall favors Mr. Crisp, but who speaks for Tammany Hall? No one in this matter. Of course, as a New Yorker, I should like to see the delegation united, and perhaps it may come to that. But at present this has not been accomplished. There are individual delegates who favor McMillin, Crisp, Wilson and Mills, and just about in that order. No, I do not think it at all likely that the delegation will unite upon any New York man."

## NOT A CANDIDATE.

### Yet Contingencies Might Arise When Chief Justice Fuller Would Accept.

WASHINGTON, July 19.—For several months past the name of Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller has been mentioned in many papers as a possible presidential candidate in case Mr. Cleveland is not the nominee of the party, and a Western man should be selected as the standard-bearer.

Chief Justice Fuller would not in any way attempt to antagonize Mr. Cleveland. A prominent Chicago man now here, in talking about the matter, said:

"There is going to be a substantial union of the divergent wings of the Democratic party in Chicago, which means that we will control the city in the future. But there is more back of it than that. It means that Illinois is going to have a candidate for president in the person of Chief Justice Melville W. Fuller, one of her most illustrious citizens.

"Chief Justice Fuller has always been popular with the better class of politicians, and thoroughly liked by 'the boys' as well. He has conducted campaigns as the chairman of the executive committee, has spoken frequently in Chicago as well as all over the State during political canvasses, and while he never was a candidate for any office yet he has been a prominent figure in politics.

"Since his appointment as chief justice he has apparently dropped politics, but he is the same sturdy Democrat that he ever was. Not long since I had a talk with him, but he emphatically declared that he was not and would not be a candidate for office.

"His ambitions, he said, were satisfied. He had the office that he regarded as the one best suited to him and one in which he could do the most for his country. He was evidently sincere.

"Notwithstanding this, however, there is a determination in Chicago among strong men to place his name before the Democratic national convention in certain contingencies, and he would be forced to accept. If so, Illinois would leave the Republican column for good."

## SILVER IN THE CAMPAIGN.

### Harrison will Stand on About the Same Footing as Cleveland.

WASHINGTON, July 19.—The free silver plank in the Ohio platform has aroused any amount of discussion in Washington among the politicians, and from the way the matter is being argued here it looks as if free silver would be a greater issue in the next campaign than the tariff.

Of course the proximity of Washington to New York, Boston and Philadelphia makes the average Washingtonian reflect the Eastern view of the money question, but the Western men realize the importance of the issue and the weight it will have in the campaign.

It is conceded on all sides that the next Congress will pass a free silver bill and that the President will promptly veto the measure when it is presented to him for his signature.

Whether Congress can pass the bill over the veto is a question of only minor interest. The veto will be written as a campaign document, and will be largely circulated by the Republicans in the anti-silver States, and especially in New York, where it is believed it will have the most effect.

If Mr. Cleveland, however, should be the Democratic candidate the veto would lose much of its force, as Mr. Cleveland's well-known attitude on the currency question is identical with that of Mr. Harrison's, and as any free silver bill must be passed by the joint votes of Democrats and Republicans, the Republicans could claim nothing for Mr. Harrison which cannot be granted to Mr. Cleveland.

If Mr. Cleveland is the candidate, the situation will be greatly simplified, as while his position on silver is, perhaps, not entirely acceptable to some of the Western and Southern States, his personal popularity in the West, and the confidence the East has in his sound judgment and conservative course would ensure him the support of both sections, and no other man, who is now prominently mentioned, can command this support as he can.

Apropos of presidential candidates an interesting rumor is that Gov. Hill has come to the conclusion that he cannot hope for the nomination and that the best thing he can do is to control the New York delegation. It is said that if he sees a chance he will turn New York over to Senator Gorman, always on the supposition, of course, that there is enough opposition in the convention to Mr. Cleveland's nomination to make a contest possible as well as practicable.

## BRANDY STILLS IN OPERATION.

### Apples and Peaches Abundant and the Output of Brandy Will be Large.

BALTIMORE, Md., July 19.—For the first time in four or five years all the fruit brandy stills on the eastern shore of Maryland will be in full operation this summer.

Apples and peaches are the fruits used, and there will be an abundant crop of both. There are about 100 registered stills on the peninsula between the Chesapeake and the Delaware bays. More of them will be in operation this year than at any time within 20 years.

At no time recently has the business been profitable, because the shortness of the apple and peach crops interfered with the brandy material. This year the early summer apple crop is very heavy, and the distillers are quick to take advantage of the low prices to begin their work. H. C. Dodson, the deputy collector of internal revenue for the division comprising the eastern shores of Maryland and Virginia, is busy already with the official work of bonding and starting the distillers. In Dorchester and Wicomico counties distillers began work on the early summer apples a week ago. This is early for the distillery season. Usually they do not begin work before August.

It is quite certain there are not 50 gallons of home-made fruit brandy in the market on the peninsula, and the output this year will find an empty market. Fruit brandy pays the United States government a tax of 90 cents a gallon, and the business on the government's part is so thoroughly systematized that an escape from the payment of the tax on a single gallon by any distiller is impossible unless there is collusion between him and the government officer.

It is probable that 20,000 gallons of apple and peach brandy will be made this year on the peninsula, on which a tax of $18,000 will be paid into the United States Treasury.

## BUSINESS AND CROPS.

### Favorable Cotton Reports from Tennessee.

### Crop Reports Generally Show Fair Prospects—Kansas "Hoppers."

### Weather in Wisconsin—New Jersey's Leaky Lake.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., July 20.—The regular monthly crop report for the Memphis district from Hill, Fontaine & Co., will say:

"The weather during the month has in the main been favorable for cotton, and 230 out of our 346 correspondents report it much more favorable than last year. The plant, under these favorable conditions, has greatly improved since our June report, and crops are generally reported in good condition.

"There are some complaints, however, in sections of Tennessee of lack of moisture, where both cotton and corn are suffering.

"Stands throughout the district are in the main good, and a large majority of our correspondents report the plant as forming, blooming and bolling well.

"Arkansas has the brightest prospects, for both cotton and corn from that State are exceptionally fine. The condition of the growing cotton crop up to the date of receiving our replies was good and much better than last year at the same period, although in the same section in all of the four States the plant is reported smaller.

"A comparison with last year shows that 186 report it in better condition, 88 not so good, and 72 about the same. It should be borne in mind, however, that the plant is still susceptible to many damaging influences, and no estimate can be made now as to even the probable outcome of the cotton crop.

"The outlook for corn was never brighter."

## FAVORABLE FOR HARVESTING.

### New York Crops Secured in Excellent Condition.

ITHACA, N. Y., July 20.—The New York State weather bureau's crop bulletin says:

"The past week has been exceptionally favorable for harvesting, and a considerable proportion of the hay, wheat and rye crops have been secured in excellent condition, excepting in the northern section of the State, where the work is less advanced.

"Wheat and rye have generally a good color and are well filled. The yield of wheat will probably be fully equal to the average amount, and of rye nearly an average crop is expected.

"Barley is less satisfactory in quantity and quality than other grains.

"Growing crops have generally come forward well during the week, the advance being especially rapid in the cases of oats and potatoes. Corn is still rather backward, but grows rapidly. Potatoes are very generally reported to be in excellent condition."

The apple crop is good in the central Hudson valley, but over the greater part of the State the yield will be light, although the fruit is not now dropping to the extent previously reported.

## GRASSHOPPERS NOT FEARED.

### The Kansas Crop of Bugs Only Temporary Sojourners.

TOPEKA, Kan., July 18.—In their report on the grasshopper scare, Chancellor E. H. Snow and Prof. E. O. Popenoe, who were commissioned to look into the matter, say:

"The only injury to any field crop which has come to our knowledge is the destruction of a 12-acre field of fodder sugar cane, or sorghum, only four inches in height.

"We have repeatedly seen locusts passing through cornfields in swarms without inflicting the slightest injury.

We have seen no evidence that these locusts will eat the leaves of potato plants.

Reports agree that the eggs from which were hatched these armies were deposited last fall by the locusts which flew into this area in August and September from the South, and it is a reasonable hypothesis that the present generations, upon acquiring wings, will return southward toward the original habitation of their parents.

## BIG CORN SUGAR TRUST.

### American Glucose Will Hereafter be Controlled by Englishmen.

CHICAGO, July 14.—American glucose will hereafter be controlled by an English syndicate.

The contract by which the principal glucose houses were purchased was closed yesterday. The syndicate, it is thought, will attempt to control the American glucose market as well.

For several days last week a party of Englishmen, with Col. H. Cooper Gladow at its head, were in Chicago. When they left they carried with them a proposition for the sale of the plants formerly controlled by the glucose trust. Yesterday the syndicate telegraphed Levi Mayer, who represents the old trust, accepting the proposition.

The property held by the eight companies is valued at about $16,000,000, and it is said that to handle these plants the English company will float bonds amounting to $20,000,000 par value.

## MICHIGAN'S BIG CROP.

### 24,000,000 Bushels of Wheat Likely to be Handled.

LANSING, Mich., July 15.—The Michigan monthly crop report for July is the first official estimate of the probable total yield of wheat from this year's crop.

The estimate is 24,671,558 bushels, and this is probably low.

The area is 140,000 acres in excess of that harvested in 1890.

The area planted to corn is 3 per cent. less in the southern counties than in average years, and the condition not up to the average.

**Ontario Has Plenty of Grain.**

TORONTO, Ont., July 15.—Reports from all parts of Ontario indicate that all grain and root crops will be above the average, and that hay will be far below it.

## WINDS, LIGHTNING AND FLOODS.

### Missouri Visited by Series of Destructive Storms.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 15.—Specials from various points in central and western Missouri report the occurrence last night of disastrous storms.

Near Sedalia John Dillard's house was struck by lightning. Dillard was instantly killed and his wife was fatally injured.

A cloud-burst on Field's creek, near Clinton, caused a rapid rise in the creek, and the washing away of 1200 feet of the roadbed of the Kansas City, Clinton & Springfield railway. Corn and wheat fields were badly damaged.

At Marshall the wind blew a gale. Trees and gardens in the city were badly damaged, and in the country wheat and corn were levelled to the ground.

## DEATH AND DESTRUCTION

### Wrought in Thirty Minutes at West Superior, Wis.

A wind storm of terrific violence swept over West Superior, Wis., Thursday, carrying death and destruction in its path. The wind was accompanied by pouring rain. The storm lasted only about 30 minutes, but during that period many thousands of dollars damage was done, while at least five persons were killed and many others injured.

The force of the storm was spent along 3d st. By the water front, corner of Tower av., was a small wooden structure, which was the first building struck, and it was utterly demolished. Three blocks east of this point was a large three-story frame building in course of construction. Carpenters, painters and plasterers were at work, to the number of 25, when the storm came up. Boss Carpenter Gross called to his men to get out of the building and 12 of them jumped from the windows.

At the same moment a crew of men passed by and into the structure to escape the storm. As they entered the building, without an instant's tremor or warning, it collapsed, burying 17 men. The structure did not move a foot from its foundation. It simply flattened out, as though by a terrible blow from above. Three tinners on the roof remained where they were, and escaped serious injury, though the fall was 38 feet.

An alarm of fire quickly brought the firemen to the scene. A large number of persons assisted the firemen in the rescue, fully 3000 people being at the scene. At a late hour at night the dead taken out were: John Laur, married, aged 36; Charles Lucius, single, 24; Herman Paussey, single, 26; John Schofield and an unknown man about 35 years of age.

## DESERT TURNED TO PASTURE.

### Salton Basin Filled with Lakes and Fast Growing Grass.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 16.—The source of the Salton lake is now settled. The water comes from the Colorado river, and a newspaper party has just come into Salton from Yuma, having made the whole distance in a boat.

They report that the Colorado river had broken through the western banks at several points, the original breaks being 20 miles from Yuma. This overflow filled a large basin bounded by the Southern Pacific track of the northeast, by the Colorado river on the southeast, and by a ridge of hills some distance south of Salton on the northwest.

This basin was filling rapidly when the second break occurred in the last-named ridge of hills, freeing an immense volume of water through two streams into Salton basin, and forming the present lake. The salinity of the water is explained by the large deposits of salt in the desert.

The water is bringing down an immense lot of seed, and excellent cattle food is springing up everywhere. The desert will soon have good pasturage.

### Plenty of Fruit and the Farmers Are Accordingly Well Pleased.

According to the official reports of the U. S. weather bureau the weather of the past week has been very favorable to the interests of the New England farmers. Probably, all things considered, the best of the season. However, more degrees of heat, warmer days and nights, are much desired. The cool, cloudy days, with more or less fog, have caused very slow advancement of the corn and tobacco crops.

In most sections the soil continues in good condition as regards moisture, though rain would be beneficial in parts of Massachusetts and Connecticut. Heavy winds preceding or accompanying thunderstorms have done considerable damage to crops in parts of New Hampshire and Maine; fields and roads have been badly washed by the rains, and several buildings burned by fires resulting from lightning. Nevertheless, over the greater portion of the districts the conditions have been favorable to harvesting of grain and grass.

These crops continue to turn out much better than expected, and generally of superior quality. Corn and tobacco are now very promising, also potatoes, except for southern sections, where they are being dug, and are found to be very small.

As a rule, favorable reports of fruits are received from all quarters. In some sections apples may not average as well as anticipated earlier, but as a crop the yield will be good. Pasturage is excellent, and stock will be in fine condition for winter feeding.

The present conditions and outlook of the farming interests of New England are fully up to the average, and farmers are mostly well satisfied.

**Wisconsin Corn Behind the Season.**

MILWAUKEE, Wis., July 20.—The weekly weather crop bulletin for Wisconsin is as follows:

"Reports from correspondents indicate a fair condition of crops in all sections of the State except through Sheboygan, Washington, Ozaukee, Maintowoc and Fond Du Lac counties. In that section little or no rain has fallen. The sunshine during the week has been about the average, but the weather has been too cool, especially for corn, which, owing to the late planting, is behind the season."

**Too Cool in Illinois.**

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., July 20.—The weather crop bulletin of the Illinois weather service says:

"The temperature of the last week has been below the normal throughout the State; at the central office the deficiency was nearly six degrees daily. In the central counties the rainfall has been generally above a seasonable average, but in the northern and southern counties the amount of precipitation has been generally deficient. An average amount of sunshine prevailed.

**Notes.**

A report on the harvest prospects in France and Europe has been received at the State Department in Washington from Commercial Agent Griffin of Limoges, France. After reviewing the outlook in Europe, which shows a considerable probable deficiency, the report, in conclusion, says that not only France but all Europe is looking longingly to the wheat fields of the United States. No talk of supplies from South America is heard.

In Bombay presidency, India, rain has fallen plenteously. This will greatly assist the crops. In many other parts of India there has been but a scant rainfall, and it is expected that this will result in famine.

Senator Carey of Wyoming, who has made an extended trip through the West, says the Alliance is on its last legs. The prospects of large crops and a good market have turned the attention of the farmers from politics to business.

*A ROWING CLUB*
*Is needed in your town. Form one now. Send for the WEEKLY GLOBE'S new private circular and free sample copies.*

## A HORSE ON A TRESTLE.

### He Didn't Get Dizzy, and Seemed to Realize His Situation.

[Olympia Tribune.]

A strange scene was witnessed on the Northern Pacific trestle at the water works. The trestle is about 600 feet long and 55 feet high. Under it is the Union Pacific roadbed. The ties are about eight inches apart and are evenly distributed the entire distance.

At an early hour the attention of a dozen people was attracted by a large sorrel horse, which had walked along the trestle from the south and was unaware of the danger ahead. He was unable to turn around, and had fully 500 feet yet to travel. The spectators expected ever moment to see the animal dashed to atoms by a fall.

Fully mindful of his danger it was remarkable to note the instinct with which the animal stepped cautiously from one tie to another. He had just reached a part of the trestle above the Union Pacific roadbed when he became dazed and missed his footing.

His hind feet caught in the tie and threw him, so that the rear portion of his body overhung the framework of the immense bridge, while he held himself by his fore feet. The spectators looked every moment for the fatal fall. Suddenly, with a powerful lunge, the heroic animal threw his body toward the trestle and managed to regain his feet. Again he started on his perilous walk, and when within a few feet of the end of the bridge fell again and was caught in much the same manner.

Martin Scully started to the assistance of the animal with a rope, but the horse was so close to terra firma that he made another effort to regain his feet, and fell to the sloping bank just a short distance below. He then rolled down the bank for about 25 feet. His mouth and hoof were badly bruised in the struggle, but otherwise he was uninjured.

**A Farmer's Scheme for Flying.**

[Oregonian.]

A Walla Walla "farmer" writes to the Oregonian that he thinks the new-fangled flying machines he reads so much about in the papers are too expensive to be of any practical use. He suggests the "training of ducks, geese, seagulls, or other birds not heavy in body, but rapid flying; make a very light rack or open platform of bamboo rods, hitch the fowls on to the same in some way that the legs and wings would be free when flying, which could be easily done; then have a basket fastened beneath the bamboo rack; the weight in all would not be over 15 pounds.

"Now, say the game selected for this purpose each can lift about his own weight, two pounds, of course it would require 100 fowls in order to lift the weight of a person (150 pounds), including the material. Now, if some game could be trained (I have no doubt they can), some professor might work it up. It would not cost $40,000; no steam or fuel required. If some one should make it work, I hope his first trip will be to Walla Walla; if not, he won't be out much, because the game ought to sell for some figure. But you know the power is there, and it is about the only way I see flying could be made possible."

## POLITICAL BOOMS.

### Campbell the Democratic Choice in Ohio.

### The Platform and Speeches—Mississippi on Silver—Boston Nationalists.

### Socialists Waking Up—Other News From Many Quarters.

CLEVELAND, O., July 15.—One of the largest, and at the same time most inharmonious, conventions ever assembled in the history of Ohio Democracy met in this city at 10.30 o'clock this morning.

Chairman Norton of the State central committee called the convention to order, and Rev. J. W. Campbell of Cleveland invoked the divine blessing upon the convention.

As Allan W. Thurman, the temporary chairman, stepped forward, the vast audience burst into cheers at the sight of the son of Ohio's distinguished leader.

Mr. Thurman said: In a few weeks the Democracy of Ohio will by its ballots most emphatically condemn an industrial policy that is a continual barrier to commercial prosperity.

They will demonstrate that they no longer believe that the only way by which a country can be made rich is by buying from itself and selling to itself.

They will also show that they do not believe a country can be made rich by excessively taxing itself; when they will in thunder tones denounce the wanton extravagance and wastefulness of a party which, in two short years, by profligate expenditure completely wiped out the tremendous surplus of $140,000,000 which had accumulated under the honest, economical administration of Grover Cleveland.

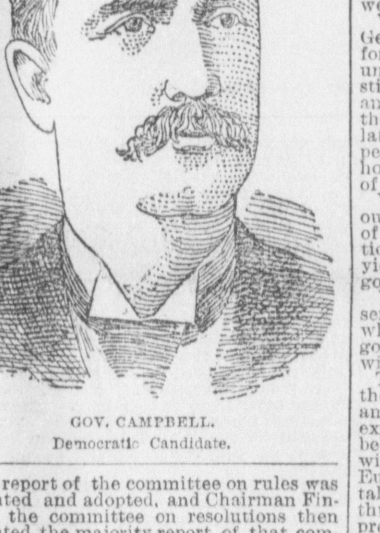
The speaker criticised the policy of the Republican party in raising the average rate of duties from 47 to 57 per cent.; in pernicious class legislation, driving the American marine off the high seas; in assisting England in her attempt to establish monometallism; in adding in a short time 2000 names to the list of officeholders; in blocking all legislation for months in an endeavor to enact an infamous, villainous and partisan force bill.

Mr. Thurman discussed at great length the tariff law in its relation to the farmer and to the industrial classes and dwelt in stirring language upon the "tin-plate iniquity."

In conclusion he said: "Intrenched monopoly will not surrender without making a desperate struggle; therefore I implore every man in this convention to work after he leaves here with his whole soul for our success."

The committee on permanent organization reported that ex-Congressman Frank Leblond of Mercer county had been selected as permanent chairman of the convention.

Chairman Leblond's speech was brief and to the point.



GOV. CAMPBELL.
Democratic Candidate.

The report of the committee on rules was presented and adopted, and Chairman Finley of the committee on resolutions then presented the majority report of that committee.

The platform as reported by the majority of the committee was then adopted by acclamation.

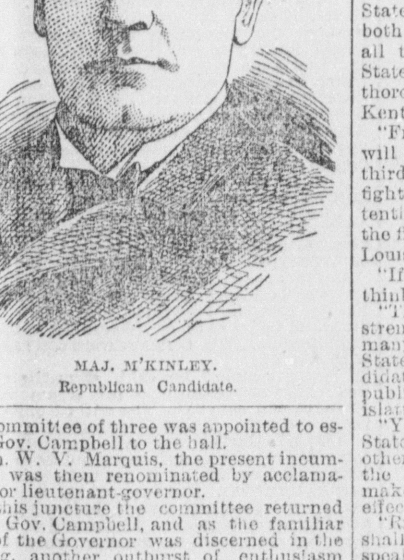
The nomination of a governor was next in order, and ex-Congressman Follett of Cincinnati placed in nomination Lawrence T. Neal of Ross county.

S. D. Dodge of Cleveland nominated Virgil P. Cline of Cuyahoga county.

There was a deafening cheer of applause when Gen. Michael Ryan of Cincinnati arose to nominate Campbell. Hats were flung in the air, handkerchiefs were waved and umbrellas swung in time to the wild acclaim of enthusiasm which swept over the convention.

The official vote was: Campbell, 508 7-16; Neal, 134 9-16; Kline, 56, and Congressman Johnson 1 vote.

"On behalf of Cuyahoga county," said Dodge, the leader of the Kline men, "I move that we make the nomination of Campbell unanimous." (Applause.) The motion was quickly put and declared carried.



MAJ. M'KINLEY.
Republican Candidate.

A committee of three was appointed to escort Gov. Campbell to the hall.

Hon. W. V. Marquis, the present incumbent, was then renominated by acclamation for lieutenant-governor.

At this juncture the committee returned with Gov. Campbell, and as the familiar face of the Governor was discerned in the throng, another outburst of enthusiasm marked the proceedings. Gov. Campbell stepped to the front.

He referred in scathing terms to the "infamous force bill," and to the arbitrary disregard of minority rights pursued by the last House of Representatives. The protection policy of McKinley he characterized as one that was pursued in the interest "of monopoly, by monopoly and for monopoly," bringing about the centralization of wealth, with its debasing and destructive results. Concluding, he said;

"Let the Republicans of Ohio who have not gone mad on protection come over this year and start with us upon the backward march toward the tariff of Washington; or, better yet, enroll themselves under a banner inscribed with those burning words of Garfield.

"Let the well-meaning men who train under the names of the 'Farmers' Alliance' or of the 'People's Party,' and who seek to remedy real grievances brought about by Republican legislation, remember that no third party can succeed; but that with us and as a part of us, they can help to swell the joyous hosanna that will peal to heaven from the tax-burdened people of the entire country, when the glad tidings go forth next November that we are yet in possession of the old Republican citadel—now the Democratic Buckeye State."

The rest of the ticket was completed as follows:

Auditor of state, Hon. T. E. Peckinbaugh of Wayne county; attorney-general, John P. Bailey of Putnam county; State treasurer, C. F. Ackerman of Mansfield; judge of the Supreme Court, Gustavus H. Wald of Hamilton county; commissioner of common schools, Charles C. Miller of Erie county; member board of public works, John McNamara of Summit county; member of food and dairy commission, H. S. Trumbo of Lawrence county.

Then after passing the usual vote of thanks to the officers the convention at 5 p. m. adjourned sine die.

## FREE COINAGE OF BOTH KINDS.

### "So-Called Protection" Opposed in Ohio Democrats' Resolutions.

CLEVELAND, O., July 15.—The resolutions adopted by the Democratic State convention today were as follows:

The Democracy of Ohio, in convention assembled, hereby resolve:

That we most heartily indorse the honesty and economy of the administration of Gov. James E. Campbell, and commend the 69th General Assembly for its business qualifications, economy and reform, and especially for having provided for a secret ballot, by which every voter in Ohio can cast his ballot in secret as he desires and have his vote counted as cast; and we invite attention to the fact that the Republican party, though hypocritically professing to favor "a free ballot and fair count," yet opposed and voted against the bill for providing for a free and secret ballot, thus demonstrating its professions to be insincere and for political effect only; and we cordially indorse and approve the act of the Legislature regulating the compensation of county officers by providing for a fixed salary.

We are opposed to all class legislation and believe in a tariff levied for the sole purpose of producing a revenue sufficient to defray the legitimate expenses of the government economically administered.

We accept the issues tendered to us by the Republican party on the subject of the tariff as represented by the so-called McKinley tariff act, confident that the verdict of the people of Ohio will be recorded against the

**Iniquitous Policy**

of so-called protection, championed by the Republican party in the interest of favored classes against the masses.

We favor a graded income tax.

We denounce the demonetization of silver in 1873 by the party then in power as an iniquitous alteration of the money standard in favor of creditors and against debtors, taxpayers and producers, and which by shutting off one of the sources of supply of primary money operates continually to increase the value of gold, depress prices, hamper industry and disparage enterprise; and we demand the reinstatement of the constitutional standard of both gold and silver, with the equal right of each to free and unlimited coinage.

We denounce the Republican billion dollar Congres, which by extravagant expenditures exhausted a surplus in the national treasury left there by a Democratic administration and created a deficit; which substituted despotic rule for free discussion in the House of Representatives; and we congratulate the people on the defeat of the odious force bill demanded by a Republican President and championed by the Republican party for the purpose of perpetuating its rule by perverting the constitutional powers of the government, destroying free elections and placing the ballot-box in the hands of unscrupulous partisans, in order, as declared by Speaker Reed, 'to register the voters, supervise the elections, count the ballots and declare the result.'

We are opposed to the enactment of all laws which unnecessarily

**Interfere with the Habits**

and customs of any of our people, which are not offensive to the moral sentiments of the civilized world, and we believe that the personal rights of the individual should be curtailed only when it is essential to the maintenance of the peace, good order and welfare of the community.

We favor the passage of such laws by the General Assembly as will give us a system for the government of our municipalities, uniform throughout the State, as the constitution requires, in which the executive and legislative power shall be separated, the former to be lodged in a mayor, and the latter in a council, both to be elected by the people, thereby realizing the principle of home rule, safe from the danger and evils of special legislation.

We favor closer commercial relations with our Canadian neighbors, and the removal of the embarrassing and annoying restrictions which only vex our people without yielding any substantial revenue to the government.

We favor liberal and just pensions to deserving and disabled soldiers and sailors who fought for the maintenance of the government, and like pensions to their widows and orphan children.

The persecution of the Jewish people by the Russian government justly deserves and receives our unqualified censure. We extend to them our sincere sympathies, and believe that this government, in connection with the enlightened governments of Europe disposed to unite with us, should take proper steps to alleviate the wrongs thus inflicted on this long-suffering and oppressed people.

**The Minority Report**

recommends the adoption of the following resolution as a substitute for the plank in the platform on the free and unlimited coinage of silver:

We believe in honest money, the coinage of gold and silver and circulating medium convertible into such money without loss; and we oppose all legislation which tends to drive either gold or silver out of circulation; and we believe in maintaining the coinage of both metals on a parity.

We also recommend that the resolution declaring for a graduated tax on incomes be stricken from the platform.

## SHERMAN NOW BEATEN.

### Leader Taubeneck Talks About People's Party in Kentucky.

CINCINNATI, O., July 13.—Henry E. Taubeneck, chairman of the national committee of the People's party, organized in this city last May, was in Cincinnati today.

Mr. Taubeneck was one of the "Big Three" in the Illinois Legislature who made the deadlock on the senatorship, he being the only one who stuck to Streeter to the last.

"We are going to surprise the country by our vote in Kentucky," said Mr. Taubeneck today.

"I will not say that we will carry the State, but we will make it interesting for both the old parties. We have organized all the counties in the lower part of the State, and before election we hope to have a thorough organization in every county in Kentucky.

"From what I can learn at Frankfort we will certainly carry the first, second and third congressional districts and will have a fighting chance on the eighth, ninth and tenth. As yet we have done very little in the fifth and sixth, in which the cities of Louisville and Covington are located."

"If the election were held tomorrow, I think that our vote would be 35,000.

"The Alliance in that State have a voting strength of 100,000, but there are a great many of them who will vote their own State ticket and support our legislative candidates. I think that we will, with the Republicans, have a majority in the next Legislature.

"Yes, we will import speakers to the State. Senator Pfeffer, Jerry Simpson and others will be with us the last two weeks of the campaign. We are very anxious to make a good showing in Kentucky, for the effect it will have on Ohio.

"Right after the Kentucky election I shall camp out in Ohio, and every available speaker in the country will be brought here to aid in the fight."

"Of course you can't expect to carry Ohio?"

"It would look sort of wild to make such a claim, but stranger things have happened. The Republicans have nominated a man who is not strong with the farmers, and with the Democratic opposition to Campbell we can make it very interesting in the Buckeye State.

"I think that we have John Sherman beaten already, and if we hold the balance of power you can rest assured that we will vote for no man of either party who will not pledge himself to support our party and its principles."

"How many votes do you think that you can poll in Ohio for the People's party?"

"Not having been there, I am not prepared to say as to that, but Ohio men whom I have talked with put our strength at not less than 75,000, which is less than 10 per cent. of the vote of the entire State."

"Your new party does not seem to be making much headway in the South?"

"The people there will be ready for revolt from the old parties in that section next year. We have a strong organization in most of the Southern States."

"The only section of the country in which we are weak is in the extreme Eastern States where the capitalists who hold the mortgages on Western farms reside.

"I think that workingmen will come with us at the right time. We have some very earnest workers in Massachusetts, and as you know, all the Nationalists have decided to go with the new party."

"Will Cleveland suit the Democratic party?"

"The politicians and the leaders probably, but not the people, who take no stock in him since he wrote that letter on the silver question.

"If he is nominated we will carry several Southern States beyond a doubt."

In the course of the conversation Mr. Taubeneck declared that the whole force of the new party would be concentrated in Kentucky and Ohio, and that most of the other States which hold elections this year will be left to look after themselves. He will attend the People's party State convention of Ohio at Springfield on Aug. 4, and the party in the whole country will be called upon to contribute funds to carry on the campaign in this State.

Not only Taubeneck but all the leaders in the People's party movement in this State agree that the Republicans will be the greater sufferer, and that if they can poll 60,000 votes McKinley will surely be buried next November.

**Kicking Against Campbell.**

CINCINNATI, July 15.—The nomination of Gov. Campbell has caused a great sensation in this city, although not unexpected.

A number of the crowd who opposed him have announced their determination to support the People's party candidate who will be nominated at Springfield on the 5th of August.

Among the most prominent of the well-known Democrats who have announced their alliance with the People's party is Judge Alfred Yaple.

He declared to THE GLOBE correspondent tonight that he would not vote for Campbell because he is not right on the tariff question, and because the Ohio platform does not go far enough for him.

**McKinley is Satisfied.**

WHEELING, W. Va., July 16.—Maj. McKinley arrived here this morning, and left this afternoon for Clarksburg.

The major expressed himself to a GLOBE correspondent as very well satisfied with the result of the Ohio Democratic convention.

He thinks the dissensions in the Democratic ranks are irreconcilable, and believes his chances are thereby greatly enhanced.

## QUAY WILL RESIGN.

### Clarkson Will be His Successor as Chairman of Republican Committee.

PHILADELPHIA, July 18.—A number of United States Senator Quay's close political friends asserted publicly today that Quay will resign the office of chairman of the Republican national committee, the executive committee of which meets here the 29th inst.

Quay's resignation will go to the full committee, which will probably meet in September.

It is said here that ex-Assistant Postmaster-General Clarkson has been selected to succeed Quay on account of his well-known activity, long experience in politics and his especial fitness in other respects.

It is stated that the members of the committee have been consulted by mail regarding the proposed change, and that the replies indicate beyond question Gen. Clarkson's election.

Upon the question of the reason for Senator Quay's retirement no one is able to speak definitely.

All that is known is that he will step down and out, just as United States Senator Gorman did from the chairmanship of the Democratic national committee after his successful leadership in 1884.

No reason will be assigned in the letter of resignation, and, doubtless, so far as the committee is concerned, none will be asked for.

It is well known, however, to his nearest friends, that in view of recent political events in Pennsylvania and the fear that they might have an unwholesome influence upon the Republican national campaign next year, Senator Quay preferred to occupy a less prominent position in the national committee in 1892.

It was felt under the circumstances that to retain the national chairmanship during 1892 would invite criticism possibly disadvantageous to Republican success.

## ANOTHER FREE SILVER STATE.

### Mississippi Democrats in Convention Want More Greenbacks.

JACKSON, Miss., July 16.—The State Democratic convention met here yesterday.

The object was to nominate a railroad commissioner. The present incumbent was renominated.

The platform adopted denounces class legislation, says farmers have been unduly taxed and discriminated against; believes that gold and silver coined on same terms would circulate freely side by side. It says there should be an additional issue of the treasury notes to relieve present financial depression; favors liberal appropriations by Congress for rivers and harbors, and denounces the force bill.

## FARMERS' SECRETS OUT.

### True Inwardness of Ocala Convention and Investigation.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 16.—A leader in the Kansas Farmers' Alliance ranks, who was also prominent in the Ocala National Alliance convention, yesterday gave out the secrets of that gathering in part.

He said that Dr. Macune, editor of the Economist, the official organ of the National Alliance, and Congressman Livingston of the Atlanta, Ga., district, went to Ocala with bitterness in their hearts against President Polk, determined to defeat him for a re-election. They gathered a strong following, and when charges were brought against them for having assisted in an attempt to elect Patrick Calhoun, the attorney of the Richmond Terminal Company, to the United States Senate for a consideration, they caused counter charges to be made against President Polk for having made the accusation, alleging that in doing so he had been guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer of the alliance.

These complaints were referred to a committee of 32, made up of three classes of men, and men who were anxious to whitewash both, if necessary, for the good of the order. This committee was in session nearly 48 hours. Finally a compromise was offered by the Macune men. They proposed that Polk be exonerated and that Macune and Livingston be mildly criticised for indiscretion, which won over Polk's friends.

## THEY LOVE EACH OTHER.

### Congressman Elliott Says Cleveland and Hill are Firm Friends.

NEW ORLEANS, La., July 14.—The Times-Democrat's San Antonio, Tex., special says:

Congressman M. F. Elliott of northern Pennsylvania, and an intimate friend of Gov. D. B. Hill, is here, and today talked quite freely.

He announced that there was no feeling of enmity between Cleveland and Hill.

The latter, he said, was quite satisfied with the senatorial honors of his State, and had little idea of opposing Mr. Cleveland for the presidential nomination.

"There are two factions in the New York Democracy," said Elliott—"one for Cleveland and one for Hill. Long before the Democratic convention of next year they will harmonize, and Mr. Cleveland will receive the solid support of the New York delegation.

"Talk of any other outcome is the merest bosh. Mr. Hill is not at all anxious for the nomination, and will do all in his power to help Cleveland. This I know of my own personal knowledge."

## BOSTON NATIONALISTS

### Want the City to Buy Coal at Low Prices for the People.

The Nationalists of Boston have at length hit upon a scheme by which they hope to remove the impression which they are afraid the public has—that they are a lot of dreamers, always struggling to attain the impossible.

They claim that they have something practical to fight for now, in the establishment of a municipal coal yard, where the people can buy coal at a fair price, and not be at the mercy of the coal monopoly.

The idea, as explained by some of the men who are at the head of the movement, is to have the city of Boston establish a "fuel department," where the people may purchase coal for the actual cost of procurement, transportation, and other necessary expenditure after the city has secured it directly from the fields. They do not care whether the work is done by one of the existing city departments, or

Continued on the Third Page.

## TIN AND THE TARIFF.

### New York Reform Club's "Little Book."

### It Tells How We Can Make Plates if We Will Pay High Enough.

### How Legislation was Manipulated by Standard Oil Company.

The pamphlet just issued by the Reform Club of New York on "Tin Plate and the Tariff" is a concise statement of the effects upon the price of tin plate used here by the tariff change.

Before the great reduction made in the cost of producing, and hence in the price of steel by the invention of the Bessemer and Siemens-Martin processes, tinned and terne plates were made almost exclusively of iron, coke iron being used for plates of ordinary quality and charcoal iron for those of first quality.

The material used by the tinned plate manufacturers are steel in the form of ingots, bars or sheets, sulphuric acid, tin and lead. Of the three materials used in making tinned or terne plates, the cost of the tin or lead is but 10 per cent. of the total cost of materials, the remaining 90 per cent. being represented by the steel used.

The following table gives the total exports from Great Britain for 11 years, our imports during that time and the highest price for each year:

| | Total exports Great Britain. cwt. | United States imports. cwt. | Price. s. d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1880 | 4,354,360 | 2,283,340 | 30 9 |
| 1881 | 4,848,960 | 3,594,880 | 17 6 |
| 1882 | 5,300,420 | 4,291,040 | 18 6 |
| 1883 | 5,468,640 | 4,335,720 | 16 6 |
| 1884 | 5,642,300 | 4,138,740 | 16 6 |
| 1885 | 5,952,040 | 4,453,100 | 15 0 |
| 1886 | 6,574,340 | 5,173,620 | 14 9 |
| 1887 | 7,068,300 | 5,369,940 | 15 9 |
| 1888 | 7,827,220 | 5,852,520 | 15 3 |
| 1889 | 8,612,460 | 6,753,840 | 15 9 |
| 1890 | 8,374,500 | 6,362,160 | 16 6 |

Previous to 1842, tinned and terne plates were admitted to the United States free of duty. In that year a duty of 2½ per cent. was imposed, which was merely nominal. In 1846 this was increased to 15 per cent., but in 1857 was reduced to 8 per cent. In 1861, by the Morrill act, the duty was fixed at 10 per cent., and in 1862 increased to 25 per cent., which continued to be the rate down to 1872, when it was again reduced to 15 per cent. The special tariff act of Feb. 8, 1875, made the duty specific at 1 1-10 cents per pound. Though this was intended at the time to be equivalent to the previous ad valorem rate, a decline in price soon made it equal to 18 per cent. The act of 1883 reduced the duty to 1 cent a pound, which on account of the steady fall in the cost of tinned plate abroad, was equal in 1889 to 35 per cent.

The following table gives the average prices in this country paid for tin plates per pound imported since 1869:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1869 | 5.04 | 1880 | 4.47 |
| 1870 | 5.11 | 1881 | 3.83 |
| 1871 | 5.44 | 1882 | 3.76 |
| 1872 | 5.98 | 1883 | 3.67 |
| 1873 | 7.65 | 1884 | 3.58 |
| 1874 | 7.65 | 1885 | 3.28 |
| 1875 | 7.27 | 1886 | 3.08 |
| 1876 | 5.16 | 1887 | 2.95 |
| 1877 | 4.46 | 1888 | 3.01 |
| 1878 | 4.07 | 1889 | 2.88 |
| 1879 | 3.78 | 1890 | 3.07 |

The sheet manufacturers in this country, whose mills are centred in western Pennsylvania and Ohio, are highly protected upon their present products, namely, galvanized and polished iron and steel sheets. By only a slight addition to their rolling plants they will be able to produce the finer sheets that are used in tinned plate manufacture.

In 1890 we imported and paid duties on 674,664,458 pounds of tinned and terne plates. The total cost abroad was $20,746,428 and the duties amounted to $6,746,645. The cost of freight, insurance and custom house fees, etc., amounted to $1,561,726, making the total cost delivered here $29,054,799. On the basis of imports of 1890, the tariff on tinned plate during the fiscal year 1892 will cost this country $14,842,618.

There are 2000 canneries in the United States, representing a capital of over $50,000,000. Their average annual output is estimated at 1,000,000,000 cans. To make the cans used each year 2,832,861 boxes of tinned plates are used. This is equal to 45 per cent. of our total consumption. The duties they would pay under the new tariff will amount to $6,730,878 annually. On every dozen of one-pound cans there will be paid in duties 6⅓ cents; on every dozen of two-pound cans, 9 2-5 cents.

The Standard Oil Trust controls our export trade in illuminating oil. Such oil is exported in five-gallon cans, and the trust uses for this purpose almost 700,000 boxes of tin-plate per year. Very little of the oil which it sells for domestic consumption is put in cans, consequently the trust for all practical purposes uses tinned-plate in its export trade only. When the McKinley tariff was being prepared the "trust" served notice upon the high tariff leaders that, unless it were exempted from paying increased duties, it would kill the bill, consequently it was especially provided that 99 per cent. of the duties paid upon tinned-plate shall be paid back when the plate is exported in the form of cans containing petroleum.

The United States consumes the greater part of the world's product of tinned plate, at the same time we are the greatest producers of the principal material from which it is made, sheet steel. We therefore not only can, but we ought to, produce our own tinned plates. The high tariff on steel sheets is the only reason why it is not so today.

We need, not more tariff on tinned plates, but less tariff on steel sheets.

## A CANINE MIND-READER.

### Remarkable Acuteness Manifested by a Dog on Many Occasions.

[Chicago News.]

Speaking of cats and dogs reminds me of Rags, the favorite companion of a lady wel known in artistic and literary circles. Whether Rags believes in godliness is not known, but he certainly does not value cleanliness, for whenever his mistress makes preparations for his bath Rags condenses himself into the smallest ball of flesh and hair and hides away in a dark corner.

He has learned to associate with the dreaded operation a certain blue-checked gingham apron which his mistress always dons, and whenever that is taken from the drawer Rags bolts.

A few days ago Rags and his mistress were walking on Broadway and the latter, having noticed several well-groomed pugs and poodles, thought: "Rags must have a bath when I go home." "Ah, indeed! Will we?" quoth Rags to himself. "We'll see about that."

And when they returned, without waiting to have his harness unbuckled—usually his first request after a walk—he fled away from his mistress, condensed himself rapidly and effectually and was soon ensconsed behind a lounge, from which he could peep from time to time.

"Now I am safe," thought Rags. "What fun it will be to watch her put on the apron, draw the water and fetch the soap and towels. Oh, dear, and then she'll call: 'Rags, Rags, come here, Rags. Come to your mistress.' Not much, ma'am; no horrid bath for me. Then she'll snoop about looking for Rags. There, she's taking off her bonnet; now she has gone into the other room. I'll peep my head out and watch her tie on that apron. Well, I declare, she isn't going to get it this time. How long she sits by the fire. I must have made a mistake about that bath, but I certainly thought she would give me one. There's no use in staying here in this uncomfortable place I guess I'll go have these straps unfastened."

But here is where human intellect triumphed over canine intelligence, for his mistress was waiting for him apronless, and he had his bath after all. When Rags was warming his silken hair in front of the fire, his mistress was telling this story to a friend in the same apartment house.

**Preserving an Historical Ruin.**

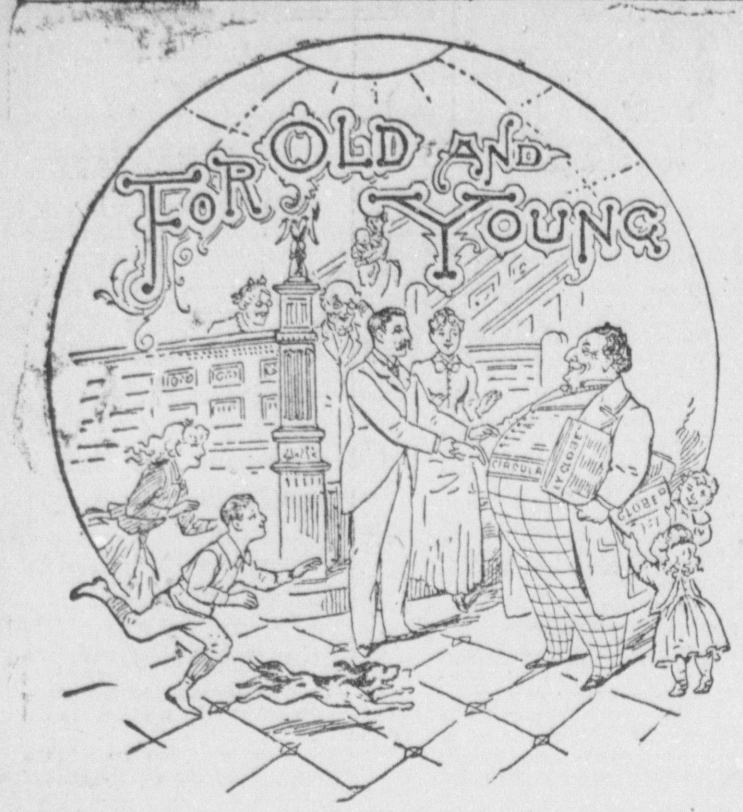
A truly singular mode of preserving historical ruins has been discovered in Ireland. On the Castle Hill, near Belfast, there was a short time ago an ancient castle.

In order to protect its ruins from the ravages of time and of passing vandals, some local antiquarians determined to surround it with a wall, and employed a contractor to execute the work.

The wall was finished in due course; but when the antiquarians came to admire the castle, it was gone. The contractor had used the ruin for building material, and not a stone of the castle remained.

**Dog Cheap, Too.**

Boggs has a faculty for getting things cheap. The other day he had a beautiful set of teeth inserted for nothing. He kicked a dog.




## A THREE-THOUSAND-MILE WALK.

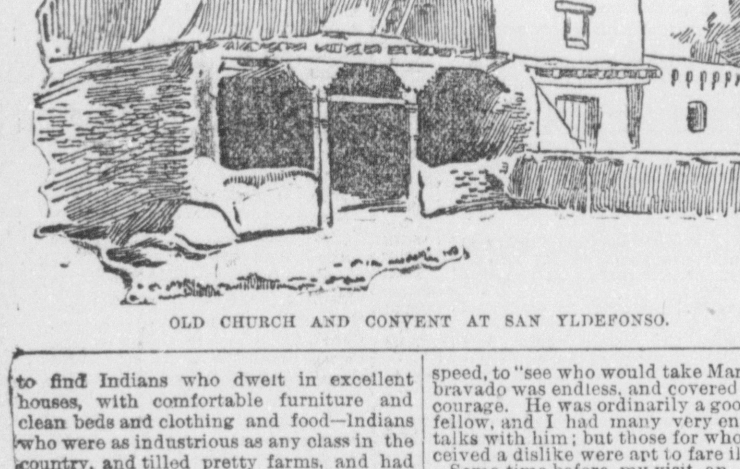
### Sport, Hardship and Adventure from Ohio to the Pacific.

BY C. F. LUMMIS.

VIII.

LOST IN THE SNOWS OF THE SANDIAS.

T pleases me to remember how my first introduction to the Pueblo Indians impressed me, for now I have lived for three years among them—in one of their own houses, in one of their own towns, and with them as my almost sole neighbors—and they seem like lifelong friends. But then they were new to me in every detail, and it filled me with astonishment to find Indians who dwelt in excellent houses, with comfortable furniture and clean beds and clothing and food—Indians who were as industrious as any class in the country, and tilled pretty farms, and had churches of their own building—and who learned none of these things from us, but were living thus before our Saxon forefathers had found so much as the shore of New England.



OLD CHURCH AND CONVENT AT SAN YLDEFONSO.

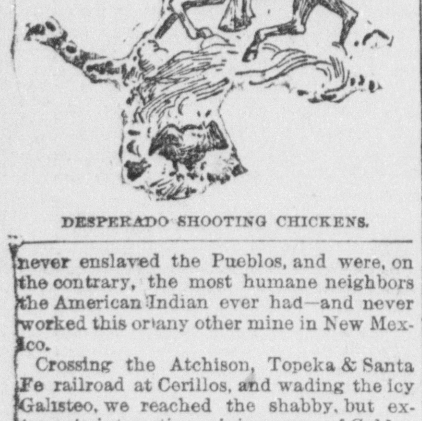
From San Yldefonso to Santa Fe is less than 30 miles, but it gave me a hard day. All day long we wandered over the gravelly mesas, suffering torture from thirst, for I had brought no water, and not a little from hunger.

Quaint old Santa Fe interested us much—me, because it is the most curious town in the country which is shared by Americans, and Shadow because it was the first real town he had ever been in. The possibilities of the adobe surprised me, for there we found handsome residences and creditable four-story buildings made of the despised mud brick."

Parting with regret from the "ancient metropolis" of New Mexico, we turned south and trudged blithely down the long, sloping plateaus.

Passing through the unimportant mining camp of Bonanza and on to Carbonateville—a town six miles from a drop of water—we came to the little gray knot of "Mount" Chalchuitl, the only turquois mine on the continent, and the one prehistoric mine in the whole Southwest, despite the numerous fables of ancient gold there.

The tale is gravely printed in histories that the early Spanish conquerors enslaved the Pueblos in this and other mines, and that part of this mountain caved in and buried a lot of the unfortunate Indians. But this is a silly fable, for the Spanish never enslaved the Pueblos, and were, on the contrary, the most humane neighbors the American Indian ever had—and never worked this or any other mine in New Mexico.



DESPERADO SHOOTING CHICKENS.

Crossing the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad at Cerillos, and wading the icy Galisteo, we reached the shabby, but extremely interesting mining camp of Golden late in the evening of Dec. 5, after a hard, thirsty, up-hill day.

A miner friend from Ohio took us to his rough little jacal—a cabin made by chinking and roofing with adobe a palisade of pinon trunks—and made us very much at home.

After the first two days there came heavy snowstorms, and the weather grew very bitter at that altitude of over 7000 feet, but every day and all day long we trudged over the snow-buried mountains with Charlie Smith, poking into the numerous mines and countless prospect holes in their rocky ribs, exploring the underground miles of the great San Pedro copper mine, which the armed miners had forcibly captured from and defended against the millionaire corporation that had tried to oust them from their own little claims under a fraudulent land grant, and gathering whole sacks of beautiful specimens of the brilliant copper ores, and plenty of quartz lumps peppered with yellow gold. Shadow's fear of losing me soon overcame his horror of underground, and he tugged reluctantly at my heels through the drifts and tunnels, and showed his relief by wild capers whenever we got back to the light of day.

It was 6.30 of a pleasant December morning when we started trudging up the long, gentle slope toward the Tijeras ("Scissors") canyon, through the deep snow and with a heavy burden on my shoulders—for I had shipped only the copper and silver specimens to the railroad by stage, and was carrying the gold specimens to pack and ship at Albuquerque. My entire load weighed nearly 40 pounds, which is altogether too much, even in the best of walking.

After a couple of miles we left the well broken road to San Pedro, and struck off through the scattered pinons southwestwardly. We had now no path save the tracks of a single horse, which had been ridden to Carnoe the day before, so we had to break our own way. It was the hardest long walk I ever attempted; and poor Shadow fared no better. The snow came above his belly.

After some five hours of fearful toil we reached the little creek at the foot of the noble Sandias, and crossed it at a spot which has bloody memories.

While in Golden I had become acquainted with the famous desperado, Marino Lebya, a herculean Mexican of astonishing agility and almost matchless skill with the revolver—one of his favorite pastimes being to spur his fleet horse though a village, shooting off the heads of chickens as he galloped past.

He was a known murderer, having slain many men in quarrels or for purposes of robbery, and a perennial horse thief, but he walked the streets of Golden as freely as any one. There were many warrants out against him, but the numerous officers who came down periodically from Santa Fe to arrest him always took very good care not to find him, nor to let him find them, for whenever he heard of such an official visit he always buckled on his unerring six-shooters and rode into Golden at top speed, to "see who would take Marino." His bravado was endless, and covered no lack of courage. He was ordinarily a good-natured fellow, and I had many very entertaining talks with him; but those for whom he conceived a dislike were apt to fare ill.

Some time before my visit an American doctor coming up from Albuquerque had stopped over night at Tijeras, and had carelessly exposed a considerable roll of money. He rode a fine horse, and had a good revolver. Next morning as he came on toward Golden, Marino's gang—who had taken a short cut from Tijeras to get ahead—ambushed him at this very crossing. His horse fell at their first volley, crushing his leg beneath it, but he fought bravely, emptying his six-shooter at the assassins, until he fell, heavy with bullets. The outlaws took his valuables and then burned the bodies of horse and rider.

For a long time nothing was known of his fate. At last his brother came from the East to make search, and finally found his watch in pawn at Bernalillo. By this clew four of the murderers were traced, and an Albuquerque mob left them dangling to four telegraph poles.

Marino, however, escaped, and retribution did not overtake him until three years after I knew him. A Mexican, whom he had treated with great generosity, and upon whose friendship he relied, was bribed to kill him, or to assist a deputy sheriff in doing so.

The precious couple met Marino on the forest road a few miles from Golden, and the always alert outlaw challenged them.

"What? Don't you know me?" cried the false friend, riding up, with a cordial smile and extending his hand.

As Marino grasped it the traitor jerked him forward and the cowardly officer put a bullet through Marino's brain from behind.

Marino was dearly loved by the common people, to whom he was a very Robin Hood, fleecing only the rich and dividing with the humble.

In the ruins of the old church just beyond this fatal crossing I stopped to rest and escape the icy wind, for all my clothing was wringing wet, while Shadow was in a perfect lather.

In 10 minutes we were on the road again, but with increasing anxiety. We were in a trackless wilderness, far from help, or food, or warmth, and with no more than the remotest idea in what direction they lay; night near at hand, and a deadly chill in the air, and our only guide to safety the footprints of a horse.

In 10 minutes my fears were realized. The wind took sudden strength, and came shrieking savagely down the valley, scooping up great sheets of the snow-flower and whirling it hither and yon in blinding volleys. The foot-prints, upon which our lives might depend, grew dimmer, faded, were wiped out altogether.

Presently Shadow crouched under a spreading pinon, whose piny boughs kept off the storm, and howled dismally. I called to him, and then walked on, thinking that the poor fellow would surely follow; but he was too worn out, and only howled the louder, and did not budge.

Deadly as the danger was I could not desert him—dear Shadow, who had come to seem more like a brother than a dog, in our long and lonely walk together. I picked him up and threw him upon my heavy knapsack, his legs on either side of my neck, and carried him as one carries a sheep.

And then I began to lose all hope. My strength was gone. The endurance which had never failed before, though often sorely tested, was at an end. Nothing but "bull-dog" kept me up. I knew that to stop meant sure death, and with unseeing eyes and ears ringing with strange sounds and mind sinking into a strange, pleasant numbness, I still struggled on, making a new footprint less fast than the drifting storm covered the last one made.

And then I stepped in a burrow and fell backward, and could not rise again; and there we lay, done for and lost in the trackless snows of the Sandias.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LUCKY FIND.

## THE FIRE WORSHIPPER'S SECRET

### Countless Riches for Him That Finds the Hidden Entrance.

BY ANDRE LAURIE AND A. C. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

ARGARIDI was exhausted. He dragged himself along wearily in Maurice's wake until the latter, out of very pity, proposed that he should wait and rest at the main cross way, leaving him, Maurice, to explore alone.

"If you think, sir, that I will allow you to travel by yourself," he said, "you little know Aristomene Gargaridi's nature! No, no, sir!" and he hugged the basket closer to his body.

While Maurice was carving a mark at the 23d turning of the 11th gallery, Aristomene fancied that he could hear a slight, murmuring noise some few paces off. He turned the corner where Maurice was at work and lighted a candle.

A couple of feet in front of him the passage opened abruptly. A stream of clear and sparkling water issued from the bowels of the earth.

With a shout of joy Gargaridi lay down and drank long and deeply of the pure, cold water. Then rising, he announced his discovery to Maurice. He also refreshed himself.

"It is certainly an important discovery," he said; "even if our eatables give out we shall not die of thirst. But what is this?"—plunging his hand into the water—"a box of matches!"

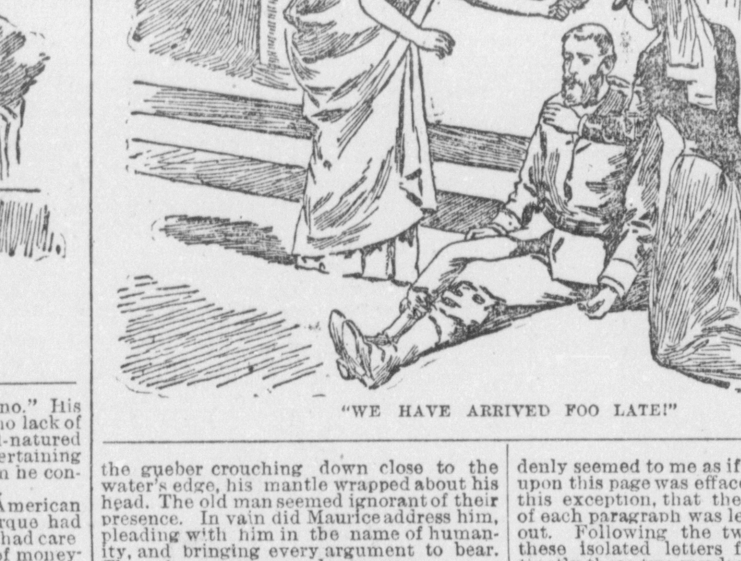
"Heavens!" cried Gargaridi, "it is mine—ours, sir! Fool! idiot, that I am! I must have dropped it when I was drinking."

"It's unfortunate, certainly," said Maurice, examining the wet box in the hope of at least finding a few dry matches. But every match was soaked and utterly useless.

Discouraged by this latest accident, they marched gloomily on. Fourteen galleries had now been carefully explored.

Their last candle was now burning. Before long they would be in utter darkness; nothing before them but a slow and lingering death. They decided to return to the hidden spring and there wait for death or rescue.

On reaching it they were surprised to find the gueber crouching down close to the water's edge, his mantle wrapped about his head. The old man seemed ignorant of their presence. In vain did Maurice address him, pleading with him in the name of humanity, and bringing every argument to bear. The only answer was a deep groan.



"WE HAVE ARRIVED FOO LATE!"

The candle burned with additional brightness for a moment, then flickered, then went out. Eternal darkness had commenced for them.

The melancholy hours passed on. From time to time one of the two men would rinse his mouth with water or nibble a few mouthfuls of the moss which grew beside it. In this black darkness all sense of time was lost to them.

How long they lay there was never known to them, when suddenly a piercing cry came from the fire worshipper, and even roused Maurice from his torpor.

"My daughter! Leila! Is it you, unhappy child?"

In an instant Maurice was on his feet, awake and in his senses. He could scarce believe, however, that he was not still dreaming, when, seemingly within a few feet of him, he heard a soft voice answer:

"Grandfather! Where are you? I am here! Catherine is with me!"

Maurice could only cry out the one word, "Catherine!"

"Maurice! I, too, am here. I cannot tell where you are—we can see nothing before us—our lamp is almost out," came to him in his sister's voice.

Utterly amazed, Maurice looked round on all sides through the darkness, and at last, on raising his eyes, perceived a feeble light above the wall on his right hand.

"They are there, behind the wall! Look, Goucha-Nichin," he cried, shaking the old man's arm.

But the gueber shook him off angrily and commenced to strike his head against the wall, uttering the most doleful lamentations.

The gueber held his head between his hands and kept on repeating in a monotonous voice:

"To die—Leila, to die. Thy race is finished, gueber. With thine own hand thou hast broken off the last branch."

Suddenly he rose to his full height and in a ringing voice exclaimed:

"The sacrilege shall be atoned for! The Feranghi has penetrated into the holy of holies. Its altar has been profaned. The race of the gueber must end."

But Leila's clear voice answered with a cry of triumph:

"Father, there has been no sacrilege. The Feranghis are of the same race as ourselves. I, your daughter, have discovered it in the Sacred Book. We are of the same religion. They belong to ourselves, and you can lead them from this tomb without fear. Save them, father, and save your own child! Do not bring shame upon your own white hairs by such a crime! The Feranghis spring from our own ancestors. Let me come to you and I will explain all."

After a pause the gueber spoke:

"Daughter, turn to the right hand and proceed along six galleries, then to the left and follow seven passages; then once more to the right, when you will soon find yourself before the altar; there await us. Come!" he added, turning to Maurice.

Lifting the unconscious Gargaridi upon his shoulders, Maurice followed the gueber through the labyrinth. The old man trod the way as easily as if it had been broad daylight.

Ten minutes later, Maurice, overcome with fatigue and want of nourishment, fell in a faint before the altar of Mithra, just as the two girls issued from the gallery.

The fire worshipper, with stern face and closely set lips, stood with arms folded on his breast and waited for his granddaughter's explanation.

CHAPTER X.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Maurice! my brother! Oh, Leila, we have arrived too late!" cried Catherine, as she saw her brother lying senseless.

"No, dear Catherine," said Leila, bringing her lamp to bear upon his face, "he has fainted, that is all. Quick! give me the cordial. We will soon revive him."

So, indeed, it proved, and in a few minutes Maurice was sitting up and eagerly questioning the two girls.

"Monsieur Maurice," broke in the weak voice of Gargaridi, who had partially recovered from his swoon, "do you not think we might have something to eat?"

"Aristomene is right," said Catherine, and she and Leila proceeded to put such food as they had brought with them before the two fasting men.

"Explain, Leila," said the gueber's voice, "by what miracle you have penetrated into this sanctuary."

"You can imagine," said the girl, "our anguish when we were forced to believe that some accident had overtaken you. At first it was only Catherine who had any fears, for I myself felt confident in the knowledge and power of Goucha-Nichin, but the time at last came when I, too, shared these fears.

"Chance had revealed a secret to me, a secret which I would never have made use of without some powerful motive. But now lives were at stake."

A deep, heavy groan broke from the fire worshipper's lips.

"You had already taught me," Leila went on, "the existence of these subterranean passages. Still more was told to me, clothed in the legend of the 'Turning Stone.' You yourself had described to me the nature of the entrance, even though its exact locality was lost to you.

"These things lingered in my mind, and often I would meditate upon them. I knew the bitterness it would be to you were your life to end without having discovered the lost clew. It is not for nothing that I am a descendant of the children of the Sun, and my one desire was to place in your hands the power that had escaped them."

"And the solution was in your hands! Without knowing it, you possessed it, and had possessed it all your life!"

"What marvel is this?" murmured the gueber.

"On the very eve of the day you had appointed for your exploration as I was turning over the leaves of the Sublime Book you had eacouraged me to study—the Key of Solomon—my attention was arrested by a strange discovery."

"I had ceased to read, and my imagination had taken flight and was wandering afar, when my eye fell upon some sacred characters and seemed to be attracted against my own will. The open page before me was filled by a number of paragraphs.

"Half dreaming, half attentive, it suddenly seemed to me as if all that was traced upon this page was effaced or obscured with this exception, that the first and last letter of each paragraph was left and stood clearly out. Following the twisting line which these isolated letters formed, I read distinctly these two words: Turning stone.

"The next day I had little time to study before your departure. But I devoted every moment possible to following up the clue and was soon convinced that the Sacred Book contained the secret of this sanctuary and of the road leading to it. I learned that the first stage of the journey was this same Goul-Hek, the place you had set out for."

"Yes," said the gueber; "I also knew that, and was consumed by doubt and grievous hesitation when I first left the young Feranghi there. Would to heaven I had listened to the voice which called me back!"

"I awaited your return," continued Leila, "to submit my discovery to you. I need not say that nothing was further from my mind than to reveal it to anybody but you. But the time passed; you did not return. Catherine's grief, to say nothing of my own, was so great. I became certain that you were buried alive. I saw it all.

"Long, long did I hesitate. I besought Mithra to inspire me. I sought in the book what direction to take, and when I fully comprehended we set out at the first hour of darkness. Even then I concealed from Catherine my awful fears concerning your condition."

The fireworshipper, lost in his own thoughts, had paid little heed to what was passing.

"Leila!" he said, suddenly; "remember who you are! Remember that you are a descendant of the sun! These Feranghi, these strangers—."

"Grandfather!" cried the young girl excitedly; "have I not told you that they are not strangers—that they are of our own race!"

"Our race?" exclaimed the gueber and Maurice simultaneously.

"Certainly. You do not know, grandfather, that Catherine and her brother are of pure Armorian descent. Like myself, you thought that they were simple French people—Parisians. Catherine has told me that their family is of Celtic-Breton origin. Their very name—Kerdic—proves it. Their ancestors were druids, and the druids, as you know, came from Chaldea, and were own brothers to the worshippers of Mithra, those whom we now call guebers. There can be no doubt of it, grandfather; they are allied to us."

"What you tell me," said the gueber, after a moment's reflection, "is not without interest or importance. Under other circumstances it would have assured to the young stranger my protection and support; it would have removed the barrier between us. But it can in no way palliate the crime which has been committed. That he is of Chaldean origin is much; but is he of priestly race? No; and our inflexible code punishes with death all others who may intrude upon the sanctuary. He is neither a grand mobed nor descended from one."

"But he did not know that he was committing sacrilege," pleaded Leila.

"The divine law accepts no excuses."

"Well," said Catharine, "since he will not help us, nothing is left but to find the way out ourselves. Am I not right, Maurice?"

As she spoke Catherine uttered a little cry; she had just perceived that Goucha-Nichin, unnoticed by them, had again approached and was eagerly listening to their conversation. His features were convulsed with wrath.

"Young people," he said, struggling to make his voice calm, "do not waste your strength and courage. The will of men is not immutable. I myself am only mortal.

"Listen! During the last few minutes some doubt has entered my mind as to my former resolve, but it is not to be thought over in a minute. For one whole day and night I will prostrate myself before Mithra and beg for inspiration. At the end of that time you shall learn my decision, which will be his.

Until then, my daughter, I forbid you to make use of the secrets which you have discovered in the sacred book, or even to endeavor to recall them. Profanation enough has already been committed! Leave all in my hands, and until this hour tomorrow not a word concerning the mysteries of the temple!"

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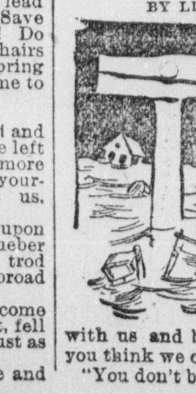
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE GIFT OF THE OKALALOO.

### How Two Brave Little Boys Got a Mother and Sister.

BY LIEUT. W. A. CURTIS.



HREE hundred and fifty dollars, Jim! My, ain't we rich! We can buy a mule, a plough, and a new house, now. I'm dreadful tired of living in that old shanty; the roof leaks so, and the walls are so full of cracks that let in the wind."

"And Bob, let's buy a mother and a little sister to live there with us and be cosy-like. How much do you think we could buy a mother for?"

"You don't buy mothers, you goosey, you just has 'em, that's all, and if you don't have 'em, why, that's all there is about it; you can't buy 'em."

"I should like to have a mother awful well. I never had one, I was just found."

"I had a mother onct, and they both died when I was a little feller, 7 years old, and I went to work as a newsboy and lived the best way I could.

Bob Brown and Jimmy Simpson, aged aged 15 and 11, respectively, were standing upon the banks of the Okalaloo river, Mississippi, watching the first steamboat that had come up the river that winter.

"YOU WANT TO BUY A LOT?"

One year before the boys were living in St. Louis, the elder a newsboy, the younger a street musician.

They often talked over plans for bettering their condition, and it was a resolution resulting from one of these talks that caused Mr. Matthew Kincher, real estate agent, to see walk into his office one summer morning two small chaps whose important air seemed strangely out of place with their ragged clothes.

"We see a sign out here, mister," said Bob, briskly, "saying that you had farms for sale at $5 an acre."

"Oh, yes; those Mississippi lands. Yes, they are only $5 an acre. Do you know of any one who wishes to buy?"

"I wants to buy, myself," said Bob.

"How many acres would you like," said Mr. Kincher, smiling.

"Three acres. I have $60 and I'll need some money to begin farming with."

"Well, boys, you seem bound to try it, and I believe that you will succeed. It will be hard work, but if you show as much energy as you have shown in saving $60 out of your slender earnings, you will succeed. The lands are located on the Okalaloo river, and before the war were rich cotton fields. They are now covered with a growth of young timber and thick underbrush. Now you may go down there and begin the work of clearing your three acres. For the present I will trust you, and you can pay me out of the proceeds of your first crop."

Upon the 1st day of August the boys found themselves sitting upon an ancient stump and eating ash cake as they gazed at the Okalaloo sullenly flowing past their new home. Three days later a rude cabin had been built, and the boys turned to the labor of cutting timber and clearing land.

Day by day their clearing grew wider, day by day their woodpile grew higher, until on the 1st of December they sold 100 cords to the first steamboat that had come up the river that season. Three hundred and fifty dollars was the reward of their four months' hard toil.

It had been raining heavily for some days, and as the boys turned from the landing after the steamboat had disappeared the rain was falling in sheets.

In the outskirts of Stetsonville, on the flat land lying along the Okalaloo, stood a pretty white house with green blinds. Six years before a young Massachusetts doctor had settled in Stetsonville with his young wife. Beginning with almost nothing, and owing a large sum borrowed to defray the expenses of his education, Dr. Young gradually built up a good practice, and at the end of five years had paid all his debts and was the owner of a pleasant home.

But when at last he seemed fairly on the road to prosperity an epidemic of yellow fever swept over the State and he was among the first to fall. He left his widow nothing but the homestead and $200 with which to support herself and 4-year-old daughter.

Little by little the slender stock of money in the bank had grown smaller, and on the first anniversary of her husband's death Mrs. Young knelt by the bedside of her sleeping child passionately praying that help be given her, for the last dollar had been spent that day.

Without the rain was falling heavily. It had been raining for several days, and the Okalaloo boiled with its overcharged flood.

Now the men see why the steamboat looms so high above them; the river has risen clear to the top of the wharf and is rising above it. Three days' rain could not so swell it. The Mississippi has broken its levees and connected with the headwaters of the Okalaloo by the northern passes!

Quick, warn the people!

"Has every one been warned?"

"Every one has been warned," is the reply, and the messengers run for the high land with the water close to their heels.

They have overlooked one house. No one has rapped on the door of the white house with the green blinds, the last house on its street, the house that stands nearest the river.

The river creeps up, it laps the doorstep of the white house with green blinds, it crawls under the door, it climbs the walls, higher and higher.

The sleeping mother and child hear nothing. They sleep on. There is a slight jar, the house trembles, is lifted from its foundations, floats, and the river bears it away.

When Bob and Jimmy awoke in the morning it was to find the rain ceased and the clouds cleared away, but the river high above its banks. All sorts of things were floating down the turbid stream.

The boys had no boat with which to pursue and capture the gifts which the bountiful river offered to whomsoever could take, but Bob tied together some pieces of rope and chain, and fastening one end to a tree close to the water's edge, and the other about his waist, waded far out into the river, secure against the danger of being swept away by the swift current.

Bob was making his third trip into the water, when Jimmy shouted:

"Here comes a house! Here comes a house!"

Away up the river is a house floating swiftly toward them. Bob turns back to land and anxiously watches the house.

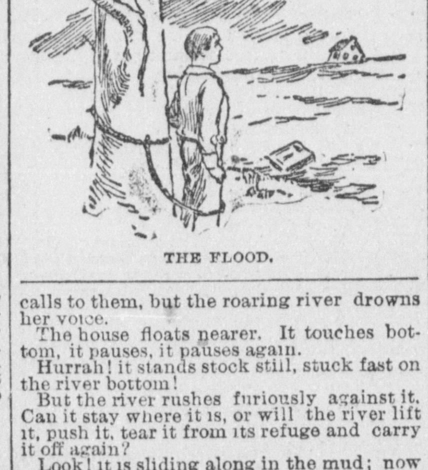
"Perhaps it will float to land here, perhaps it will," says Jimmy.

The house whirls about; the current is bearing it toward the knoll.

"Look at it; it's coming right here. We'll have it to live in! See, it's a house with green blinds, the very kind of house we wished for," and Jimmy jumps up and down with joy.

The house floats nearer. What is that fluttering in a second-story window? It's a handkerchief; a hand holds it; there is somebody in the house.

A woman leans over the casement and calls to them, but the roaring river drowns her voice.



THE FLOOD.

The house floats nearer. It touches bottom, it pauses, it pauses again.

Hurrah! it stands stock still, stuck fast on the river bottom!

But the river rushes furiously against it. Can it stay where it is, or will the river lift it, push it, tear it from its refuge and carry it off again?

Look! it is sliding along in the mud; now it is aground once more. There is deep water beyond the knoll; if the house goes much farther it will a second time be completely at the mercy of the Okalaloo.

The woman at the window waves her hands frantically; a little girl appears by her side.

"Oh, Bob, Bob! it's our mother, and our little sister, and our white house with green blinds; they've come down the river to live with us! Oh, oh, oh, wade out and tie the rope to the house; hurry up, before it is washed away!"

Bob dashes into the river. The swift current lifts him off his feet, but he is a good swimmer. He reaches the house, passes the rope through the two corner windows, and ties it securely, just as a final buffet of the river pushes the house into the deep water beyond the knoll. The house swings around toward shore. The rope holds and all is well.

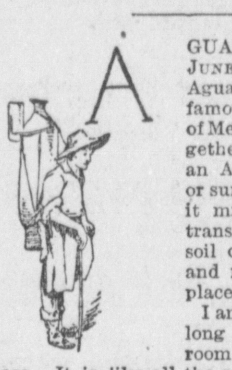
The white house with green blinds now stands on top of the knoll, and in it lives a happy and prosperous family, consisting of a mother, two boys and a little sister. Where three years before there was a tangled jungle of trees, underbrush and cane, there is now a fine cotton plantation, and it is all paid for, too.

## MEXICO'S FAMOUS BATHS.

### Indian Beauty in the Water at Aguas Calientes.

### Dudes Who Spend $50 for Hats and $75 for Buckskin Trousers.

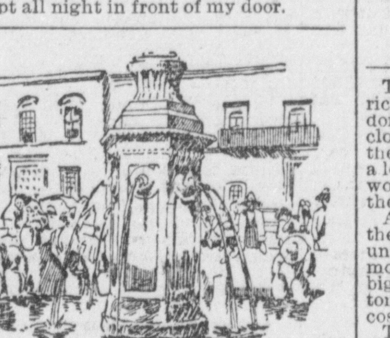
Whole Families in the Springs—An Aztec and His Sweetheart.



GUAS CALIENTES, JUNE 1.—I am at Aguas Calientes, the famous hot springs of Mexico. It is altogether different from an American health or summer resort, and it might be bodily transplanted to the soil of western India and not seem out of place.

I am sitting in my long high-ceilinged room in the Hotel del Plaza. It is like all the rest of the rooms of the hotel, on the ground floor, and I call my boy chamber-man to make up my bed by clapping my hands.

It has no windows and it looks out on a little garden full of most beautiful flowers. The hotel is built around this garden. It is of one story, and it makes me think of a hotel at which I stopped in one of the native States of Hindoostan, Jeypore, save that there I had to have my own servant and he slept all night in front of my door.



THE ZACATECAS FOUNTAIN.

Aguas Calientes contains about 40,000 people, and nine-tenths of the houses are of one story. They all have flat roofs, and the water is drained off through pipes of clay which jut out about a foot from the edge of the walls. These walls are very thick.

They are built of stone, or sun-dried brick, and are stuccoed where they face the street, and this plastering-like stucco has been painted in delicate blues or pinks or yellows, making the whole town one mass of rainbow colors, which, strange to say, does not look out of place under this bright Mexican sun. None of these houses have gardens in front of them.

They are built close up to the cobble-stone sidewalks, so that in going through the town you seem to be passing between walls of gaily-colored billboards ready for the posters, each of which has a hole in its centre for a door.

The poorer houses have doors very roughly made, and in the galloping mule street car that takes you from the depot to the centre of the town you see few houses with windows, and many of these doors are filled with queer-looking, dark-faced people.

The men, in their red and gayly-colored blankets, look picturesque, and the women, with their dark, mahogany faces, their long, black hair streaming down their backs, freshly wet from their last bath in the hot waters, are in some cases very pretty, and in others as ugly as the witch of Endor after an attack of the smallpox.

As you leave the station you pass the public bath houses, low Spanish buildings, where you can get for from 20 to 30 cents a bath of any kind you want, and go on up a long, dusty thoroughfare, under wide-spreading green trees, into the business part of the city.

The business of this city of 40,000 people is a fair sample of that of the interior Mexican town. It is big only in the prices asked for the articles sold. Mexico is not a great business country. The most of the firms are run on small capital, and there are hundreds of stores which have not more than $200 worth of stock.

Many of these here have even less, and the storekeeper, in the majority of instances, has a little cave of a store without any windows opening out on the street, and he stands behind a counter which runs right across the store in front of the door, and offers his goods for sale for three times what he expects to get.

AN AZTEC DAISY.

In the case of the smaller businesses the trader is generally a Mexican, and there are more pedlers in one city in this country that you will find in 10 cities of the same size of the United States.

I have just come from the market. Imagine a long tier of stalls around two hollow squares, which cover the area of a city block. These stalls are occupied by the butchers, and bakers and candlestick-makers who have the biggest stocks, and the squares are filled with big-hatted men in white cotton clothes, and by red-skirted women in white waists and red skirts, who sit under white umbrellas as big as the top of a small camping tent, with little piles of vegetables and fruit around them.

I asked as to prices and found that things were sold in piles and not by measures. So many little potatoes made up a pile, and I was asked two cents for four potatoes, each of which was as big as a buckeye. A pile of four eggs costs here three cents, and a little pile of tomatoes and peppers were among the things sold.

Peppers both green and red were sold everywhere, and I saw that some of the bigger market men had great bins of them. They form a part of every Mexican dish and are eaten in great quantities. The average Mexican, however, eats very little in comparison with us.

His market bills are not half as heavy as those of his American brother, and a sewing basket would contain the daily supply for a large family. The cheapest thing sold seems to be fruit, which grows in the shape of oranges, bananas and lemons very abundantly about here, and I got splendid oranges for a cent apiece.

About this market the Mexican pedlers had collected themselves by the dozens. Here was a woman with two great jars of what looked like very thin buttermilk before her. She was selling it in glasses which held from a half pint to a pint, to the passersby, at 1 and 2 cents a glass.

I asked what it was and was told it was pulque, the Mexican beer, which comes from a species of cactus, and which is drunk by the barrel every day throughout Mexico. At the corner beside her, before a case which looked like a bookcase, stood a shoe pedler. His stock was made up of sharp-toed gaiters and by actual count he had only 20 pairs to sell.

A little further on, a yellow-faced woman in her bare feet sat with 10 pairs of baby shoes beside her. This made up her whole establishment, and around the corner I found a very pretty Aztec maiden sitting on a stool and rolling black tobacco into cigarettes. The paper she used was thicker than the newspaper in which this letter will be printed, and she doubled the paper over the cigarettes at both ends to make it stay together.

Before she did so, however, she moistened the paper with her cherry lips, and when I smoked a package of her wares at the cost of two cents, it seemed to me that scent of the cherries lingered there still.

It was about 10 o'clock at the time I visited the market, and I found but few buying. Two well-to-do Mexican ladies dressed in black, passed through giving directions to their servants as to what to buy, but I am told that this was contrary to etiquette, and that the ladies of Mexico seldom do their own marketing but leave it entirely to the servants.

Near the market I found a few very fair stores, but they would be small affairs in a town of 40,000 in New York or Ohio, and a Western city of 10,000 could show many finer. The counters here ran across the whole front of the store, and only the biggest of them had show windows. The dry goods stores contained chiefly French goods, and the merchants were in most cases French or German, though I found some of them Mexicans.

I stopped in front of a hat store, which had a most gorgeous display in its windows, and priced some sombreros. They ranged from $1 up to $75 apiece, and I am told that some of these Mexican dudes wear hats that cost more than $100. Some of the hats were trimmed with gold and silver cord, and I looked at a fifty-dollar one which weighed about 10 pounds, and which measured 18 inches from one side of the brim to the other.

It had a crown a foot high, and there was a cord of gold rope as big around as my wrist about it. Many of the hats had gold and silver letters upon them, and I see many worn which have the monograms of their owners cut out of silver and sewed on to the sides.

They are of many colors, a delicate cream, a drab and a black being very common, and they are beautifully made and are said to be just the thing for this hot sun and the high winds. The same firm sold ladies' hats. Most of these came from Paris. They were very high priced and not at all pretty.

Nearby I stopped at a Mexican clothing store and looked at some Mexican pantaloons. I here again found that the dude of our sister republic has to pay for his style. Many of the pantaloons were made of buckskin, and the nicest pairs, which were lined with solid silver buttons down the sides, cost as high as $50 and $75, and coats were likewise high.

It is not hard for a Mexican country gentleman to spend from $300 to $400 on his clothes, and when you take into consideration that he has to sport a saddle, spurs and revolver of like gorgeous character, you see that if one of these big farmers has a crowd of grown-up boys his clothing bills amount to something.

MAKING HER TOILET.

This, however, is the case with only the rich. The poor here are so poor that they don't know how poor they are, and their clothes cost practically nothing. A pair of these cast-off buckskin pantaloons will last a long time, and the ordinary cotton suits worn by the poor, though high considering their character, cost but little.

A blanket costs from $1 or $2 up, and the leather sandals, which are worn almost universally by the Indians, are nothing more than two pieces of sole leather as big as your hand, tied to the top and bottom of the feet with leather strings. These cost 25 cents apiece and last a long time.

The dress of the poorer women is even cheaper than that of the men, and Mexico's 9,000,000 of peasants will have to make more money and have greater needs before the land can become a great consumer of the goods of any nation. Their houses are hovels of mud, and their diet is simpler than their clothes, consisting of little more than corn cakes and red peppers.

The only poor thing, however, about this part of Mexico is the people. The land here is as black as your hat, and in coming to Aguas Calientes on the Mexican Central railroad you ride for miles through fields which will vie with their crops with the valleys of the Nile or the Ganges, and I am told this is called the garden of Mexico. It certainly is a wonderfully rich garden, and crops of all kinds grow here in all the luxuriance of the guano beds along the coast.

It is more than a mile above the sea, and the air seems to revivify the land so that it produces two crops a year without manure. From here almost to the City of Mexico, a full day's ride on the cars, you go through a farmer's paradise, and plains of rich crops stretch away from each side of the road until their green fades out into the hazy blue of the mountains in the distance.

This region of Mexico has a good rainfall during the wet season, but this is also aided by irrigation, and I see the method of raising the water from one level to another is the same as that used about Osaka, in western Japan. It is by a long pole, with a weight on one end, and with a bucket attached to a rope on the other, which works on a second pole fastened upright into the ground.

You see peons working this crude well everywhere, and the sparkling water flows like bands of silver through the green. This is a great wheat region, and I see cornstalks in many of the fields. Maize is one of the great crops of Mexico. It can be raised in every part of the country, and it constitutes 80 per cent. of the entire agricultural product of the land.

More than $100,000,000 worth of it is raised every year, and it forms the food of the common people, who pound or grind it up, and make it into the thin flat griddle-like cakes known as tortillas. The corn is always sold in a shelled state, and such as I have seen has been white in color and large of grain.

Up to the present time every Mexican city I have visited has been suffering for lack of water. The greater part of the country north of here, on the line of the Mexican Central road, is desert, and the big mining towns of Zacatecas and Guanahuato have hundreds of men who make water-peddling their profession.

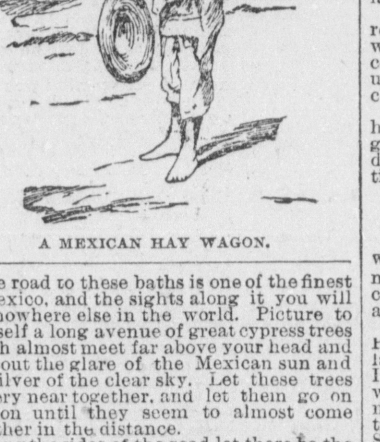
In Zacatecas the water, with the exception of a little stream that flows into a big fountain in the Plaza, comes from a spring away up on the side of the mountain, and it is brought down on the backs of little donkeys in red clay jars. These jars are tied on by ropes, and the water man peddles them from house to house as our dairymen do their milk.

In Guanahuato the people are more enterprising, and they have a system of water works which, however, by no means supplies the demands of the city. The water pedlers here carry the water about on their backs in immense jars of red pottery about four feet long and a foot in diameter, and they tilt these over when they want to serve a customer.

In Zacatecas I saw soldiers guarding the only working fountain of the city and allowing only so many men and women to dip up water out of it at a time, and back of these under the blaze of the hot sun other men and women squatted, with gourds and crocks or oil cans, waiting their turns.

The water from the fountain was scooped up by these people as fast as it flowed out of the half-dozen mouths of the fountain, and men and women bent themselves double in reaching over and catching the drops in their gourds as it came or in scooping it up from the edge of the fountain.

Aguas Calientes means "hot water," and the hot springs here are among the finest in the world. There are a number of them and the people come here by the thousands to bathe in their health-giving waters. There is a big bath-house kept up. I was told, by the town which has excellent bathing arrangements, and in which there is a vat of hot water about fifty feet square which is used as a swimming bath. This is near the depot on the edge of the town, but I preferred to go to the old baths at the springs about a mile out in the country.



A MEXICAN HAY WAGON.

The road to these baths is one of the finest in Mexico, and the sights along it you will see nowhere else in the world. Picture to yourself a long avenue of great cypress trees which almost meet far above your head and shut out the glare of the Mexican sun and the silver of the clear sky. Let these trees be very near together, and let them go on and on until they seem to almost come together in the distance.

Along the sides of the road let there be the greenest of grass and on the right of you as you walk towards the bath, place a steam of steel blue water, from which the stream rises as it flows on towards you. Let this steel blue stream flow through a little aqueduct of white stone and let this be about three feet wide and about four feet deep. Here you have the background of the picture

Now for the show itself. This stream is the waste of the Hot Springs. It is also the bathing place and the washing place of the common people, of the Aztecs of Aguas Calientes. They are here by the hundreds—men and women, girls and boys, lovers and sweethearts—all bathing together in the warm refreshing and health-giving waters.

Many of them have washed their clothes while in the water, and these they have spread out on the green banks to dry. Under these great trees, as far as your eye can see, there are white waists, red skirts and the other bright bits of color made by many colored serapes and the gay rebosas which lie on the green banks while their owners are splashing and playing and scrubbing themselves in the little trench below.

Here is a man bathing, while his wife sits on the bank and watches him, and the sun creeps through the trees and paints his dark skin a rich mahogany. Here there is a half-nude Venus, baked almost to the waist, scrubbing away, washing some clothes by rubbing them on a rough stone; and there, under a tree, lies an Indian, half-dressed, but sound asleep.

I point my camera at him, and his wife springs up from the stone where she is washing and stands over him as though she feared the camera was some new-fangled gun. I press the button, however, and the lens and the shutter do the rest.

I walk along the stream and amuse myself by taking note of the bathers. They see nothing wrong in their actions, and I note that there is nothing really immodest, bold or indecent about them. They think nothing wrong in families and friends bathing together, and, after all, I have again forced upon me the feeling that modesty and immodesty are matters of custom and fashion, and am reminded of a little maiden in Egypt, who, upon seeing me approach, covered her face with her skirt that she might modestly hide it from the eyes of a man.

"IT DID THE REST."

The Japanese are in many ways more modest than we are. They are in most things more polite and refined. Still until lately the sexes bathed there together in the very capital itself, and virtue was not injured nor did prudery raise her voice until the Western world taught her to do so. It is simply a matter of opinion, and the old French saw fits the case well: "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

## VANILLA.

### It Was First Introduced Into Europe by the Spaniards Many Years Ago.

[Garden and Forest.]

It is a Mexican orchid, with long, climbing stems and thick, fleshy leaves. The earliest European travellers in Mexico found the vanilla used as a condiment with chocolate. The Spaniards introduced it into Europe, and the first account of it appeared as long ago as 1605, and was published by Clusius in his "Exoticorum Libri," who received a specimen from Morgan, the apothecary of Queen Elizabeth.

Plumier called the plant vanilla, adopting the name used in Mexico by the Spaniards (the diminutive of the Spanish vaina, a pod). Toward the end of the seventeenth century the vanilla reached France by the way of Spain, and was used to flavor chocolate and to perfume tobacco. In England it was first valued as a drug, and it was not until after the idea of its medical value was exploded that it came into general use in cooking.

The supply of vanilla, which is obtained from the fruit or seed pod, was originally derived from Mexico, but of late years much attention has been given to cultivating this plant in other parts of the tropics, and it is now produced in Bourbon, Java, Mauritius and Central America in large quantities.

Shoots, about three feet long, having been fastened to trees, and scarcely touching the ground, soon strike root on to the bark and form plants, which commence to produce fruit in three years, and remain productive 30 or 40. The fertilization of the flower is naturally brought about by insect agency.

Morren, the director of the botanical garden of Liege, showed in 1837 that it might be efficiently performed by man, since which the production of the pods has been successfully carried on in all tropical countries without the aid of insects. Even in European forcing-houses the plant produces fruits of full size which, for aroma, bear comparison with those of Mexico.

In vanilla plantations the pods are not allowed to arrived at complete maturity, and are gathered when their green color begins to change. According to the statements of De Vriese they are dried by a rather circuitous process, namely, by exposing them to heat alternately uncovered and wrapped in woollen cloths, whereby they are artificially ripened and acquire their ultimate aroma and dark hue.

## UNIQUE LOVE LETTERS.

### They Bore Strange Marks that Puzzled His Sweetheart.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"I never saw such funny writing as George's is," said the beautiful young girl, as she held an envelope up for the inspection of her married friend.

"It is rather illegible," was the reply.

"Oh, I don't mean that," was the quick response. "He puts such funny marks in it. You know he's only written me three or four letters since we've been engaged, because he's been in the city all the time, but when he does write one it looks so funny.

"It's all filled with marks like this—'¶'—and then he makes character 'ands' like this—'&'—and puts a ring around them. And at the end of all his sentences he puts a cross like this—'x.' Then, when he makes a figure he puts a ring around it, and always draws two lines under his signature.

"And sometimes he draws a line down through capital letters, and once he crossed a word out and then drew a ring around it and marked it 'stet.' It's awfully funny. I can't make anything out of it."

"My dear," said the married woman, as quietly as her excitement would allow, "have you no suspicions?"

"Suspicions?" exclaimed the beautiful young girl in alarm. "No, no! Of what?"

"Has he never confessed?" persisted the married woman, with Spartan firmness.

"George confess?" cried the fair maiden. "Martha, you alarm me. Are they counterfeiter's marks?"

"Worse," was the solemn answer. "Ethel, your husband will be out nights. He will come in at all hours. Most of his work will be done under cover of darkness. He will miss his dinners and be constantly changing the hours. He cannot be depended on to be at home at any certain time or to leave at any certain time. Ethel, the man you are engaged to is a newspaper man."

"No, no; it cannot be!" cried the dark-eyed beauty. "I will not believe it."

"Ethel!"—she was very impressive—"did he ever draw a straight line through all the pages of a letter?"

"Yes, and it was one of the best he ever wrote."

"Alas! Ethel, it is too true. He is a newspaper man and has absent-mindedly put in the marks for the printer. Poor girl! Try as he might, he couldn't conceal his identity."

### Famous Accidental Discoveries.

[St. Louis Republic.]

Argand, the inventor of the famous lamp which bears his name, had been experimenting for some time in trying to increase the light given out by his lamp, but all to no purpose.

On a table before him one night lay an oil flask which had accidentally got the bottom broken off, leaving a long-necked, funnel-shaped tube. This Argand took up carelessly from the table and placed—almost without thought, as he afterward related—over the flame.

A brilliant white light was the magical result. It is needless to add that the hint was not lost by the experimenter, who proceeded to put his discovery into practical use by "inventing" the common glass lamp chimney.

Hundreds of discoveries which have been heralded to the world as the acme of human genius have been the result of merest accident—the auger, calico printing, vulcanization of rubber being among the number.

### The Fifth Wheel in the Army.

"That fifth wheel carried with all army wagons makes me awful tired," said an old man, with a semi-military bearing, as he recently pointed his cane at a picture of an army wagon.

"During the war I drove a wagon from Paducah to Shiloh, and from there to Atlanta, and then to the sea with Sherman. I hauled one of them fifth wheels all of the way, and never found use for it; in fact, I never, in all the four years I was on that trip, heard of a fifth wheel being needed. Some other part of the wagon was sure to break, but a wheel—never.

"But the government began to haul a fifth wheel during the revolutionary war, and is still at it, if that picture correctly represents the army wagon now in use.

"The practice was introduced by Washington, who lost one of his wagons during the revolutionary war by the breaking of a wheel. Nobody has since countermanded the order he then issued, although the army has never since lost a wagon in this manner."

### Profane, but Pointed.

[Massachusetts Mutual.]

A few years ago, when Col. Bob Ingersoll appeared before the full bench of the Massachusetts Supreme Court to argue for the issuance of a writ of mandamus, he quoted distinguished authorities in support of his motion, citing, among others, "Moses on Mandamus."

Judge Field, now chief justice, in playful spirit, asked, "Mr. Ingersoll, do you refer to Moses of biblical times?"

"No, your honor, I refer to Judge Moses of Wisconsin. The difference between the two is this—Judge Moses of Wisconsin is authority on man-damus, and the biblical Moses is authority on God-damn us."

The serious judges were convulsed and the gravity of the occasion completely upset.

# NEW ENGLAND NEWS.

## Hunting Down a Brutal Murderer in New Hampshire.

### Escape From Dover Jail—Tuberculosis in Nashua.

### White Caps in Massachusetts—Week's Record in Brief.

A shocking tragedy took place at Hanover, N. H., Thursday night. As Miss Christie Warden, accompanied by her mother, her sister Fannie and Louise Goodell, were returning on foot to their home, located one mile from the village, at a late hour, Frank Almy, about 30 years of age, jumped into the road in front of them, and seizing Christie by the arm, said, "I want you." The mother and sister attempted her defence, when he fired at them, but missed. They ran for assistance. Then Almy dragged his victim into the bushes and shot her twice through the head, one shot tearing out her left eye. When help arrived the girl was dead, and her body was stripped of nearly every article of clothing. Almy had fled. Miss Warden was a beautiful and most estimable young woman about 20 years old, a graduate of the State Normal school and a popular teacher. Almy was a former employe of her father's, whose attentions Miss Christie repulsed. She was a daughter of Andrew A. Warden, a wealthy farmer and leading citizen.

A reward of $1000 is offered for Almy's capture, and large parties are scouring the country in search of him.

### HORSE THIEF AND MURDERER.

#### Escaped from Dover, N. H., Jail—Parties in Search.

Julius McArthur escaped from jail at Dover Thursday evening. Early in May McArthur stole a pair of horses at Barrington depot and was followed by citizens headed by Sheriff Smith. When surrounded, McArthur shot Smith and the latter died three weeks later. The crowd then shot McArthur, and kicked and pounded him into insensibility. McArthur was lodged in jail, where he tried to commit suicide the next morning. Since then he has had terrible hemorrhages and has apparently been a very sick man. Last evening Jailor Libbey went for a doctor for another prisoner and while he was gone his wife discovered that McArthur had escaped. Word was sent to the police and a search was instituted. It was found that McArthur had sprung the lock with a hardwood leg of a chair. He walked down stairs, passing three feet behind where Mrs. Libbey was reading and going out through the house to liberty. Some boys who were playing ball say that they saw a man, bareheaded, having on only his pants and shirt, run down through the field and into the woods. McArthur has never had a preliminary hearing because his solicitor thought him too sick, and said that he would not live to have a trial. Jailor Libbey has offered $100 reward for his apprehension.

### VETERAN BOAT BUILDER DEAD.

#### John Blakey Died in Cambridge, Mass.—His Career as a Designer.

John Blakey, the veteran boatbuilder, died early this morning, in his Cambridge home, after an illness of less than 48 hours.

Yesterday, for the first time, unmistakable symptoms of cholera morbus became manifest, which, aggravating another complaint, resulted in his death.

The deceased was born in Newcastle-on-Tyne, Eng., 56 years ago.

At an early age he apprenticed himself to a well-known ship builder.

He came to America 24 years ago and located in East Boston, where he carried on business, having at the same time a boat building establishment in Charlestown.

Three years later he moved to Cambridge and established a boat building shop at the foot of De Wolfe st., near where the Harvard boats are now located.

He was well known to every professional sculler in the country and had a large clientage among the amateurs.

He built shells for all the famous champions, who looked upon him as the crack designer.

He was constantly making improvements, and his aim seemed to be to make each new craft better and capable of more speed than its predecessor.

He built the eight-oared shells for the Harvard crew and for all the other large colleges.

He was married at Newcastle, Eng., in 1859, and leaves a widow.

The funeral will take place Sunday at 2 p. m.

### TUBERCULOSIS IN NASHUA.

#### Three Cows Killed and More Will Be Next Week.

NASHUA, N. H., July 18.—W. B. Wellman, the Amherst st. butcher, found unmistakable signs of tuberculosis on one of the cows he killed this week.

He reported the matter to Secretary M. J. Batchelder of the State board.

The secretary, with Dr. W. T. Russell, today examined Mr. Wellman's herd.

The animal killed was one of two just purchased from Mr. Charles Spaulding of Hudson to kill for beef.

The doctors found the other suffering from the disease, as well as one of Mr. Wellman's herd of cows used on his milk farm.

Both were killed. The remainder of the herd will be examined Monday.

The doctors also today examined a herd belonging to a Mr. Smith of Hudson. Two animals were found afflicted and will be killed Monday.

A herd of Mr. Charles Tolles will also be examined Monday.

#### Alleged "White Cap" Outrage.

Peter Gallagher, Charles Gormley, John E. Welch, Michael and John Henry of West Medway, Mass., are on trial, charged with assaulting Herbert N. Pratt, who about a month ago was made the victim of an organized band of "White Caps," who gave him a coat of tar and feathers. On the Sunday afternoon following the outrage, five of West Medway's most prominent citizens were arrested, charged with the crime, they each being found in bed and asleep at the time of their arrest.

It will be remembered that Pratt became the victim of this outrage, probably for no other reasons than that when summoned as a witness in a liquor trial he told the truth, testifying that he had, on several occasions, purchased beer and other stimulants in the town of West Medway.

Because of this testimony at least one vendor of liquor was found guilty, heavily fined and sentenced to three months in the house of industry. The hearing is not yet completed.

#### Possibly a Murder.

CONCORD, N. H., July 18.—The preliminary hearing in the case of Roscoe Garland, charged with assault with intent to kill by shooting Harvey D. Watson at Pittsfield, near the Baptist church, early Fourth of July morning, was held at the Town Hall in Pittsfield, before Police Justice Berry today.

Watson, the victim, is still confined to his bed, and although his case is now considered hopeful by the attending physician, he is by no means out of danger, and unfavorable symptoms are liable to appear at any time.

The defence decided to introduce no evidence, and Judge Berry held the prisoner in $4000 to await the action of the grand jury at the October term of the Merrimac county Supreme Court.

Garland furnished bail and was released.

#### One of Rhode Island's Merchants Dead.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 15.—Daniel Howland, one of the best known manufacturers in New England, a prominent member of the Masonic order, and the leading business man of the western end of Providence county, died suddenly this morning.

Death was caused by heart disease. Deceased was about 60 years old.

#### Notes.

The Bowdoin Paper Company of Brunswick, Me., made its second semi-annual division of profits with its operatives, giving them over 7 per cent. of their wages for the past six months. The previous bonus was a similar amount, making a total increase of wages for the year of 15 per cent. In awarding the bonus the president announced that the scheme would be continued another six months, when, if successful, a more comprehensive plan would be announced.

The residence of Mrs. Charles Hayward, Bangor, Me., is to be purchased for $7000 for the Bangor Home for Women. The King's Daughters Union is establishing the home. It will not be a boarding-house, but will furnish temporary quarters to working women who have no other home. All but $1000 of the necessary $7000 has been raised.

Hannibal Hamlin's grave is in Mt. Hope cemetery, about two miles from the business centre of Bangor, Me. The ex-vice-president's remains lie beside those of his eldest son, Brevet-Maj.-Gen. Cyrus, a soldier in the late war, over whose grave floats a little Grand Army flag. A marble monument, bearing the names of various deceased members of the family, stands in the centre of the lot.

An unknown man about 45 years of age, weighing 225 pounds and apparently a pedler, was instantly killed by the New England train leaving Hartford for New Britain, Conn., at 11 o'clock Monday night.

The present Connecticut Legislature, before its final adjournment, is likely to consider the question of the substitution of electricity for hanging, in the infliction of the death penalty. The report of the recent electrocution of four murderers at Sing Sing has impelled a number of gentlemen in Bridgeport to consider the matter of drafting a bill to that effect, to be presented to the Legislature upon its reassembling in November.

A serious fire broke out in Brackin's block at Pittsfield, Mass., about 12.45 Tuesday morning. The block, which was built only a year ago on North st., was of brick, four stories high, and the loss on the structure itself is estimated at $45,000. The building fell soon after. The loss to the tenants of the block will be about $30,000. The fire is the worst that Pittsfield has experienced for fully a decade.

The geographical centre of Massachusetts is marked by the "Central Tree," situated on a high ridge in the town of Rutland, and discernible at a distance of 20 miles around. The tree is not of a remarkable size, yet its proportions are such as to justify the calling of it a big tree. At four feet from the ground it has a girth of 11 feet 8 inches. The trunk forks at about eight feet into two branches, each of which is almost perpendicular in its growth. The tree is 75 feet high, and as would be natural in its location and isolation, it is of the vase or sheaf-shaped type. It is healthy and vigorous, but the continuous whipping it receives from the winds prevents a full expansion of the top. It is built so strongly that it will, without doubt, occupy its unique position for generations to come.

The Boston & Maine railroad has settled with Mrs. Edward F. Thompson for $3000 for the death of her husband, who was killed at Dover, N. H., depot a year ago.

Mrs. Thomas Logan of Dustin st., Peabody, Mass., while eating lettuce last week, in some manner swallowed a pin, which stuck fast in the œsophagus. She was taken to Salem hospital, where a successful operation was performed, an incision being made in her throat and the pin removed.

J. N. Leonard & Co., manufacturers of silk threads and braids at Northampton, Mass., have reorganized, and the corporation is now the John N. Leonard Silk Company.

Louis Sincouvitz, a Jew pedler, was nearly burned to death, July 12, at his home on Ferry st., Springfield, Mass. He was removing a lighted kerosene oil stove from the house, which blazed up, completely enveloping him in flames.

Frank Le Ma, 22 years old, the fireman at the Waldo House, Worcester, Mass., attempted suicide last week by taking a dose of paris green and then jumping into Lake Quinsigamond. He was rescued and taken to the City Hospital.

The hosiery mills in Laconia, N. H., employ more than 1200 operatives and produce 2800 dozen of stockings a day.

The Baptist Society of Leominster, Mass., dedicated its new church Thursday, and the completed edifice is one of the finest church buildings in the town. At the parish meeting Feb. 22, 1890, the pastor announced that Mrs. S. A. Merriam of North Leominster had subscribed $20,000 for the erection of a new church, to be known as the Merriam Memorial building. The expenditures were $24,593 for the building, $400 for the organ, and the total outlay was $31,116.05. There is $3048.23 in the treasury, and $2000 unpaid subscriptions. The sum to be provided for is $327.18.

A boy named O'Keefe, aged 4 years, an inmate of the children's home, Fall River, Mass., strayed away from the orphan's picnic at Beulah campground, Wednesday, and his disappearance was not known until the party arrived in the city. Searchers scoured the woods in vain until late at night. The boy was found near Westport, Thursday morning. Two farmers brought him home. The child lost his way, slept in the woods and was exposed to the thunderstorm.

The grand jury at Greenfield made its report, Thursday afternoon, against C. Mason Moody, the defaulting county treasurer. He waived the reading of the indictment, and pleaded guilty to the last count. This charges the embezzlement of $16,000, which is substantially all the county's money which he is supposed to have taken.

The Fitchburg railroad pay train, going south over the Monadnock branch Thursday afternoon, ran into a horse and carriage at the Little Maloney crossing, two miles north of East Jaffrey, and instantly killed Miss Florence E. Taft of Greenville, and slightly injured Mrs. Asa F. Raymond of East Jaffrey. Miss Taft was thrown 30 feet, crushing in the back of her skull. She was 23 years of age and employed as a clerk in Duncan's drug store, East Jaffrey. The carriage was thrown over and badly wrecked, and the horse thrown 120 feet into the river and killed.

A Rutland clergyman was aroused at 5 o'clock one morning last week to marry a couple who wanted to leave on an early train. He performed the ceremony standing at the window of his sleeping apartment, his wife and the servant girl and a gentleman passing on the street being the witnesses.

The storm Wednesday night in Providence and surrounding districts was the most severe for years. At Riverside, a few miles down the bay, lightning struck in some half-dozen places and much damage ensued. The house occupied by Mrs. Barry at Sabin's point as a boarding-house was struck and considerably damaged. Several trees were struck and shattered. Three persons received shocks, two of whom have not yet recovered. At Greenwood, near Hill's grove, the barn of Smith Quimby was destroyed by a bolt and burned to the ground. At the same time the cupola of his residence near by was struck. Quimby's loss will foot up $3000; partly insured. At Hill's grove, about a mile away, Quimby's son-in-law's house received a simultaneous shock, stunning the inmates.

Mrs. Christine Cramer, aged 60, committed suicide by hanging some time during Thursday in a room at her residence, 731 Grand st., New Haven. Mrs. Cramer was the mother of Jennie Cramer, the young girl whose mysterious death, and the subsequent trial for whose murder of Walter and James Malley, focussed the attention of the country in 1881-82.

Willimantic, at its town meeting Saturday, is to consider the advisability of setting tramps who stay at the lockup over night at work breaking stone. The scheme will probably be opposed, as the town tried the experiment once before and found it a losing one.

A lodge of the Friendly Aid Society, a benefit association, closed its business in Concord, N. H., Friday evening, as it comes under the ban of the new insurance law. Eighty-three members, whose certificates had matured, were each given a check for $100. One of these stated that the matured certificates has cost those who were paid off $75 each. Those holding certificates which have not matured will continue their membership with the order in Massachusetts.

The shipyard at Harrington, Me., formerly owned by Ramsdell, Rumball & Coffin, has been converted into a mowing field. Years ago, in the palmy days of shipbuilding, this was one of the most breezy places along the coast, and some of the largest and finest crafts that Harrington has the reputation of building were constructed on this spot.

Considerable excitement was caused in Portland Tuesday by the sudden appearance in the lower bay, near Long island, of a school of several thousand mackerel of fair size, averaging what are technically known as Nos. 2 and 3. The appearance was so unexpected that there was no time to seine them, hand lines in small boats being used almost entirely. Perhaps 50 barrels in all were secured by as many different people, and then the school departed for deep water.

A copy of the will of the late millionaire Lyman Nichols of Nahant has been admitted to the Pobate Court at Auburn, Me. Mr. Nichols was one of the pioneers in establishing manufacturing enterprises in Lewiston and Auburn and for years was prominently connected with them. Nichols Latin school was named after him, and he gave liberally for its endowment. The will was made Oct. 3, 1874. There are no public bequests, the entire estates going to his widow and children.

A white pony belonging to Mrs. James S. Amory of Boston, which had reached the remarkable age of 40 years and six months, died in a pasture at Nashua, N. H., Thursday.

The Maine State assessors returned to Augusta Friday from a week's trip to Hancock county, where on different days they heard the town officers of the following-named places, nearly all asking for a reduction as fixed by the valuation commission: Surrey, Otis, Brooksville, Eastern Brook, Cranberry Isle, Tremont, Aurora, Lamoine, Blue Hill, Ellsworth, Eden, Hancock, Sullivan, Franklin, Gouldsboro and Mt. Desert. The hearings occurred at Ellsworth, Bar Harbor, Sullivan, Somesville and Southwest Harbor. Bar Harbor people thought their valuation ought to be reduced to $1,500,000, the valuation commissioners having fixed it at $5,034,951.

Congressman Boutelle sent the following telegram to Secretary Foster today: "The deputy collector of customs at Eastport, Me., sends me the following telegram in response to my inquiry: 'Dominion fishing schooner Dream seized seven American fishing boats Thursday forenoon in this harbor. Crews were landed here. Boats were towed to St. Andrews, N. B. Occupants of the boats claim they were fishing in American waters, and ask protection from our government.' Will you please advise the State Department, and take such measures as may be deemed requisite for official ascertainment of the facts and the protection of the rights of our people. It looks like an attempt to annoy and harass Americans at a time when the Maine coast is most thronged with pleasure seekers from all parts of the country."

The 7-year-old son of Overseer Murphy of the Bourne mills, Fall River, Mass., was stabbed Friday, while near the Rhode Island line. The boy says he was playing, when a man named Clarke came toward him and without any provocation ran a knife into him. When Clarke was brought to the boy's bedside he denied that he did the stabbing, but the boy insisted that he was the man. The police are investigating.

The excitement aroused in Ipswich on the night before the Fourth between a minister and a police officer was settled Friday afternoon in Justice Sayward's Police Court. Officer James Scott was sent to the Methodist church on the evening of July 3. On inquiring for the key, he was told that Rev. J. F. Allen, the pastor, had it. His request to Mr. Allen was refused. Scott then, it appears, informed the clergyman that if he did not give it up he would arrest the pastor. At the same time, Mr. Allen says, the officer placed his hand on his (Allen's) shoulder. Mr. Allen then gave up the keys rather than have more trouble. Then the minister complained of the officer, and the hearing resulted in a fine of $3, without costs.

The Boston & Maine Monday settled with Mrs. Edward F. Thompson for $3000, for the death of her husband, who was killed at Dover Depot, N. H., a year ago.

J. N. Leonard & Co., manufacturers of silk threads and braids at Northampton, Mass., have reorganized, and the corporation is now the John N. Leonard Silk Company.

Senator Chandler publishes an open letter in his paper, the Concord Evening Monitor, addressed to the interstate commerce commission, in which he complains against the Boston & Maine railroad for extensively issuing free passes in violation of law, and asking for an investigation of his charges.

A cyclone occurred about 4 p. m. Wednesday in Easton, Me., accompanied by hail and rain. It was confined to about a quarter of a mile in width and lasted about 20 minutes. Some buildings were unroofed.

George Gerald, an employe of the Somerset Fibre Company, Fairfield, Me., was probably fatally injured Wednesday afternoon. A car of sawdust fell on him, breaking his ribs, crushing his head, and inflicting internal injuries.

Horace W. Leone, former special correspondent for some Boston papers, was arrested at Castleton, Vt., lately, as he was leaving Vermont for New York, for alleged failure to account for funds in his possession belonging to a Rutland, Vt., firm.

While Freeman Challis was sitting in his woodshed at Claremont, N. H., Wednesday afternoon, he was struck by lightning, which severely burned his left arm and both legs. He was at the time holding a child, which escaped with a slight burn on its arm. Challis will recover.

A man named Casson, on the Webster road, near Lewiston, Me., was struck by lightning and had his shoes torn off and clothing damaged, but will recover. A Journal special from Jay says four sets of farm buildings were burned. R. E. Bryant, owner of one set, was in the loft of his barn and burned to death.

During the thunder shower Wednesday afternoon, two barns of Levi Gardiner, at Beans Corner, Me., were burned. Loss $400.

Gov. Tuttle of New Hampshire and the council members of the committee have issued a circular, calling for designs for the proposed monument to Matthew Thornton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Commander-in-Chief Veazey arrived in Rutland Thursday night and was given a reception by the Grand Army and Kingsley Guards and escorted through the streets to the residence of John N. Baxter, where he will stay until his departure for Detroit.

The annual excursion of the Granite Manufacturers' Association of Quincy was held Saturday at the Montasco House, Nantasket beach.

The employes of the Conant Thread Company of Pawtucket, R. I., were tendered their fifth annual excursion Saturday to Nantasket Beach by the directors of the company. They were provided with free excursion tickets from Pawtucket to the beach and return, and were given a dinner at Hotel Nantasket and Rockland Cafe. The party numbered about 2700.

*ARE YOU READY?*

*THE WEEKLY GLOBE is ready with a new private circular which quotes a rate which will enable you to form large clubs now. Send to WEEKLY GLOBE for new circular and free sample copies.*

### CASTING PEARLS BEFORE SWINE.

#### A Touching Bit of Mutual Courtesy Between Helpless Women.

[Chicago Tribune.]

An incident occurred on a west-bound Madison cable car the other day which made even the grizzled old conductor look with pride and respect at a sweet-faced, gray-eyed little woman and with contempt on a number of well-dressed, well-to-do human swine who occupied about half of his car.

At the corner of Throop st., a young woman carrying in her arms a baby of about two years, very large and heavy for its age, hailed the car. When, after some difficulty, she succeeded in boarding the car, it was noticed that she was hardly equal to the task of much longer holding in her arms her heavy burden. Every seat was occupied, however, and she was compelled to remain standing in the aisle, where she staggered at every lurch of the train. Several times her big baby was almost thrown from her arms. Her mute appeal for a seat that she might rest her arms of their precious freight was unanswered until the little gray-eyed woman looked up from a book she was perusing. Instantly she arose from her seat and tenderly bade the young mother take her place. It was then noticed for the first time that the little woman was crippled, and that she stood rather awkwardly in the line, at times compelled to hold to the seat railing to prevent being thrown to the flooring of the car.

This was noticed by the young mother, and without a word she got up, gently pushed the little woman into the seat, and then with a sweet "You won't mind, will you?" placed the pretty baby in the lap of the little woman. With a look of scorn and pity commingled the young mother glanced at the big beasts who lolled in their seats and then turning to her baby and its guardian she looked as independent and happy as a queen.

Meantime the little woman and her protege were getting well acquainted, and when she signalled the conductor to stop, that she might leave the car, the baby wore a very pretty gold neck chain, which had not been there before. As she got up to depart the gray eyes of the little woman grew cold, and there seemed to be a dangerous glitter in them. She was determined that the young mother should have her seat, which she succeeded in securing for her.

On leaving she handed the baby a card, which, when read by the mother, acquainted her with the fact that the crippled little woman was the maiden sister of one of the best known judges now sitting on the Circuit bench in Cook county.

But the swine—they simply curled their legs into more comfortable positions, and talked louder than ever.

#### New Boston Music.

White, Smith & Co. publish a polka march that will have a great run, "The Grenadiers," by T. Bonheur. It is military in spirit and movement; 50 cents. C. A. White is the author of another delightfully melodious song, "Baby's Chasing Butterflies"; illustrated title page; 40 cents. C. A. White has a new descriptive duet, "The Sinking Ship," for tenor and bass, 75 cents. A new selected song is Piccolomini's "Ora Pro Nobis"; 50 cents. The Folio for July is ready, with $2.50 worth of sheet music and lots of reading matter, for 10 cents.

The Oliver Ditson Company issue for pianists "La Serenata," a pleasing set of new waltzes played by Gilmore's band, and arranged by L. Knight, 60. John F. Gilder's cocoanut dance, "Danse Africaine," appears for four hands, affording a lively and easy piece for this novel manner of performance, $1.

Oliver Ditson Company have a select list of new songs. A beautiful song of L. Denza is entitled "Eyes Deepest Azure," soprano or tenor, in D minor, 40. Two new songs of F. H. Cowen are "Bird Raptures," soprano or tenor, in C, 40, and "Song for Twilight," for same, 35. Three new works by H. B. Pasmore are "The Miller's Daughter," mezzo-soprano or barytone in A, 30 cents; "I Arise from Dreams of Thee," barytone in C minor, 30 cents; and "Stars of the Summer Night," tenor in B flat, 35 cents. Three German songs are a "Lullaby," by Mozart, for soprano or tenor in G, 25 cents; "May God Watch O'er Thee," C. Bohm, for same, 40 cents, and "Forbidden Tryst," mezzo-soprano in B flat, C. Bohm, 35 cents. The beautiful "On Venice Waters," Roeder, is arranged for soprano or tenor in A flat, or alto or barytone in F, 35 cents. The first of a series of trios for soprano, alto and bass, by Edward Howe, is "A Holy Air is Breathing Round."

#### Long Tails and Short Tails.

[New Orleans Picayune.]

A traveller in New England saw the following sign on a board that was nailed to a fence near a village;

"Horses taken in to grass. Long tails, $1.50; short tails, $1."

The traveller halted and asked the owner of the land why there was such a difference in the price for board for horses.

"Well, you see," said the man, "the long tails can brush away the flies, but the short ones are so tormented by them that they can hardly eat at all."

# TOWNSEND'S LETTER.

## Was it Forney Made Johnson Vice-President?

### What Hamlin Thought of the Plumed Knight of Maine.

### Echoes of McClure-Nicolay Controversy—A Typical Yankee.

WASHINGTON, July 18.—It is well that a controversy, even among pigmies, should have commenced over the only mystery in the life of as upright a man as Hannibal Hamlin; namely, why he was not again put on the ticket with Abraham Lincoln in 1864. As soon as Hamlin died, a Pennsylvania politician with a newspaper announced that this person had voted against Mr. Hamlin and for Andrew Johnson, because President Lincoln had so desired.

I do not mean to pretend to any knowledge on the subject, though at the time I was 23 years old and in the midst of the personages who claimed to have left Hamlin out and put John Johnson in. From 1854-55 to near the middle of 1862, I lived in Philadelphia, and had been on Forney's newspaper there one of the most active and tolerated contributors in all the departments, for about two years.

Returning to affairs, after an absence in the summer of 1864, I again became acquainted with John W. Forney and the Pennsylvania folks, and it was always told to me that Hamlin had been dropped because he was a Yankee, and Johnson put on because he had been both a Democrat and a Southern Unionist. I never heard any other reason given than that it was politics, and the supposition at that period was that Mr. Hamlin was not a man of the first class, whilst Johnson was considered to be a hero of the war.

Mr. Lincoln was uniformly considerate of Mr. Hamlin, and compensated him for the loss of the merely honorary place of president of the Senate and presidential successor in case of death by making him collector of the port of Boston. Either Lincoln or Johnson thus rewarded Hamlin, and a good while after Lincoln's death, when Mr. Hamlin had been spared to a very great age in the possession of all his faculties to the last, there arose throughout the country upon the wings of personal testimony a rumor and impression that whoever turned Hamlin down to turn Johnson up had been guilty of impertinence, arrogance and insolence.

The real facts about Hannibal Hamlin were that, though being very lucky in being a part of the victorious Republican ticket which revolutioned the land in 1860-61, he slided into comparative obscurity, except in his State, and

#### Perhaps in Boston,

until he reappeared in the Senate as the victor over Lot Morrill about the year 1869.

Elihu Washburn, who was a native of Maine, said to me, at his house, soon after the event occurred: "The feeling throughout the North against Andrew Johnson is accountable for the defeat of Morrill and the re-election of Hamlin. It was whispered in Maine that Mr. Morrill was a friend of Fessenden, and had therefore sympathized with Fessenden in his vote to clear Johnson of the impeachment case. The mere whisper was enough to set him back among the people and to bring Mr. Hamlin forward again."

Mr. Hamlin's return to the Senate was almost exactly contemporary with Blaine's election to be speaker, and these two men went harmoniously along, the idea in my mind having always been that Blaine gave assistance to Hamlin to be re-elected, though Mr. Hamlin may not have required it.

Blaine always spoke of Hamlin with the highest respect; Hamlin spoke of Blaine in praise, and qualified his praise only with regard to Blaine's not keeping his promises.

"He has lied to me," said Hamlin, in just those words, uttered on the day Harrison was inaugurated, and about the time Harrison was concluding his inaugural speech. I thought merely what I still think, that Blaine had been unable to carry out some promises he made, or did not refuse, to Mr. Hamlin.

After Hamlin had been off to Spain and had returned to the country, several years back, I was invited by Lucius Tuttle to go with a few gentlemen from the Boston press to Bar Harbor and see the opening of the railroad to the top of Green mountain there. We went to Bangor from Boston, consuming the day, and next day went down the Penobscot river in a steamer, and there I found Mr. Hamlin, his son Gen. Charles Hamlin and numerous other persons of Maine. For the first time I had a fair

#### Opportunity to Talk

with the ex-vice-president and now fully retired public man.

While he was senator the second or third time I had been surprised at seeing him dance. I had seen him dance by the hour on a steamboat going down the Potomac river, in the days of Gov. Shepard and the Washington board of public works, when an excursion was given and hundreds of people were partaking of the city's hospitality.

It looked so strange to me to see this companion of Abraham Lincoln dancing like a boy, knowing all the figures, his large frame and old age putting no check upon his dancing energy, though his countenance never relaxed from dignity.

When I began to talk to Mr. Hamlin as we went down the river, I was struck with the simplicity of his knowledge. Though he had been a Democrat in the days of Webster, he gave Webster the name of having been the most eminent man in the Senate, when Hamlin went there in 1848.

He gave me an interesting sketch of Webster using up James M. Mason of Virginia upon one of the occasions when Webster got mad and became personal.

Once or twice again I saw him, but upon the day Harrison was inaugurated, being myself on crutches from an attack of the gout, I was unable to go out upon the platform, and retired into the executive clerk's office of the Senate, where, after being introduced to several persons, Col. Morrow, one of the clerks said: "There is a young man in the next room who would like to see you, if you will strain the point and strain your foot to make the exertion."

When I got into the next room I found Mr. Hamlin there. It was raining outside, as it seldom rains, nearly all day long, in the month of March. Mr. Hamlin was too old to expose himself on the open platform, and thus we were shut up together from near noon till 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

I plied him with all sorts of questions about every sort of thing, and on this very subject of Lincoln having run a second time with another man. I sounded him about Mr. Lincoln, and found that in his nature was not the slightest sign of criticism, reproach or hostility. He told me how he had first met Lincoln after they had been nominated, and how

#### Lincoln Had Heard Some Speech

he was making, and how each of them near the same period of time had been pleasantly affected in favor of the other. Indeed, the impression left on my mind was that Mr. Hamlin desired at the close of his first term to do something better for his family than could be done in the not inexpensive office of vice-president, and that his mind had been turned to some of the fiduciary offices of the government, such as that perhaps of the collector of the port of Portland.

Very probably it was Forney who took a leading part in having a Democrat more pronounced than Hamlin put on the ticket in 1864, for Forney was then in the height of his popularity and solvency.

The Philadelphia Press kept at Andrew Johnson's official residence in Tennessee a reporter by the name of Benjamin C. Truman, who wrote regularly to the Press and to Forney's other newspaper, the Chronicle, at Washington city. Truman had some kind of situation under Johnson, and he was the medium by which Johnson and Forney were in close communication.

Meantime Mr. Hamlin exercised no especial influence on the subject of his renomination.

The Baltimore convention which renominated Lincoln was presided over by a Kentucky Southerner, Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge.

When the convention came to vote for vice-president, Johnson received 200 votes on the first ballot and Hamlin only 150, whilst Daniel Dickinson came in between and got 108 votes; 28 were cast for Gen. Butler of Massachusetts, 6 for Schuyler Colfax, the speaker of Congress; 2 for Burnside, and 2 for Joseph Holt, 1 for Gov. Todd of Ohio, 1 for Mr. King and 21 votes for Rousseau of Kentucky.

An analysis of this vote shows that Mr. Hamlin on the first ballot got all the votes of Pennsylvania.

New York gave 32 votes for Johnson, 28 for Dickinson and only 6 for Mr. Hamlin. The Southern States, just admitted, with very little propriety voted for Johnson; Arkansas gave him 10 votes, Tennessee 15, Missouri 2 and Louisiana 7, showing the commencement of the carpet-bag system. These States were then overrun with soldiers. Maryland, which had been the State of Henry Winter Davis,

#### Gave Johnson 2 Votes,

Dickinson 11 votes and Mr. Hamlin only 1 vote. Louisiana also gave 7 votes to Dickinson; Delaware gave all her votes to Dickinson. New Jersey gave Dickinson 12 votes out of 14, Massachusetts gave him 17 votes and Mr. Hamlin only 3.

Maine gave her 14 votes for Maryland, following the suggestion of Pennsylvania; its affiliated States, Ohio and Indiana, gave all their votes to Johnson, but Illinois gave her 32 votes to Maryland, showing, it seems to me, that Mr. Lincoln did not wish to see Mr. Hamlin dropped. Iowa gave Johnson 16 votes, then dominated by Grimes, an old Democrat. West Virginia gave Johnson 10 votes, a new State from the South.

Of course this large proportion of votes for Johnson and more than 100 votes cast for Dickinson caused the convention to yield to the personal hopes and fears of men on the next ballot. There could be no comparison between the prominence at that time of Andrew Johnson and Dickinson, so Johnson got 494 votes, Dickinson only 17 and Mr. Hamlin but 9.

The States which adhered to Mr. Hamlin to the last were Minnesota, where one of the Washburns was a prominent man, and Wisconsin, where another Washburn was prominent; he got 5 votes out of 8 from Minnesota, and 4 votes out of 16 from Wisconsin. Maine on the second ballot went over to Johnson without any discord, giving him 14 votes; he got every vote from New England, except one from Rhode Island which went to Dickinson. This is the story from Macpherson's record.

I will now drop this subject, as a matter of no great consequence. Mr. Hamlin's life shows that it is often in favor of a man, that he meets with some small political slight such as that of losing the vice-presidency, a nomination always dear to men of the second class. His returning to the Senate after Mr. Johnson had lost favor with his party consequently showed all men that he was by no means a lost quantity among his neighbors and fellow-citizens.

But he did not attempt in the Senate to be other than a safe party man and to cast his vote and to favor in general the measures which Gen. Grant had introduced. He was happily spared being in the Senate

#### During the Impeachment Trial,

for had he been there and cast a vote for Mr. Johnson's conviction, as he would probably have done, men might have said that he was trying to get even.

He lived his life with respect to his health, his good temper, the happiness of his wife, the security of his children and his estate, and having no extravagant ambition he never could be much cast down.

After the war period faded and Northern men, and especially New England men, grew in more repute, Hamlin was found to be a jewel among men, a perfect Old Adam, such as you see in "As You Like It," who will go with the young fellows, maidens or what not, if they go around the world.

He was a fine fisherman, and could catch more fish than any old man in the country and stay at it longer. He enjoyed himself out of the eyes of the people as well as in their eyes. He was respectful to his wife, who was, I think, the sister of his first wife, though of this I am not sure; they lived very happily together, and made a fine couple.

In the course of time men began to look upon Hannibal Hamlin as a handsome man, and they noted the especial brightness of his eyes. His Yankee twang grew musical to men when they learned to know the New England men more. The last time I saw him was at the Algonquin Club in Boston when the Grand Army met there about a year ago. He turned to me, to my delight, considering how I might have once offended him, and said, "Why, it repays me my young friend, to have come down here to Boston to see you. I fear for the last time."

I told him that he ought to put his reminiscences in shape, and he explained why he could not do so.

He said, "I am too old to undertake the labor; it would require me to examine the record, as my memory is not good, and I should make mistakes, which no man ought to make at my time of life."

And thus, at the conclusion of days, the extremest New Englander of them all, he who sits far out beyond the Hub, out on the end of the axle turned up to be fully equal to Abraham Lincoln in the appreciation of men, and his homely life and theirs match well indeed with Lincoln's.

The State of Maine, under the tutelage of Hannibal Hamlin, has held its place among the States producing strong men from time to time, showing but little wavering in its principles, and it is probable that this vice-president will stand in the State of Maine as a principal exponent, blood of her blood and bone of her bone, throughout the years of the history of our country.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

### INFORMATION FOR TRAVELLER.

#### Why Mr. Churchill of London Decided to Visit Arizona.

[Chicago Herald.]

"Don't go to Europe until you have seen all of this great land," said Frederick Bond, a guest at the Richelieu.

"That would not take long," answered Thomas Churchill of London.

"You have no idea what you are talking about. Englishmen come over here and stay a day or so in New York, go to Niagara Falls, enjoy a half dozen hours in Chicago, visit one or two of the thriving Western cities, then end the trip with a few days at San Francisco. That is what some of them call doing America. But you miss half of the sights. I was with a party riding over Arizona a few weeks ago, when we made a discovery which paid us for a long horseback jaunt.

"We had travelled about five miles over the Apache bad lands, where we found a lake entirely surrounded by Indians. The color of the lake was brown, and its cool breezes were of a most fascinating odor. We were surprised to see half of the Indians with their heads in the water; the other half were dancing and yelling as if on the warpath.

"Our guide filled a tin can with the contents of the lake, and we drank it; and I never drank such a pleasing liquid in my life. If there had been a cherry in the bottom of the pan I would have taken an oath that we were tasting cocktails. We carried a panful to town, and as a fact you could not distinguish it from a Manhattan cocktail. It was the most mysterious incident that I ever came across, but the phenomenon is easily explained by the Arizona sages.

"In prehistoric days that county was covered with prickly pears, or cactus, from which mescal is distilled. This growth was covered with water and mud, and heat and chemical forces of the earth's interior worked upon it the process of distillation, just as oil is formed beneath the earth's shell. Some volcanic force pushed it out of the ground, and it was nothing more than a whiskey geyser. It disappears now and then, but can be found about half of the time."

"Do you suppose it is there now?" quickly asked the Englishman.

"Certainly."

"Then I'll change my route and take in Arizona."

#### Do You Want to Buy a Dog?

[New York Tribune.]

The following are the prices at which good pedigreed pups and grown dogs can be bought. This means good blooded animals, but not fancy strains, fashionable or champion stock. Prices on the latter are variable.

St. Bernard puppies, $40 to $100; grown dogs, $100 upward. Mastiff puppies, $25 to $100; grown dogs, $50 to $200. Collie pups, $10 to $50; grown dogs, $25 upward; trained collies, $50 to $100. Setters, pups, $10 to $50; grown dogs, $25 to $100; trained setters, $50 to $100. Pointers, pups, $10 to $50; dogs, $25 to $100; trained dogs, $50 upward. Fox hounds, puppies, $10 to $25; dogs, $25 to $50. Great Dane pups, $10 to $25; grown dogs, $20 to $50. Deerhounds, puppies, $40 to $100; grown dogs, $100 upward. Greyhounds, puppies, $10 to $50; dogs, $50 to $100. Bulldog puppies, $10 to $50; dogs, $25 to $100. Newfoundlands, puppies, $10 to $50; dogs, $20 to $75. Scotch and Irish terriers, puppies, $10 to $20; dogs, $20 to $30. Bull-terriers, puppies, $10 to $20; dogs, $25 to $50. Pugs, puppies, $20 to $50; dogs, $25 to $100; King Charles and Blenheim spaniels, puppies, $25 to $100; dogs, $50 to $150. Italian greyhounds, puppies, $15 to $50; dogs, $20 to $100. Maltese dogs, puppies, $20 to $50; dogs, $25 to $100. Fox terriers, pups, $10 to $50; dogs, $20 to $100. Yorkshire terriers, puppies, $15 to $25; dogs, $25 to $100. Skye terriers, puppies, $10 to $25; dogs, $15 to $50.

Females are generally 25 per cent. lower in price than males.

#### Good Advice.

[Texas Siftings.]

Grandfather—Tommy, what did you do with the two nickels I gave you yesterday?

Tommy—I spent one of them for candy, and the other I gave to a poor blind man.

Grandfather—Johnnie, what did you do with the two nickels I gave you?

Johnnie—I have got them yet.

Grandfather—Now let me give you two little boys some good advice. Tommy, you had better keep on the right side of Johnnie, as you'll need his assistance before you die. And Johnnie, you had better have as little to do as possible with Tommy when you grow up, or else he will always be borrowing money from you.

#### A Catching Complaint.

Turacciolotti is very absent-minded. The other day he stumbled on a beggar who had a board suspended from his neck, on which there stood, in large letters:

"Deaf and dumb."

Unthinkingly, he shouted, in a loud voice: "Have you been a long time in that state?"

Distraction is evidently contagious, for the beggar replied:

"From my birth!"

# POLITICAL BOOMS.

Continued from the First Page.

whether a new one be established for the purpose.

It is claimed that the State recently purchased coal at $4.47 per ton, and that there is no valid reason why the people ought not to receive it for the same or a lower price.

The poorer people, who buy their coal by the basket, suffer most by the present system, as they have to pay about thrice what it can be bought for by the ton; but their limited means will not enable them to purchase it in larger quantities.

The Nationalists expect—and are prepared for—a bitter fight on the part of the "coal barons" to protect their interests; but they claim that as soon as the people are aroused to a proper sense of the injury being inflicted upon them it will be only a question of a little time until they realize that they are being made to bear a burden for which there is no necessity, and will very quickly put an end to it.

A committee is already at work on the matter, preparing statistics, etc., with the intention of going before the Legislature during the coming winter and demanding the enactment of a law similar to the gas and electric lighting law, giving towns and cities the right to manufacture and sell gas and electricity.

It is intended, if necessary, to go before Congress and the United States Supreme Court in defence of the position taken upon behalf of the people.

### SOCIALISTIC LABOR.

#### Massachusetts Men Lay Down a Platform for the Party.

Massachusetts socialists will ask the people to vote for the principles of socialism.

Accordingly, the Socialistic Labor party has nominated a State central committee, a State ticket, and will nominate labor tickets in all Massachusetts cities. The State ticket is as follows:

Governor, Harry W. Robinson of Boston; lieutenant-governor, George R. Peere of Lynn; secretary of state, E. W. Theinert of Holyoke; treasurer and receiver general, Carl Friede of Boston; auditor, S. E. Putney of Somerville; attorney general, James Waldock of Boston.

The platform demands the extension of the eight-hour law so that it shall apply to all government employes; that the public domain be declared inalienable; the United States to own, construct and operate all interstate railroads, canals, telegraphs, telephones and other means of public transportation and communication; direct issue of money by the United States without the intervention of banks; inventions to be free to all, inventors to be remunerated by the nation; uniform civil and criminal laws throughout the United States, the administration of justice to be free of charge.

#### Chicago Wants to Name the Governor.

MONTICELLO, Ill., July 18.—The contest for governor of Illinois during the world's air will be a lively one. Col. James A. Sexton, the present postmaster at Chicago, is the latest aspirant. Col. A. C. Matthews, the comptroller of currency, Col. Thomas W. Lawler of Rockport, and the present governor, Hon. Joseph W. Fifer, are the Republican candidates. Gen. John C. Black, ex-commissioner of pensions under Cleveland, and Speaker Crafts of the Illinois Legislature, are the Democratic candidates.

Chicago has never had a governor, and the claim is made that during the world's fair the governor should be a Chicago man, that he may be present to welcome all nations to the State of Illinois and to the exposition.

### REDFERN'S LATEST DISPLAY.

The first is a very stylish coat for cool evenings and for early fall wear. It is made of reseda cloth, with very long skirt, somewhat full in the back. The seams in the back, the bottom of the skirt and the collar and cuffs are braided with a metallic greenish braid and with silver cords, in a graceful design somewhat suggestive of peacock eyes. The hat of gray straw has green gray and velvet tips, and on the left side a spray of mignonette.

The second sketch is a visiting gown or carriage costume of pale lavender veiling, slashed over a petticoat of black dotted net, and trimmed on the chest and under the arms with the same transparent fabric. A black velvet ribbon girdles the waist and heads the deep cuffs. The hat is a convoluted black lace straw, with fan plaiting of lavender chiffon and shaded tips curled round the front. A crepe de chine parasol, of a much deeper shade, with embroidered

chiffon ruffles, completes this charming costume. REDFERN.

#### Had Samson's Example Before Him.

Johnny's mother was rather proud of her skill in the hair-cutting line, and was very fond of showing it, much to Johnny's disgust.

Being nine years old, he was disposed to patronize the barber. The other day, when his mother was making the preparations which usually preceded the terrible ordeal, which he knew was to make him the laughing-stock of his playmates, he remarked:

"Mamma, I'm not going to have my hair cut today."

"What do you mean, Johnny?"

"I cannot allow it, ma. I'm really afraid. It's dangerous."

"What on earth are you afraid of, child?"

"Why, mamma," said the precocious youngster, backing into a corner. "I'm surprised at you. Didn't you ever hear what happened to Samson because he let a woman cut his hair?"

# ODDITIES

The largest spring in the world is at Mammoth Springs, Ark., from which 90,000 gallons of water gush forth every minute, making a total of 129,600,000 gallons a day.

A peculiar glossy and transparent cloth is made from the fibre of nettles, which is used among other things for belting of machinery and it is claimed to have double the strength of leather.

A scientist who has been investigating the subject claims that a man drowns on account of the weight of the blood in his body. Blood being heavier than water, it always sinks and therefore the weight of the blood in a human body is so great as to sink anyone who falls into the water and is unable to swim.

The law in Germany forbids swimming in the rivers and a native who had fallen into the water let himself drown because he thought he would be arrested and punished.

A Cleveland, O., man has taken out a patent on a glass top for roll top desks to enable the owner to see if he has forgotten anything without having to open the desk.

Not many people know the name of the lady whose profile graces the coinage of the United States. Her name was Miss Anna W. Williams and she has long since passed away. She was the beloved of the skilled engraver who made the design and he traced her features. The design was accepted and she has become immortal.

The costliest dresses in the world are worn by the women of Sumatra. They are made of pure gold and silver. After the metal is mined and smelted it is formed into fine wire, which is woven into cloth, and afterwards made into dresses.

Many years ago, when rats became numerous and annoying in a house, the owner would write a letter to them requesting them to leave. The letter would be written on the best of paper in good plain writing, with explicit directions as to when they were to vacate and what course they should pursue. The note would then be covered with butter and placed in a hole where they would easily get it.

At a spelling match recently held in Pittsburg, when the contest narrowed down to a boy and girl, after spelling a number of large words, the girl won, the boy spelling the word "spell" with one l.

The banana, which is of Malayan origin, is a developed tropical lily from which by ages of cultivation the seeds have been eliminated and the fruit for which it was cultivated greatly expanded. The ground that would grow 99 pounds of potatoes or 33 pounds of wheat, would also grow 4000 pounds of bananas.

Mary Vennum, a 14-year-old Kansas girl, lives two separate and distinct lives. She is subject to fits, and after an attack she takes the place of a girl named Mary Koff, who died seven years ago, not recognizing her own parents and affectionately caressing the other girl's parents as her own. She has just recovered from living a year as Mary Koff, doing all that the dead girl was wont to do while alive.

The various forms of leave-taking have a more special significance than is generally awarded to them. "Adieu" signifies, "To God I commend you." "Good-by" is a contraction of "God be with you," while "Farewell" means "Be happy," or more literally, "May you journey well."

Illinois has a larger railroad mileage than any other State in the Union; or to be more exact, it has 10,163 miles of main lines and 2928 miles of sidings.

A Saratoga woman, whose hair turned white when she reached 50, finds now, as she approaches 70, that it is turning black again.

The City Troop of Philadelphia possesses what is believed to be the only Continental flag in existence. The old flag is preserved between two pieces of glass to keep it from falling to pieces.

The surveyor-general of Canada, Mr. Deville, has adopted a novel method of surveying in the Rocky Mountain region of the Dominion. It is to photograph the country by a specially designed camera. He considers the photographs as accurate as a plan laid down by means of a protractor.

Railroads are celebrated for their rapid repairs. The Union Pacific trestle bridge, near Dallas, Or., 325 feet long, was recently rebuilt in 24 hours after being burned.

The total amount of life insurance in Great Britain is nearly identical with the total national debt.

Cherra Poonjee, in the Assam hills, has a rainfall of over 500 inches per annum.

In proportion to population, Buenos Ayres has the largest number of daily papers of any city in the world, viz., 23.

At a recent English marriage ceremony the bride was exactly twice the age and twice the weight of the groom.

The most expensive street car in the world is owned by the Troy Electric Railway Car Company of Cleveland. It cost $10,000.

During the past year there were over 5,000,000 pieces of matter withdrawn from the mails because of incorrect or insufficient addresses.

The youngest travelling salesman in Illinois is in the employ of a drug house at Quincy. He is 13.

Nowhere in England can be found so extended a line of perpendicularly broken rock as at Cheddar.

It would take all the Lancashire cotton factories 400 years to spin a thread long enough to reach the nearest star at the present rate of production of about 155,000,000 miles per day.

A vase, which it has taken four years to complete, has just been sent to London from the Minton china manufactory. It was made by M. Tolon, is valued at £1500, and is considered the handsomest thing of the kind that has ever been made. Venus, Bacchus and a group of cupids are represented in the design.

It has been estimated that one ton of coal gives enough ammonia to furnish about 39 pounds of crude sulphate, the present value of which is about £12 per ton, and there being 10,000,000 tons of coal annually distilled for gas, no less than 133,928 tons of

There are many odd ways of getting a living. One of the oddest is pursued by the salonnieres of Paris, who make a profession of tying gentlemen's cravats. An expert artist in this line can earn $10 an evening, it is said.

A clock in a Dalton, Ga., residence, which has been out of repair and silent for many months, mysteriously struck the exact hour the other night.

A little Eastport girl who in reply to the teacher's question, "Where is the Golden Gate?" wrote, "In Heaven," was both surprised and grieved to find it marked as wrong.

Electric light has been employed advantageously on board of a West India steamer crossing the ocean to keep alive and flourishing certain plants which were being transported for acclimatization.

A frog in a small pond near Baltimore cries like a child when disturbed or molested in any way, refusing to leap or move in any direction.

A Tunisian girl has no chance of marriage unless she weighs over 200 pounds.

The largest bay in the world is Hudson bay, which measures 850 miles north and south by 600 miles in width.

France has 62 dukes, only 30 of whom date from the old monarchy. The oldest duke is the Duc de Mortemart, who was born in 1794.

An English inventor has constructed a novel device to do away with the enormous pressure of water against the bows of ocean steamers. It consists of one or more screws on each side of the bow, which throws the water aside and creates a dry well in front of the vessel.

A "berdash" was a name anciently given in England to a sort of neckdress, and the person who made or sold such neckdresses was called a "berdasher," hence the present term "haberdasher."

In some parts of China opium is used as a medium of exchange, the great weight of the copper coinage rendering it unsuitable for the purpose, and the silver bars being of too great value to be available in small transactions.

An English judge recently sentenced a woman to five minutes' imprisonment for bigamy. It is probably the shortest sentence on record.

An experienced caterer says that where the guests at a gathering are well acquainted they eat at least 20 per cent. more than they otherwise would.

A valley more wonderful than the Yosemite, except in the matter of waterfalls, is said to have been discovered in King's River canon, above the far-famed Yosemite.

Travellers in Ceylon are astonished to discover that the men there are far more graceful than the women. They are better looking also, and dress more stylishly, while the women work in the fields and become coarse and homely.

The Emperor of Austria has for years past found consolation for his troubles in the sympathetic companionship of a former well-known Viennese actress, Catharine Schratt, whose counsels are said to have been of the utmost advantage to him in many important affairs of state. As a result of this friendship the actress is known in Vienna as the vice-empress.

The product of gold in the United States the last 16 years has aggregated the enormous output of $572,900,000.

The hailstones which recently fell at Arkansas City were about the shape of a common soda biscuit and nearly as big.

Women are employed as hodcarriers in Austria and get 20 cents a day for it.

The large organ for the Rev. Mr. Talmage's new tabernacle at Brooklyn contains four manuals of five octaves each, and a pedal of two and one-half octaves, 66 pipe stops (or 110 stops with pedals, couplers, etc.,) including one 32 feet, 11 of 16 feet, and 32 of 8 feet. The total number of pipes is 4448. Among the more novel effects are a Chinese gong, a chime of bells, and three drums (long roll bass drum and drum check.)

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TUESDAY, JULY 21, 1891.

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✠ JULY ✠ 1891 ✠

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|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 P.M. 10.58 |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 14 A.M. 0.29 |
| 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 21 A.M. 8.54 |
| 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 27 P.M. 11.33 |
| 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | |

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*The happy have whole days, and those they choose;*
*The unhappy have but hours, and those they lose.*
—[Colley Cibber.

**Chairman Calvin S. Brice thinks that the approaching struggle is to be one mainly between clubs, and it is greatly to be desired that a uniform and perfected system of Democratic societies, thoroughly organized and in intimate association with each other, shall be established before the beginning of next year.**

### THE CONTENTS THIS WEEK

have great and varied interest. There is politics enough to suit every one. There is a full report of the Ohio Democratic convention, with portraits of the candidates, Thurman's brilliant speech, and the platform. President Harrison has something to say about silver, and John Sherman defines his position on silver, the Farmers' Alliance, etc. The latest gossip about the speakership of the next House is included.

All the general news will be found to be presented attractively.

There are special features for the ladies—fashions, cookery, short stories, and warm-weather topics.

Read the crop reports.

Preserve the forms for a constitution and bylaws for a Democratic club, and form a club at once.

### EXECUTIVE SESSIONS GOING.

Tradition dies hard in the United States Senate. But even in that stronghold of custom and precedent is felt the influence of the reforming spirit of the time.

That old absurdity, the executive session, is no longer accounted among the sacred institutions which the hand of radicalism must never touch. The committee on rules at its present session in New York is absolutely considering the abolition of the long-time prerogative of the upper house of our national Legislature.

Senator Aldrich of the committee declares: "I believe that a majority of the senators would favor the abolition of the secret session. A rule perhaps could be adopted providing that all nominations of the President should be confirmed or discussed in open Senate, except in cases where a majority of the senators favored closed doors. At present the request of a single senator is enough to bar out newspaper men. The sentiment against the executive session is growing, and except in some diplomatic matters, is not a necessity."

The Rhode Islander, it is to hoped, is right. Yet it may be that the inertia of tradition is heavier to overcome than he thinks. A favorable report of the committee may not mean immediate adoption by the Senate. But the change is sure to come soon.

Owlish secrecy has no rightful place in the assembly of senators representing the sovereign States which make up our Union.

### PENNSYLVANIA'S TORTURE CHAMBERS.

Did you see in last Sunday's Globe that vivid pen-picture of what John Bardsley's punishment is to be in the Eastern penitentiary at Philadelphia?

If you did, you have not forgotten it. It is not a forgetable picture. Horrible in all its details, it read more like a tale of cruelty from the dark ages than the story of what is actually taking place in one of the foremost cities of this grand republic, consecrated to justice, liberty and humanity, in this last decade of the nineteenth cycle of the Christian era.

As some of you didn't read it, let me recall the picture.

John Bardsley was convicted substantially of theft on a grand scale, and was sentenced to fifteen years in solitary confinement at hard labor.

Observe, in passing, that all over this country there are men at large who, for the most wicked and cruel murders, have served out sentences much shorter than John Bardsley's, and not in solitary confinement either.

Where, then, is the logic of our penal laws? Is property more sacred than life, and theft more odious than murder?

Now contemplate the fearful character of Bardsley's punishment. Try, if you can, to mentally measure and weigh the almost infinite amount of misery and suffering summed up in those words—"Fifteen years in solitary confinement."

An officer of the Eastern penitentiary describes the grim ceremony that is enacted every time that a prisoner is consigned to one of its cells, within whose utterly silent walls he is literally buried alive.

At the main door of this ghastly receiving tomb for the burial of living men—for it is just that and nothing else—the prisoner is blindfolded. Then he is walked around and around the long corridors of the building, seeing nothing, so as to thoroughly confuse his mind as to the location of his cell. With his eyes still bandaged he is marched to the guard room and stripped, then to the bathroom and washed, and then, having been put into a prison suit, he is marched to his solitary cell.

Now that he is inside the walls of the little cage in which—seeing no human faces and hearing no human voices, save only for the periodic visitation of a keeper on his rounds—he is to remain for five, ten, or, as in Bardsley's case, fifteen long and weary years, the bandage is removed from his eyes.

Then they bring him a stint of work, tell him how much he will be expected to turn out each day, how he will be punished if he fails to do it, and go out, leaving him alone—absolutely alone in a grave-like silence that will only be broken by the occasional foot-fall of a guard, or by his own sighs, sobs or moans, until 365 days and nights, of 24 hours each, multiplied by 15 or 20, as the case may be, have passed away.

And the punishment for a breach of the rules that govern these silent torture chambers is, says The Globe's correspondent, flogging. The poor prisoner, eating his heart out in this monotonous, maddening, brain-softening, body-and-soul-destroying silence, who shall so much as venture on a pleasantry with the keeper who looks in upon him at stated times, is liable to be thrown into the "black hole" or soundly whipped.

This is in the State of William Penn, of peaceful and humane Quaker memory. If we heard of it as happening in the Siberian prisons of the Czar, or in the Irish prisons of the Queen, we should hold up our hands in horror, and go to Faneuil Hall to express our indignation.

If you took a dumb and souless brute, a cur dog of low degree, and confined him in a dungeon for five years, never once allowing him open-air exercise and never permitting him to speak or be spoken to except when it was necessary, at fixed hours, to pass food into his place of imprisonment; if, I say, you did such a thing as that for five years to a cur dog, and your neighbors found it out, you would be indicted for extreme cruelty to animals, and the sentiment of the community would drive you out of it in shame.

The great State of Pennsylvania does just that to human beings.

This is Sunday in the Eastern penitentiary as well as in Massachusetts. We call it the "day of rest," "the Lord's day," and the great majority of us regard it with special respect, more or less profound, according to our religious views.

But this day brings nothing restful, or refreshing, or cheerful to John Bardsley and his fellow-sufferers in Philadelphia's silent torture chambers. The doors of the little cells, 12 by 14 feet, will be closed on them just as tightly as on any other day. No open-air exercise, not for even so much as half an hour, is allowed to remind them that this is the "day of rest." They are not even permitted the privilege of walking out of their cells to a chapel or a hall to hear any religious service.

There is preaching at the Eastern penitentiary today, but it is the veriest mockery of the usual order of worship. At a stated hour today each of the prisoners will be allowed to stand as near to his door, on the inside of it, as he can; a secret slide in the door will then be drawn back, leaving an opening of a few inches; and at this slide the poor convict can listen, and catch, if he can, a word or two from the chaplain, who, standing alone out in the guard room, delivers his sermon to these invisible victims of Pennsylvania's laws.

How can the preacher reconcile himself, as a minister of the gospel of love, to stand there in that way and pour out pious platitudes, with that infinitely cruel scene around him? With these poor wretches cowering behind the slides of their cell doors, mentally and morally crushed by the slow agonies of an intolerable silence, and slowly sinking into the mere semblance of human beings, how can he shout to them the glad tidings of divine mercy without feeling that the present and palpable lack of all human mercy makes every word he utters ring out hollow and false?

Forty-nine years have come and gone since Charles Dickens visited the place where Bardsley and his fellow-convicts are suffering the unspeakable horrors of their solitary cells. Get his "American Notes," dear reader, and read chapter 7, and you may realize something of what is going on daily and hourly in the Eastern penitentiary at Philadelphia.

Dickens went all through it, and saw its prisoners, and he says: "I believe that very few men are capable of estimating the immense amount of torture and agony which this dreadful punishment, prolonged for years, inflicts upon the sufferers; and in guessing at it myself, and in reasoning from what I have seen written upon their faces, and what to my certain knowledge they feel within, I am only the more convinced that there is a depth of terrible endurance in it which none but the sufferers themselves can fathom, and which no man has a right to inflict upon his fellow-creature."

It was Dickens' deliberate judgment that it would be better, more merciful, to hang men in the beginning than to slowly crush all the manhood and hope out of them, shatter their minds as well as their bodies, and then release them to mingle with a world in which they are no longer fit to live.

"I solemnly declare," says the great English humanitarian novelist, "that with no rewards or honors could I walk a happy man beneath the open sky by day, or lie me down upon my bed at night, with the consciousness that one human creature lay suffering this unknown punishment in his silent cell, and I the cause, or I consenting to it in the least degree."

Let us stop talking about Russian prison cruelties, and cease to point the finger of scorn at the Southern chain-gang and whipping-post. Pennsylvania is nearer home, and it may result in something if public opinion takes her firmly in hand and calls upon her, in the name of humanity, to abolish her torture chambers.

All over Philadelphia this morning, as well as Boston, in hundreds of churches, men and women will repeat this prayer: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us."

But do we mean it?

Do Philadelphians really want to have their trespasses forgiven just as they are forgiving John Bardsley his?

Fifteen years of mind-wrecking, heart-breaking, soul-crushing silence, with all its unspeakable, unthinkable, unimaginable agonies! That is the way Philadelphia forgives those who trespass against her laws.

Heaven mercifully forbi that the mass of mankind, whether in Philadelphia or Boston, or elsewhere, should have their trespasses forgiven as Philadelphia forgives the trespasses of the poor human beings confined in her Eastern Penitentiary, is the sincere prayer of your

Uncle Dudley.

### ENDLESS TIN-TARIFF EXTORTION.

Through the continued discussions over the duty on tin-plate people have become interested in knowing more about tin and its production and uses.

Tin as it comes from the mines to be used in the arts is known to commerce as bar tin. Tin-plate, upon which the McKinley bill imposes so heavy a tariff, consists of thin plates of iron washed with tin.

The tariff on tin-plate is not a tariff on tin, which in bars, pigs or blocks is to remain free of duty until July 1, 1893. It is simply a tax laid upon the product of an industry, which product contains not more than 3 per cent. of real tin in weight.

It is also an error to suppose that all or nearly all of the native tin that is mined is consumed in the manufacture of tin plate. We use in this country 50 per cent. more tin for other purposes than in the manufacture of tin plate, for pewter, solder, britannia, bronze, bell-metal and other articles are all products of which tin is a component part.

According to current reports tin ore has been produced of late in California of such superior richness that it is really worth more than imported tin from Malacca and Australia. Yet the proprietors of the mines have been content to put their tin on the market at the same price for which the imported tin is sold, and are said to have made handsome profits by so doing.

This shows that it is possible to produce tin in this country unprotected by any duty, with a good profit to its miners. Yet it is proposed after July 1, 1893, to levy a duty of four cents per pound upon imported tin, which will enable the American miner to levy an extra tax of at least three cents a pound above what Malacca and Australian tin is now sold for in this country, and above the price which the owners of the California mines are now demonstrating would yield a handsome profit.

This is only another example of the injustice of levying excessive taxes upon raw material. Unreasonable as is the present duty on tin plate it can at least be said that it is an attempt to create a new American manufacture.

But if the duty on tin plate is already more than ample to keep out the foreign manufactured article provided we had sufficient tin, why burden the consumer with an extra and quite unnecessary tax on the raw material? It only shows that the protective mania stops short of nothing that can be seized upon to extort from the consumer the uttermost farthing that his long-tried patience will consent to part with.

### CAMPBELL AND TARIFF REFORM.

In again choosing as its standard-bearer the man who carried the Buckeye State against Foraker in 1889 the Ohio Democracy has nobly fulfilled its duty.

Nor did the good work of the great convention at Cleveland end with the enthusiastic renomination of Gov. Campbell. The platform is exceptionally strong. It takes up the gauntlet that McKinley flung down. It puts the party squarely and unmistakably in line of battle for tariff reform.

The convention's hearty and whole-souled championship of the great cause which Democracy has at heart makes this Ohio contest distinctly one of issues. Personalities can have no place in a campaign with such men as Campbell and McKinley as leaders.

Ohio's battle-ground will be eagerly watched all the country over. Gov. Campbell is fighting against odds for Ohio has been accounted among Republican States. But the prestige of glorious victory in 1889 attends his canvass; the Democratic party, forgetting all minor differences of the past, is rallying to his support; and Ohio will see one of the most exciting of its many hard fought campaigns.

All success to Campbell and the cause of tariff reform which he represents!

### M'KINLEY'S GIFT ENTERPRISE.

For a party that lays claim to a "conscience," and brags of its anti-lottery legislation, our Republican brethren are singularly blind to the disadvantages of inconsistency.

While every petty scheme that bears the slightest semblance to a raffle in its methods is caught in the Wanamaker net, the whole energies of the ultra-protectionists are devoted to a gigantic national gift enterprise.

"Presents from the United States treasury, gentlemen!" shouts Promoter McKinley. "Millions here for the grower of cane sugar! Millions for the producer of beet sugar! Hundreds of thousands, gentlemen, for the maker of maple sugar!"

And the bounty claimants are by no manner of means backward in coming forward. Already, Tippecanoe the Less and his purse-bearer, "Calico" Charley, are greatly disturbed over the prospects of paying out so many of the people's millions. But the party is pledged to the McKinley mania in all its stages. There is no recourse. Uncle Sam must pay when the time comes.

Meanwhile, the vast multitude of people who are not in the sugar-producing line are asking one another why there should be favored classes in a republic. "Bounty for one, bounty for all." This, surely, is no unreasonable demand.

The McKinley gift enterprise is not only proving very costly, but it is grotesquely unjust. Designed to over-stimulate particular "home industries" at the expense of the public treasury, it may put hard-earned money into the pockets of a privileged few. But this fact can only add fuel to the popular anger already aroused against McKinleyism's monumental folly.

No wonder that some of the shrewd leaders of their party in New York are planning to unload McKinley. He grows heavier and heavier. But it is of no use. Republicanism and McKinleyism are one and the same, and, at the next battle of the ballots, both will share the ignominy of defeat and overthrow.

### A REPUBLICAN DIVISION ON SILVER.

Senator Stewart of Nevada is a Republican. His standing as such is just as good as that of Senator Sherman of Ohio.

On the tariff question Mr. Stewart is as soundly orthodox a McKinleyite as Mr. Sherman. On the silver question these two stalwart Republicans differ, but we think Mr. Stewart is a better orthodox Republican on that issue, too, than Mr. Sherman; that is to say, his position is more nearly identical with that taken up by the Republican leaders generally in the past.

Senator Stewart's reply to Senator Sherman's recent anti-silver letter is, therefore, especially worthy of note, coming as it does from an eminent and stanch Republican leader, and reasserting the financial doctrines which have been so long promulgated by the Republican party, and which, so far at least as the Western wing is concerned, are still good Republican doctrines.

With that clearness of statement for which he is famous Senator Stewart answers Senator Sherman's remark that he "could not appreciate why any farmer or other producer" should favor free silver coinage. Says the Nevada statesman to the Ohio statesman:

> It is unfortunate that you have not learned that the competitors of the farmers of the United States in the European market do not produce wheat, cotton and other farm products on the gold standard, but use a cheaper and a larger supply of money than such standard can furnish. If you had not been too much occupied with other matters you might have observed that the average price of wheat per bushel for many years has been equal to the price of 371¼ grains of pure silver, the amount contained in the standard dollar. You would also have observed that when the price of silver last autumn rose to $1.21 an ounce there was a corresponding rise in the price of farm products in the United States and a falling off of exports from India and other Asiatic countries.
>
> . . . You might be better able to appreciate the desire of the farmers to raise the price of silver if you had taken into consideration the fact that the surplus product, which they sell in Europe, determines the price of all they produce, and that they are compelled to sell in the European market in competition with the Asiatics, who produce on a silver basis, while they are required to use gold in their production. The Asiatics receive the same amount of their money, and a little more, than they did before the demonetization of silver, while the American farmer receives about thirty per cent. less of the money of the United States than he did while both gold and silver were coined without discrimination against each other.
>
> Are the farmers unreasonable in objecting to the demonetization of silver which placed them at so great a disadvantage in competition with the cheap labor of Asia? Why should they be compelled to compete under such circumstances with the cheap labor of the Asiatics, while the manufacturer is protected from competition with the labor of Europe? Why should the farmers be compelled to sell in a foreign market, made cheap by legislation of Congress, and at the same time be required to buy in a market protected from competition by a high tariff?

The three questions put by Mr. Stewart to Mr. Sherman in the last paragraph above quoted never have been and never can be fairly and honestly answered, either by Mr. Sherman or any other Republican leader. The policy of protection, as embodied in the McKinley bill, cannot by any possibility be harmonized with the silver policy recently proclaimed by Mr. Sherman.

Silver mining is an American industry, a very great and important one. Why shall it not be protected by legislation against the foreign gold interest? On what basis of equity or justice can Republicans clamor for legislation to create and promote American as against foreign tin plate, and at the same time insist upon legislation that tends to depreciate and destroy the value of American silver as against foreign gold?

This is none of our quarrel, however. Both these distinguished senators are Republicans, and neither of them expresses the Democratic view of the money question. As between the two we think, as we have already said, Mr. Stewart preaches the soundest Republicanism, judging his position by that of his party and the majority of its recognized leaders in the past. But we prefer to leave the Republican party and its organs to decide this question of their relative orthodoxy among themselves. It is a task that will keep them very busy from now on until the campaign closes in 1892.

### HOT WEATHER POLITICS.

It is said that Quay is in favor of holding the Republican national convention next year early in May. If this is done it will give the political cauldron a chance to get thoroughly heated and ready to boil over along in July and August. This is midsummer madness of an aggravated type.

A man should not over-heat his blood with politics when the mercury is high, any more than he should sit in the sun on a July day and drink hot coffee. To spread politics over the warm season is like putting a mustard plaster on a boil. The boil is hot enough without the plaster.

We are sorry to see that this tendency to mix politics and hot weather is growing. In Ohio mens' blood is already boiling in their veins, heated to a fever heat by the July sun and the midsummer politics. There is really no excuse for this, as the election does not come until November.

State conventions for nominees who are to be voted upon in November are usually held in September. This is early enough. It is more refreshing to listen to a political speech under the harvest moon than under the dog star.

As a long presidential campaign, which ever side is victorious, is detrimental to the business interests of the country, it is to the advantage of all parties not to prolong it unnecessarily. This new proposition to hold the national convention in May should be voted down by all parties.

Quay urges that it will be for the comfort of the delegates to hold it in May, before the excessive heat comes on. We are certainly solicitous that the delegates should not suffer; but we are more solicitous for the comfort of the whole people.

Let us not precipitate a hot political campaign next summer upon a sweltering nation.

### EDITORIAL POINTS.

Ex-President Cleveland recently told a reporter that he was not worrying about politics and the next presidential nomination. Mr. Cleveland's example is a salutary one to imitate during the hot weather. The next president is going to be a Democrat, anyway; so what is the good of worrying?

Senator Stewart to Senator Sherman: In January, 1873, when gold and silver coin were both real money, it is estimated that there were about $7,500,000,000 of such coin. The director of the mint now estimates that there is only $3,727,000,000 of gold coin in the world. On your theory that silver depends for its value on redemption in gold, there is only about half as much real money in the world as there was eighteen years ago. Is such a reduction in the standard money of the commercial world not a sufficient cause for our financial trouble? If it took $7,500,000,000 of coin (gold and silver) to maintain business and credit eighteen years ago, is it strange that the existing fabric of credit and volume of business should be deranged with less than half as broad a base of standard money to sustain it as existed eighteen years ago?

In the little State of New Jersey, according to the New York Sun, there are 18,487 acres of abandoned farms. The American farmer is being slowly but surely "protected" to death. No wonder the Alliance movement continues to move.

Senator Stewart of Nevada: Why should the (silver) miners be represented as a favored class? The demonetization of silver has not only destroyed the fortunes of thousands of honest and industrious citizens by ruining their mining property, but the actual loss in discounts on the silver they have produced is about $150,000,000. Seventy millions of this amount have gone into the treasury of the United States. I am informed by the director of the mint that while the Bland act was in force, under which $2,000,000 worth of silver bullion per month was purchased at the market price and converted into money at the coin value, the United States made about $70,000,000 profit in the difference between such price and such coinage value.

Erastus Corning says there is no contest between Gov. Hill and Grover Cleveland. This Hill-Cleveland battle has waged fiercely for two years, but there has been no bloodshed, for the fight has been entirely upon paper.

Very weary of McKinleyism are many of New York's Republican leaders. They are planning to ignore the Ohio major in the platform, and defend protection only as a glittering generality.

Fifteen millions is the latest estimate of the sugar bounty which McKinleyism will take in a year from the pockets of the people and put into the hands of a highly favored class of producers.

Ohio's Democratic Governor, Campbell "the man who has never met defeat"—as his friends call him—served gallantly in the war for the Union. His splendid fighting qualities should assure another great victory next November for the great Buckeye leader.

That Alliance judge in Kansas who defies the authority of the State Supreme Court, certainly has the courage of his convictions. His name is McKay. He is a farmer and never read a line of law until after his election last fall. McKay is likely to make a good many precedents in his decisions on the bench.

### Dangerous Weapons.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Please tell me the weight of the 6-inch, 8-inch and 13-inch breach-loading guns of the United States navy, also the weight of the shells. B. O.

Weight of a 6-inch gun, 11,000 pounds, of its shell, 100 pounds; of the 8-inch gun, 28,000 pounds, of its shell, 250 pounds. There is no 13-inch gun, but the weight of the 12-inch gun and 14-inch gun is 44 tons and 75 tons, and of their respective shells, 850 pounds and 1350 pounds.—[Ed.

### Death and Destruction.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Please answer the following questions: What is gunpowder? What is dynamite? Man of War.

Gunpowder is a mechanical mixture of nitre, sulphur and charcoal in proportions of 75, 13 and 12, respectively. Dynamite consists of nitroglycerine, absorbed by some porous, inert solid, the best of which is kieselghur, a silicious, infusorial earth.—[Ed.

### Here is a Hop Yeast.

To the Editor of The Globe:

In answer to inquiry in Globe of Friday, July 10, for making hop yeast, I send the following: Boil a large handful of hops in two quarts of water 20 minutes, then strain; boil six large potatoes, mash through colander into the hop water; and one cup (kitchen size) of sugar, two tablespoons of salt, and, when cool, a teacup of baker's yeast, or one compressed yeast cake dissolved. Mrs. W.

### Wants to Learn Grammar.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Will you please tell me how a person of average intelligence can learn grammar thoroughly, what books to buy, is it necessary to have a teacher, and about how long must I study to become a good grammarian? Globe Reader.

Purchase any standard grammar; take the one in use in the grammar schools of Boston. It is better to have a teacher. The length of time will depend entirely upon your application and ability to learn.—[Ed.

### All About Divorce in Maine.

(1.) Can wife in Maine get a divorce from husband without having notice served on him? (2.) Is the husband after divorce of wife obliged to get a divorce if he marries again? (3.) Can husband get a divorce in a Maine court on the grounds that wife had no love for him; also on grounds of incapacity? (4.) Was a marriage legal, wife retaining name of first husband who was divorced from her, marrying second under that name? Rockland Point.

1, 2, 3. No. 4. Yes.

### Model Maker Steals the Patent.

A invents a lock and gets B to make a model of it. B steals the plan and gets a patent on the lock. Can B hold the patent if A can prove that he had the idea? N. S.

If N. S. can prove his statement he had better see a good patent lawyer. I think there is a remedy.

## FORMS FOR DEMOCRATIC CLUBS.

Chairman Brice's circular calling for the immediate enrolment of Democrats in clubs for campaign work has roused the interest of Democrats everywhere. Now let interest be followed by immediate action to join together all who believe in government by the people for the people, for all such are Democrats. In answer to inquiries for forms for a constitution and bylaws for a Democratic club, we print in full the model one of the Young Men's Democratic Club of Massachusetts. It can be cut down and changed to adapt it to small towns. Form a Democratic club in your town at once. Form a Democratic club in every city and town in the United States.

### CONSTITUTION.

I.
NAME.

The name of this association shall be the Young Men's Democratic Club of Massachusetts.

II.
OBJECTS.

The objects of this club shall be: To foster and disseminate Democratic principles; to secure the active participation in politics of those who have hitherto been indifferent to political duties, or who have been prevented from performing them; to bring about the election of honest and capable men to all public offices, and to secure the purity of elections: but the club shall take no part in municipal politics. Having the general and familiar principles of Democracy as its basis of belief, it shall from time to time publicly declare the specific measures to which it desires to see the Democracy pledged in coming campaigns.

III.
OFFICERS.

The officers of this club shall be a president, four vice-presidents, a secretary and a treasurer.

IV.
COMMITTEES.

1. There shall be an executive committee, a committee on finance, a committee on admissions and such other standing committees as may from time to time be determined upon.

2. The executive committee shall be composed of 19 members, including the president, vice-presidents, secretary and treasurer of the club, each of whom shall, by virtue of his office, be a member of this committee.

Five members of the committee shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

The executive committee shall have general charge of the interests of the club. It shall have full power to prescribe remedies and take such measures as it may deem best for the collection of entrance fees and dues; also to drop from the roll the name of members failing to comply with the provisions of article 14. It may direct the treasurer to make disbursements on account of the club, but no indebtedness shall be incurred on behalf of the association by the executive committee, or by any officer of the club, exceeding the amount of money in the treasury over and above any existing obligation, at the time of incurring such liability.

3. The committee on finance and that on admissions shall each consist of five members.

4. The committee on finance shall, at least once in each year, examine the accounts of the treasurer, and audit all bills and accounts against the club, and shall have general charge of its finances.

5. The committee on admission shall examine into the qualifications of all persons nominated for membership in the club, and shall report to the secretary the names of such of the nominees as may by them be deemed qualified.

6. No person may, at the same time, except as hereinbefore provided, hold more than one office in the club, or be both an officer of the club and a member of one of the standing committees, or be, at the same time, a member of more than one of the standing committees.

V.
ELECTIONS.

1. The president, vice-presidents, secretary, treasurer, executive committee and the committee on admissions shall be elected by ballot on the third Monday in December in each year. A majority of the votes cast shall be necessary in each case to constitute an election. The committee on finance shall be appointed by the president.

2. Each officer and member of the executive committee and committee on admissions shall take office on the first day of January succeeding his election, and shall hold it for one year thereafter, and until his successor is elected.

3. No member who is in arrears for dues shall be entitled to vote for officers or be eligible to office.

VI.
PRESIDENT.

The president shall preside at all meetings of the club. He shall call meetings of the club whenever requested in writing to do so by 20 members.

VII.
VICE-PRESIDENTS.

The vice-presidents shall, in the order of their seniority, discharge the duties of the president in the event of his absence, disability or refusal to act.

VIII.
SECRETARY.

The secretary shall keep the roll of the club, shall record and preserve minutes of the proceedings of the club, and shall discharge such other duties as may from time to time be assigned to him by the executive committee. He shall also have printed and sent to every member of the club, one week prior to the February meeting in each year, a revised copy of the constitution of the club, also a corrected list of the officers, members of the executive and other standing committees and their respective chairmen, and a classified roll of all the members of the club with their addresses.

IX.
TREASURER.

The treasurer shall receive and disburse all moneys for and on account of the club; shall pay such bills as are audited and approved by the committee on finance, and shall discharge such other duties as may from time to time be assigned to him by the executive committee.

X.
VACANCIES.

Any vacancy in the office of either president, vice-presidents, secretary or treasurer shall be filled for the unexpired term by an election at a meeting of the club, of which five days' notice, specifying the object thereof, shall be given by the secretary. Any vacancy in the executive committee, or in any of the other committees, shall be filled for the unexpired term by election by the remaining members of the committee in which it may occur.

XI.
ADMISSIONS.

1. Any member may nominate any Democrat for admission to the club by delivering to the chairman of the committee on admissions a letter stating the name, business occupation, place of business and residence of the candidate, and any facts as to the fitness of the candidate for admission. The nomination must be seconded, in writing, by another member. The committee on admissions shall then pass upon such nomination, and, if it is approved by a majority of the committee, shall report the same to the secretary.

2. The secretary shall, with his notice of each meeting of the club, send to every member all nominations reported to him as approved by the committee on admissions, with the names of the members proposing and seconding the candidates, and they shall be balloted upon at the meeting thus called. Fifteen or more affirmative votes shall be necessary to elect, and, if more than one-third of the votes cast shall be negative, it shall constitute a rejection. If on any ballot a candidate be neither elected nor rejected, his name shall be again sent to the members for consideration at the next meeting.

XII.
EXPULSIONS.

Any member who may be guilty of conduct tending to endanger the welfare, interests, or character of the club may be expelled from the club at any meeting by a vote of three-fourths of the members present and voting, but such three-fourths shall be not less than one-half the entire membership of the club. At least 10 days' notice of such meeting, and of the charges against him must have first been given in writing to the accused.

XIII.
MEETINGS.

1. The annual meeting of the club shall be held on the third Monday of December in each year.

2. The regular meetings of the club shall be held on the third Monday of each month, except in June, July and August, on the first Monday in September, and on each of the other Mondays in the six weeks preceding national or State elections. Special meetings may be called by the executive committee, or, at the request in writing of 20 members of the club, by the president.

3. At any such special meeting there may be transacted any and all business not required by this constitution to be done at a regular meeting.

4. Fifteen members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business, but a less number may meet and adjourn to a certain day. No resolution authorizing an expenditure of money shall be voted on unless 25 members are present.

5. Notices of every meeting must be sent by the secretary to each member at least three days before the time appointed for the meeting.

XIV.
ENTRANCE FEES AND ANNUAL DUES.

1. Every person elected to membership of this club shall pay an entrance fee of $2 to the treasurer within one month after he shall have been notified of his election.

2. Each person elected to membership of this club shall also pay to the treasurer the sum of $3 within one month after he shall have been notified of his election, and thereafter shall pay to the treasurer in January of each year the sum of $3 for annual dues.

3. No member elected after the 15th of November in any year shall be required to pay dues for that year.

4. It shall be the duty of the treasurer to report at the March meeting of the club, in each year, the names of all members who have not paid their annual dues. He shall also present a list of the members in arrears for dues, at all elections of officers, and at all meetings where a proposed amendment to the constitution is to be voted upon.

XV.
SIGNING CONSTITUTION.

No member-elect shall be put on the roll, or be entitled to the privileges of membership until he has signed the constitution. A book containing the constitution and roll of members shall be kept by the secretary, and produced by him at every meeting of the club

XVI.
AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION.

Amendments to this constitution may be made as follows: Any member may at any meeting of the club, except during the months of July and August, propose any amendment to the constitution by reducing his proposition to writing, reading it aloud to the meeting, with a statement of the time when it will be moved for adoption, and delivering the same to the secretary.

The secretary shall send to each member a copy of such proposition, with his notice of the meeting at which it is to be moved for adoption. But no proposed amendment shall be voted upon until the meeting next succeeding that at which it was introduced. If it then receives the affirmative votes of two-thirds of all members present it shall be deemed adopted. No member who is in arrears for dues shall be entitled to vote for any amendment of this constitution.

### BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I.
ORDER OF BUSINESS.

(1.) At all regular meetings of the club the order of business shall be:
1. Reading minutes.
2. Election of members.
3. Reports of committees.
4. Unfinished business.
5. Miscellaneous business.

(2.) At any special meeting of the club the object of the call shall be the first order of business after reading the minutes.

ARTICLE II.
MINUTES AND ROLL.

All records of the club shall be open to the inspection of the members at any and all times.

ARTICLE III.
STRANGERS.

At the request of five members, all persons not members may be excluded from any meeting of the club.

ARTICLE IV.
MODE OF BALLOTING FOR MEMBERS.

In balloting upon candidates for membership, printed or written lists of the candidates to be balloted for shall be used. Each member may write "Yes" or "No" against any name on his ballot, and his vote shall not be counted for or against any candidate not thus marked. The presiding officer shall declare the opening and closing of the balloting.

ARTICLE V.

All resolutions in regard to public candidates or measures shall be submitted to the executive committee before any action thereon is taken.

ARTICLE VI.
RULES OF ORDER.

The club shall be governed by the rues as laid down in Cushing's Manual as to all questions of order.

ARTICLE VII.
AMENDMENTS.

Amendments to these bylaws may be made in the same manner as if provided for amendments to the constitution.

### FORM CLUBS.

***Now is the time, and you can form large clubs at the rate the WEEKLY GLOBE offers on its new private circular. Send to WEEKLY GLOBE for this circular and free sample copies.***

### What Two Women Did.

[New York Evangelist.]

A well known literary editor was asked lately whether he had gained through his position any new views of life in this country. He said:

"For one thing, I have been surprised by the enormous number of young women who are trying to become independent by earning their own living. This is as it should be. But the least satisfactory feature connected with the fact is that the most of them despise the commonplace methods of money making and try to earn it in some unusual adventurous way. I constantly receive stories and essays written by young girls upon every subject but those which they understand. Our publishing firm, since one woman reporter went round the world, has been importuned by girls asking to be sent to 'write up' the Pacific islands, Iceland and even Africa. Most of these adventurous young women come from farms or inland villages."

Here is an incident to serve as a companion picture to this sketch of the editor's: Two women in New Jersey, hearing 10 years ago that the butter made in certain dairies in the south of France brought very high prices in London, saved their wages until they had enough to go to the district where the butter was made, and learn the secret of the French dairies.

They returned home, began with the manufacture of a few pounds each week in their own father's house, and in two years were able to set their own price upon the butter in New York.

### RIDDLE OF THE SERPENT'S TOOTH

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

There was a Sower sowing seed;
"Ah, me!" sighed he,
"But little meed
For labor do I ever know;
For others' reaping I must sow."

There was a Reaper reaping grain;
"Ah, me!" sighed he,
"But little gain
For this poor harvest can I show;
For mine own reaping I would sow."

This is a Riddle all may read,
Though to the reading few give heed;
Yet as through this sad world I roam,
I see—ah, me!—
This Riddle wrought in many a home.

Now, if that Sower sowing seed
To his own gain give little heed,
Saying, "Great joy it is to know
For others' reaping I may sow!"—

Mayhap that Reaper reaping grain
With grateful heart would count his gain,
Saying, "But for that sower kind,
Ah! scant the sheaves were mine to bind."

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BOSTON, MASS.

# NEWS OF THE WEEK.

## A New Jersey Prisoner's Race Against Death.

### Threatened Indian Outbreak Crushed —Many Shady Episodes.

### Mob Law in Tennessee—A Race with Death—Notes.

NEW YORK, July 18.—It was a 10-mile race with death, against tremendous odds, and the man won.

The man was young Jacob Johnson of Millville, N. J., whose wife lay at the point of death while he was prisoner in the county jail at Bridgeton for drunkenness.

A few days ago, when his term had almost expired, Jacob learned that his wife, who had been taken sick after his imprisonment, was lying at the point of death.

The doctor said that she could not possibly live until her husband was set free by the due course of the law.

Jacob was wild with grief, and implored Sheriff Whitaker to do something for him.

He only wanted a chance to see his wife before she died, if for only a moment, to ask her forgiveness for his wrong and the bitter sorrow he had caused her.

The sheriff, a kind-hearted man, drove over to the house of the judge who had sentenced Jacob, and begged the privilege of taking the prisoner to his home to see his dying wife, promising to be responsible for his safe-keeping.

The judge was obdurate, however, and would not consent to this proposition, although Sheriff Whitaker even offered to be locked up himself in Johnson's cell until he returned.

It was ascertained that the State board of pardons met at Trenton on the following day, and as a last resort the friends of Jacob determined to make an appeal there, although the dying wife of the prisoner was sinking fast.

They were successful, but the papers could not be prepared and sent on until the next morning.

The papers came at 6 o'clock.

A carriage was waiting at the jail door.

Johnson and the sheriff jumped in, and In less than an hour Jacob had reached his home and was at his wife's bedside.

She was still alive, and as her husband knelt at her bedside she opened her eyes just once and gave him a smile of recognition and affection.

But the grief-stricken man won the race and had arrived in time.

A moment later she became unconscious again and breathed her last as she lay clasped in her husband's arms.

### BIG CHIEF SURPRISED.

#### The Navajos' Renegade Leader Boldly Captured.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 15.—The Chronicle's Flagstaff, Ari., special says:

Sheriff Francis and part of the posse who went out with him Sunday to arrest the Indians at Rodden's cattle ranch returned last night with Chief Hostine, leader of the band of Navajo renegades.

The chief was surprised with only one buck, and was taken in haste to the railroad station, with several hundred Indians in pursuit.

The escape was a narrow one.

The remainder of the posse are surrounded by the Indians at the ranch, and grave fears are entertained for their safety.

Company C, National Guard, left for the scene last night.

Should the militia meet any resistance regulars will be sent on at once, as they are now ready and only waiting orders.

Chief Hostine is a very old but dangerous warrior.

### DESPERATE MINERS

#### Fighting Convict Labor and Threatening Militia with Destruction.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., July 18.—A serious state of affairs exists at Briceville and Coal Creek, this State.

Col. Granville Sevier was shot at yesterday afternoon, while on duty, by striking miners.

Gov. Buchanan is on the scene with several companies of State Guards.

It is rumored that he has ordered the 1st Regiment to hold themselves ready for a call.

The convict guard has been ordered, on pain of death, to quit the mines inside of 48 hours.

The striking miners are desperate mountaineers, and their numbers are greatly superior to the militia.

The latter are lacking in all the articles necessary to conduct a successful engagement.

They are without blankets, tents or even rations, receiving only the regulation convict fare of corn bread and molasses.

Their weapons are of the poorest kind, and ammunition is by no means plentiful.

A fight, under the present conditions, looks like extermination for the militia.

Four hundred miners are said to be en route from the mines at Jellico to aid the strikers already in the field.

Should a combined attack be made, the soldiers would have no possible chance to escape annihilation.

To withdraw the troops would countenance mob law, and to allow them to remain places their lives in imminent peril.

### SOLD HER SKIN FOR $100.

#### Strip for Patching a Wound Given by Widow Who Needed Money.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 15.—Mrs. Lucy Pratt, a young widow, yesterday sold 45 square inches of her skin for $100.

A strip of skin nine by five inches was cut from her body by surgeons and grafted on the leg of William A. Daggett, a railway mail clerk who was frightfully injured in the railroad accident at Port Costa.

His right leg was terribly burned and the wound would not heal, and as a last resort skin grafting was resorted to.

W. G. McGregor, a fellow-clerk of the sufferer, volunteered to make the sacrifice, but when he learned the amount of skin needed he backed out.

Mrs. Pratt is one of the trained nurses at the hospital for children and training school for nurses. She has three children, and needed money, so she offered to furnish the necessary amount of skin.

She submitted bravely to the operation, which was successfully performed.

### MARSHALS DID KILLING.

#### Sailor Brown's Murderers Are Guarded by Twenty Deputy Sheriffs.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., July 18.—The inquest in the case of J. R. Brown, the sailor on the United States steamer Charleston, who was killed in a fight with alleged deputy marshals last Tuesday, was closed yesterday.

The jury returned a verdict finding that Brown met his death by being beaten by C. W. Breedlove, and that Charles Wilson, A. M. Coles, W. W. Webb and Peter Gurril were present, aiding and assisting in the killing, and that they also assaulted Brown. The jury also charges four other men with being concerned in the assault on the sailors. The jail in which the men are confined is guarded by 20 deputy sheriffs, armed with rifles and revolvers, though it is believed now that no attempt will be made to attack the jail.

### LAST NICKEL BUYS POISON.

#### Eighteen-Year-Old Servant Girl Drinks Carbolic Acid.

NEW YORK, July 16.—With her last five cents Louisa Krueger, an 18-year-old German immigrant, bought carbolic acid late yesterday and swallowed it with suicidal intent.

She arrived in this country 10 months ago and secured a position as domestic with a wealthy New York family. They left for Europe a few months ago and the girl got another situation in Paterson, N. J. Losing this, she drifted back to New York.

She went to a drug store at 87th st. and First av. yesterday and bought carbolic acid. Then she walked to 88th st., swallowed the drug and staggered over to Third av. and up to 1562, where she found her way to Dentist Russell's outer door, against which she fell. She suffered great pain. Dr. Russell had her removed to the Presbyterian Hospital. Her only possessions were portraits of her dead parents. She may recover.

#### Arsenic in the Milk.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 16.—The family of J. H. Cornelius, a farmer living near Russellville, was Tuesday poisoned by the food provided for supper.

Bernard Cornelius, a nephew, died before a doctor could be reached. Five others are dangerously ill. The symptoms are of arsenic.

The poison is supposed to have been in the milk, but there is no cause known for any one to have given the poison.

#### Ohio & Mississippi in Trouble.

NEW YORK, July 18.—The World this morning says that the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad Company is on the brink of a new collapse.

President and General Manager J. F. Bernard sailed yesterday for Europe, accompanied by the directors, to hold a conference with a committee of stockholders in London, where the road is principally owned, who claim that the best thing to be done is to apply for a receiver. It would seem that the future of the road is in a precarious condition, and the general impression prevails that a complete reorganization will soon take place.

#### Elgin Watch Company Forced Out.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 14.—News was received here from Chicago, yesterday, by the Bauman-Massa Jewelry Supply Company that the watch trust had succumbed under the operation of the Illinois anti-trust law.

The watch trust was named the Jobbers' Association of Manufacturers of American Watches, and comprised every large watch case manufacturing concern in the country. The dissolution was caused by the withdrawal of the Elgin Company, which, being an Illinois corporation, was amenable to the new law.

This was followed by the withdrawal of others, until the trust crumbled out of existence. The dissolution was also hastened by the withdrawal and suit of the Joseph Fahy Watch Company recently, which first exposed the inside working of the trust.

#### Jersey Water Mysteriously Escapes.

LAKE HOPATCONG, N. J., July 18.—There is great anxiety among steamboat and summer resort property owners here over the mysterious lowering of the water in Lake Hopatcong.

For the last three weeks the water has fallen on an average of one and a half inches a day, making a total fall of about three feet, with no apparent cause for the startling decrease. It is impossible for steamboats to land at the dock on this account, and passengers are obliged to go ashore in small boats.

The heavy rains of the last week had no effect in raising the water level, which is lower than ever before in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. No explanation can be found for the phenomenon, except that possibly the water has broken a subterranean passage through the rocky bottom of the lake and is in this manner escaping.

#### Fire in Altoona, Penn.

ALTOONA, Penn., July 16.—Fire yesterday destroyed the buildings occupied by Heineman & Besant, wholesale grocers; James C. Watts, wholesale commission merchant; George F. Street, leather and hide dealer; Harry Mixdorf, ice-cream factory; the Leonard House, and one dwelling. The Central Hotel adjoining was slightly damaged.

The total loss was $35,000; fully insured.

#### Chimney Fell, Killing Two Men.

PITTSBURG, Penn., July 16.—Last night at Rankin Station near Braddock, a lamp exploded in Charles McGrattin's house and two of his children, Robert and Charles, aged 7 and 10 years respectively, were burned up with the house.

This morning Harry Rowe and Peter Knee, who boarded with McGrattin, went to the ruins to look for some of their effects. While searching in the debris a brick chimney fell on them, almost instantly killing Rowe and fatally injuring Knee.

#### Express Messenger Held Up.

TEXARKANA, Ark., July 16.—The express car of the Pacific Express Company, which left here attached to a southbound Texas & Pacific passenger train last evening, was boarded as it was leaving the local yard and robbed. Messenger Ryan was held up at the point of a revolver. Only one man seems to have been engaged in the robbery. Officials of the company will not give the amount of the loss.

#### Stonewall Jackson Honored.

LEXINGTON, Va., July 18.—The statue to the immortal Stonewall Jackson will be unveiled on Tuesday. Mrs. Gen. Jackson and her grand-daughter, little Julia Jackson Christian, 6 years old, arrived this evening. Little Julia will unveil the statue. An oration will be delivered by Gen. Jubal A. Early, and a poem, "Stonewall Jackson's Way," recited by Col. Thomas M. Semmes.

Monday night there will be a reunion with a banquet of the Rockbridge artillery and their guests, 400 in all. Capt. Robert E. Lee will preside.

#### British Sealers Want Help.

VICTORIA, B. C., July 17.—A deputation of sealing men waited upon Sir George Baden-Powell and Dr. Dawson, on board the steamer Danube yesterday, and presented a memorial setting forth the loss sustained by the prohibition of sealing. They stated to the commissioners that they had not received any official notice of the closing of Behring sea, and consequently they had continued to prepare for the season. Sir George stated that his view of the case was that the men-of-war had not gone to Behring sea for the purpose of making seizures, but to tell the sealing schooners that they were going to stop sealing in their (the sealers') interests.

Dr. Dawson said: "I do not think there is any fear of fur sealing being exterminated, because I do not think that it is an animal that can be exterminated."

Sir George promised to take the question of compensation and other matters into consideration and include it in their report. The commissioners, however, had no power to promise anything; their mission was simply to inquire and report.

#### Nelson's Nelson is His Own.

C. H. Nelson, the Maine horseman, now owns every hair in his champion stallion. It is thought that he has paid at least $25,000 for the quarter interest in the animal owned by Boston parties, which would make the trotting sire worth on that basis at least $100,000 today. Six years ago Mr. Nelson sold that quarter interest for $5000. The phenomenal increase in the stallion's value in that short time illustrates in a peculiarly striking way the vast increase of wealth in this country during the past few years. The stallion Nelson would have no such value were it not that rich men abound who like to dabble in finely bred stock.

#### Frauds in Public Office in Canada.

OTTAWA, Ont., July 17.—The public accounts committee has shown that money was withdrawn under fictitious names, and that the system of certifying to accounts of extra work was loose, to say the least. H. H. Turner, a clerk in the department, acknowledged having drawn money under his wife's maiden name for extra work he had done himself. Since 1884 he had received $2300 in that way.

Lyndewade Peirra, secretary of the department, admitted having drawn money for extra work, for seven or eight years, in his wife's name and in Ellen Berry's name. Ellen Berry, he said, was a fictitious name. In 1886 the money for extra work thus drawn in his wife's name amounted to $400.

#### Notes.

Particulars of a bloody encounter in Creek Nation have been received. Partisans of Chief Pipieche and Wesley Smith, candidates for principal chief, came together at a barbecue near Fisher. While Smith was making a speech, the followers of his opponents precipitated a fight. Guns, pistols and knives were used with terrible consequences and four persons were fatally wounded. The opposing candidates, with united efforts, pacified the different factions, preventing further trouble.

William Hanlon (O'Meara), a famous trapeze performer fell 30 feet at Lyons, Ia., Monday, in Forepaugh's circus, breaking his neck. The trapeze bar, on which he was performing, broke. Hanlon once fell 60 feet in the Academy of Music, New York, escaping death miraculously.

A lynching without any apparent adequate cause occurred Monday night at Love, a small station on the Illinois Central railroad, in De Soto county, Miss. The victim was a man named Samuel Gillespie, who was arrested yesterday afternoon for rescuing another negro charged with larceny from an officer.

Remarkable effects of lightning are reported during a storm at St. Mary's, O., Thursday. The chain works of the Standish Manufacturing Works were struck and 70 of the employes were knocked speechless by the shock. The lightning set the factory on fire, but it was soon extinguished.

Nearly two years ago Lena Weinberg, for 30 years housekeeper of the old Huff House, Winona, Minn., committed suicide, and, after her death, about $12,000 in gold coin was discovered stowed away under false bottoms in her trunks. The money was paid over to her heirs in Sweden. On Saturday evening her executor, E. A. Goodtzen, discovered $13,000 more in gold, concealed in an old piano stool that had been used by the woman.

Robert Dempsey and his wife, living near Conway, Ark., returned home late Wednesday night, and on entering their house they found the front room spattered with blood and the dead body of a man lying across the bed. Near by the body of another man was found. Both had been riddled with bullets. The interior of the house showed that a terrible fight had taken place. It is supposed that the two men were fugitives from the Indian Territory, and had been overtaken by pursuers.

Friday morning at 3 o'clock Frank Rossimus was taken from the jail and lynched by a posse of armed citizens. Thursday afternoon Rossimus and Liles Johnson fired upon the police who were attempting their arrest, and wounded Patrolman Tucker and Policeman Williams. They escaped, but were recaptured. Johnson escaped lynching by being jailed at Pineville.

The grand jury at Brooklyn, N. Y., have presented an indictment for murder in the first degree against Darwin J. Meserole, son of Gen. Meserole, for having shot and killed Theodore Larbig in the flat of Mrs. Doyle Comstock on the 22d of June last. Meserole pleady not guilty and was remanded for trial. Mrs. Comstock was not indicted, but is held as a witness.

Two men employed at Rock Springs mines Friday exploded the company's magazine by shooting at a mark on it. Half a ton of blasting powder and 500 pounds of dynamite blew up, killing both men, and badly wrecking the mining camp. A number of women and children were injured by falling glass and furniture.

Henry Wells and John Jacobs were drowned Monday, at Winona, Ont., through the upsetting of a boat in which there were four persons.

John Sipple and William Long, both aged 15 years, were drowned Monday, while bathing in the Mohawk river at Fort Plain, N. Y.

While screwing on the cover of a coffin in which reposed what was supposed to be the lifeless form of an infant child, Friday, at Paterson, N. J., the undertaker discovered the child to be alive. The child belonged to John Deeruylers.

John Barns of Queenstown, Can., while drunk Friday undertook to walk on a cable of the old suspension bridge. He had got out but a short distance when he fell into the river, 100 feet, striking on his back with the report of a gun. He floated round for a minute, apparently lifeless, and with his clothes torn to shreds. He then began to paddle around. A boat put out, and he was rescued. He did not appear to be much the worse for the fall.

In Canadian political circles there is a rumor that in view of movements in certain circles in favor of imperial federation, Mr. Mercier will make an open declaration, pronouncing himself in favor of independence, as the time has now come to choose between the two.

Gen. Miles has received a despatch from Maj. Powell, whom he had directed to make an investigation into the alleged threatening attitude of the Indians in northern Minnesota, that the report was without foundation in fact, and that the Indians there were perfectly peaceable.

According to a Chicago news bureau, Pension Commissioner Raum has been talking freely about pushing business in his bureau. He is quoted as saying that he expected to "dump 350,000 original cases upon the various pension agencies of the country before the year is out." Then he says he can get rid of about half of his large force of clerks.

Friday a bloody fight occurred on Black creek, W. Va., between two of the famous McCoy crowd and George Roberts. All three, with several others, were drinking, and a row was started. It resulted in Roberts receiving 67 buckshot and a ball from a Winchester rifle in his body. His slayer, Tom McCoy, surrendered himself, claiming to have acted in self-defence.

The first bale of new cotton was received at Savannah from a Dougherty county plantation, Saturday. It sold at 9½ cents per pound, and was shipped to New York.

A genuine case of leprosy is stated to have been discovered in a New York Chinese laundry.

Nearly three miles of snowsheds on the line of the Central Pacific railroad were burned Friday.

Christian Bros. & Co.'s flour mill, Minneapolis, Minn., was damaged $75,000 by fire Friday night.

The business section of Glasgow, Ky., was nearly destroyed by fire Friday. Loss $150,000, insurance about one-half.

The building 145 11th av., New York, occupied by various wood-working firms, was damaged $25,000 by fire Friday night.

The Burlington, Ia., Air Ship Company, which was incorporated two months ago with a capital of $10,000,000, was dissolved Friday. Little or no stock could be sold.

Manogi, the Samoan chieftain, who was on his way home from New York with other natives, died on the train, Saturday, between Medicine Bow and Rawlins. He could not stand the rarefied air at that altitude, 8000 feet.

The work of the enumeration in the Census bureau is practically ended. By July 31, the 62,622,250 cards representing each individual enumerated will be punched, ready for the electrical tabulating machine. The completion of this work will release 1250 employes.

On Friday orders were sent to the collector of customs at New York for a readjustment of the force of employes of his office so as to secure an annual reduction of $86,450. The plan contemplates the dismissal of 75 clerks and laborers, a reduction of the salaries of seven employes, and the abolition altogether of seven offices now vacant.

The news has just reached Batavia, N. Y., that Jennie Luce Rowell, the divorced wife of Edward N. Rowell, has married again, her second husband being B. E. Shear of Aspen, Col. Mrs. Rowell, it will be remembered, figured as one of the principals of the famous Rowell-Lynch tragedy in Batavia a few years ago, when Johnston Lynch, a prominent society man of Utica, was shot and killed by Rowell, who was subsequently acquitted.

The annual parade and celebration of the Orangemen of New York, occurred Monday. Fully 2500 men were in line.

Mr. and Mrs. Stearns, a newly married couple, Monday started on their honeymoon trip from Detroit to New York on bicycles.

Henry Wells and John Jacobs were drowned Monday at Winona, Ont., through the upsetting of a boat in which there were four persons.

Alfred Bunton, 20 years old, John Toscher, 20, and James Ritterson, all of Hoboken, N. J., went boating on the North river, Sunday, and were run down and drowned.

The naphtha launch Ethel took a party of four from Brooklyn to the fishing banks off Long Island, Sunday. An explosion wrecked the boat and Louis C. Remmerer, Daniel Dennis and George Norwood were drowned. Capt. Louden White swam to a buoy off Coney Island point, and, after clinging to it a long time, was rescued in a greatly exhausted condition.

Dr. Charles R. Gill, once of New York and then of West Park, Ulster county, died suddenly Monday on the Kingston steam boat J. W. Baldwin. A cancer had lately developed in his larnyx. An opening was made below the adam's apple and a silver tube inserted. Monday the tube suddenly choked up with mucus and this induced strangulation before a physician could be summoned.

The inventory of the estate of the late Secretary Windom places its value at $190,700.98.

The stock and fixtures of the Jenness-Miller Publishing Company were sold at auction in New York, Wednesday. The proceeds of the sale exceeded $1500.

Two Crescent City, Cal., boys were driven out to sea in an open boat last week. When the boat was picked up Wednesday both boys were lying in its bottom unconscious, and one of them died of the exposure.

Tuesday night a freight train on the Erie road broke a journal at Stairway, near Port Jervis, causing the derailment of the train and the wrecking of 15 cars. Both tracks were blocked until next morning. No one was injured.

At the crossing of the Missouri Pacific & Missouri, Kansas and Texas railroads, about 9 o'clock Wednesday morning, a freight train crashed into a chair car of the Missouri Pacific passenger train, knocking it off the tracks and turning it on its side. Ten persons were injured, but none fatally.

Shortly after midnight Tuesday two attempts were made to wreck the Adirondack sleeping car express train near Mechanicsville. Two obstructions, consisting of piles of ties, were placed across the track. They were discovered by the track walker in time to flag the train and removed.

Late Wednesday fire broke out in McKelvey's icehouse, Sandusky, O., west of town, and spread to Frank Stang's brewery, which with the icehouse was consumed. The residence of Fred Baumeir, was also burned. The total loss will be from $160,000 to $175,000. Stang's brewery with contents was valued at $150,000; insurance, $50,000.

The National Editorial Association closed its convention at St. Paul Friday.

A Denver syndicate has purchased all the leading tin mines of Colorado for $500,000.

Thomas Poocock, ex-Speaker of the Confederate Congress, is dying at his home in Appomatox county.

Two men and a team of horses were blown to atoms by an explosion of nitro-glycerine at Washington, Penn., Friday.

Mrs. Samuel Mather of Cleveland has given $75,000 to the Woman's college of Western Reserve University at Cleveland.

The Burlington Air Ship Company, incorporated in Iowa two months ago, capital $10,000,000, dissolved Friday. Little or no stock could be sold.

The liabilities of the First National Bank of Kansas City, Kan., which closed its doors Wednesday, are said to be, including deposits, $90,000. Total assets, $214,000.

Attorney-General Miller has given an opinion that the contract labor laws will not prevent the landing of experts, artisans and clerks necessary to handle foreign exhibits at the World's fair.

The government commission, who have just finished at Pine Ridge an investigation into the recent Indian outbreak and the condition of the Sioux tribal relations, have had all their papers stolen, probably by suspicious and unfriendly Indians. The records can hardly be duplicated.

The First National Bank of Palatka, Fla., suspended payment Friday, owing to a heavy run made upon it and its inability to make temporary loans in New York. This run was due to the recent failure of the Lake City Bank, W. J. Winegar, president of the Palatka bank, having been involved to some extent in the Lake City failure. The liabilities are about $200,000, and the assets will undoubtedly reach that figure.

An incendiary fire at Eldon, Ia., early Thursday morning, destroyed eight frame buildings, causing a loss of $40,000.

A large African leopard which escaped from one of Forepaugh's cages about six months ago has just been killed near Clinton, Mo.

A half interest in the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette was Thursday sold by George W. Reed and Joseph P. Reed to John Dunlap, for $300,000 cash.

The Post Office Department announces that the probable annual cost to the government of the execution of the provisions of the postal aid bill will be $2,795,000.

The skeletons of four human bodies have been found on a mountain side near the head of the Dolores river. Flesh and clothing had decayed, and it is supposed the men were smothered in a big snowstorm many years ago.

Thursday morning Gov. Buchanan and his adjutant-general of Tennessee, together with the mining and labor commissioner and three companies of the State Guard, went to Briceville, the scene of the mining troubles. The convicts were transferred to the stockade from which they had been liberated by the miners and a company of soldiers was thrown around on guard.

The principal business portion of Mt. Vernon, Wash., has been destroyed by fire. Loss, about $50,000.

The Southern Pacific officials at San Francisco Tuesday denied all knowledge of the alleged sale of the Southern Pacific railroad to the Standard Oil Company magnates.

The dwelling of Irwin Palmer at West Town, N. Y., was burned Monday. Two children, aged 4 and 2 years, were alone in the house at the time, and the younger perished in the flames.

The Afro-American National League met at Knoxville, Tenn., in convention Tuesday and elected these officers for the ensuing year: President, Thomas Fortune of New York city; vice-president, John W. Hargo, Knoxville; secretary, W. H. Anderson.

Farmer Reynolds of Warren, Ark., is dying of hydrophobia. He attempted to put a rope around the neck of a dog Sunday, when the animal bit his right hand, sinking his teeth so deeply that his hand could not be freed until the dog had been killed and his jaws pried apart.

Mrs. Lizzie Brennan of Jersey City, N. J., who was shot by Policeman John T. Ryerson at her house early Tuesday morning, died at the City Hospital in the afternoon. Popular sympathy is with Policeman Ryerson and the police authorities claim that he could not avoid acting as he did.

Frank McFarland was delivering coal on Cliff st., Pittsburg, Penn., Tuesday, when the horses plunged over the cliff. About 300 feet below the street there is a ridge and below that the cliff is perpendicular for 150 feet. Over this ridge the team rolled. The horses were killed, but the driver miraculously escaped.

The Westinghouse officials at Pittsburg, Penn., say they are not worried by Judge Wallace's incandescent light decision rendered Tuesday. They say the decision does not affect the Pittsburg or Newark plants, as they have not manufactured any lamps on which the injunction was granted at either place for some time.

In the Federal Court at Louisville, Ky., Tuesday a sensational suit was brought against the heirs of the Standiford estate. Judgment is asked for $550,000, which the late Standiford is alleged to have appropriated to his own use instead of turning the same over to the stockholders. The plaintiffs are New York stockholders.

Coroner Levy of New York did not exhume the body of Smiler, the executed murderer, Tuesday, as he announced he would do. When he read in the newspapers the interview with Attorney-General Taber, in which the latter said that if the coroner dug up Smiler's body he would be guilty of a misdemeanor, he concluded to take no action.

Tuesday morning a 4-year-old boy of Greensburg, Penn., named Herbert McGinnis, accidentally killed his father, J. F. McGinnis. The father and mother arose about 6 o'clock, and while Mr. Ginnis was seated at the kitchen stove waiting for his breakfast, the boy, who was left asleep in a room above, awoke, and arising, got a rifle which was lying under the bed, and, raising up the butt, cocked it and pulled the trigger. The muzzle rested on the floor, and the ball passed through the floor, striking Mr. McGinnis on the head, above the right ear, and lodged at the base of the brain, causing his death.

Thomas Crystal, aged 111 years, the oldest man in Ohio, died at the infirmary in Ironton Saturday.

Ray Snowden of Baltimore, a graduate of Georgetown College, is accused of swindling his classmates with bogus checks.

The bank building, Odd Fellows' Hall and other adjacent property at Gosport, Ind., were burned Saturday. Loss $30,000; no insurance.

The programme of exercises for the drill and instruction of the New York Naval Militia, in connection with the squadron of evolution, during the week at Fisher's island, has been agreed upon between Admiral Walker and the State authorities.

Col. John Polk Pryor died at Frankfort, Ky., Friday night. He was a near relative of President Polk, and before the war edited the Eagle and Enquirer at Memphis. He was in Forrest's command in the Confederate army.

The temporary trestle of a new Pan Handle railroad bridge across Corks Run, six miles below Pittsburg, Penn., was washed away by a sudden flow Saturday and three workmen drowned. One was Thomas Coleman. The two others were foreigners and unknown by name.

The decree rescinding the prohibition of American pork, which takes immediate effect in France, simply enacts that the duty on American salt pork, hams and bacon, which paid 8½ francs before the prohibition, will now be 20 francs per 100 kilos.

A bloody fight took place on Black Creek, W. Va., Friday, between two of the famous McCoy crowd and George Roberts, which resulted in Roberts receiving 67 buckshot and a ball from a Winchester rifle in his body. His slayer, Tom McCoy, gave himself up. He claims to have acted in self-defence.

*IT IS VERY EASY*

*To form a club in your town if you take advantage of the rate offered on THE WEEKLY GLOBE'S new private circular. Send to WEEKLY GLOBE for new circular and free sample copies.*

### BASE BALL.

#### Association Standing.

| CLUBS. | Boston | St. Louis | Baltimore | Athletics | Columbus | Cincinnati | Louisville | Washington | Games won | Per cent. won |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Boston | — | 5 | 4 | 8 | 7 | 6 | 9 | 13 | 52 | .675 |
| St. Louis | 5 | — | 6 | 6 | 8 | 9 | 9 | 9 | 52 | .642 |
| Baltimore | 6 | 3 | — | 7 | 7 | 6 | 8 | 8 | 45 | .608 |
| Athletics | 4 | 5 | 6 | — | 4 | 5 | 9 | 5 | 38 | .500 |
| Columbus | 4 | 5 | 4 | 5 | — | 7 | 8 | 4 | 37 | .463 |
| Cincinnati | 4 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 8 | — | 5 | 5 | 34 | .430 |
| Louisville | 1 | 5 | 3 | 2 | 6 | 8 | — | 4 | 29 | .345 |
| Washington | 1 | 1 | 3 | 6 | 3 | 4 | 7 | — | 25 | .342 |
| Games lost | 25 | 29 | 29 | 38 | 43 | 45 | 55 | 48 | | |

#### League Standing.

| CLUBS. | New York | Chicago | Boston | Cleveland | Philadelphia | Brooklyn | Pittsburg | Cincinnati | Games won | Per cent. won |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| New York | — | 8 | 3 | 6 | 4 | 5 | 5 | 8 | 39 | .591 |
| Chicago | 2 | — | 7 | 9 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 6 | 42 | .583 |
| Boston | 6 | 4 | — | 4 | 3 | 7 | 9 | 5 | 38 | .535 |
| Cleveland | 5 | 2 | 6 | — | 6 | 5 | 5 | 9 | 38 | .507 |
| Philadelphia | 4 | 4 | 6 | 5 | — | 6 | 7 | 3 | 35 | 493 |
| Brooklyn | 3 | 5 | 4 | 6 | 5 | — | 4 | 6 | 33 | .465 |
| Pittsburg | 5 | 5 | 1 | 3 | 4 | 5 | — | 6 | 29 | .420 |
| Cincinnati | 2 | 2 | 6 | 4 | 8 | 4 | 4 | — | 30 | .411 |
| Games lost | 27 | 30 | 33 | 37 | 36 | 38 | 40 | 43 | | |

#### New England League Standing.

| | Won. | Lost. | Played. | Per Cent. Won. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Worcester | 43 | 21 | 64 | .672 |
| Portland | 38 | 22 | 60 | .633 |
| Manchester | 38 | 26 | 64 | .594 |
| Lowell | 37 | 27 | 64 | .578 |
| Salem | 28 | 32 | 60 | .467 |
| Lynn | 19 | 42 | 61 | .311 |
| Woonsocket | 8 | 22 | 30 | .267 |
| Lewiston | 7 | 24 | 31 | .226 |

#### The Banker Poetlet.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A well-known author has a bright son about 16, who is in a bank and who also writes a verse occasionally which he submits to his father. Not long ago he handed him one which was returned with the remark:

"That is positively bad."

The boy looked at him questioningly.

"You will have to change it," continued his father.

"But I can't change it, if it is bad," he said with a twinkle in his eye, and the father suggested that possibly he knew more about banking than he did about poetry.

# FROM FOREIGN FIELDS.

## Irish Leaders in Trouble—Home Rule Discussions.

### French Government Crisis—Reported Naval Battle in Chilian Waters.

### Free Trade and Cobden Club—Congregational Council—Notes.

LONDON, July 18.—Two friends who have seen Dillon and O'Brien in their prison this week tell THE GLOBE that both will go definitely against Parnell when released.

What is disgusting Parnell's friends is the conviction now forced upon them that he is inspired wholly in his present hostility by Mrs. Parnell.

Parnell's latest escapade about the costs in the O'Shea case, further confirms the opinion that he is perfectly reckless in his methods, and that he elects to gratify his wife's capricious vanity.

The least Parnell owed the men who stuck to him was to bury the divorce suit, and everything appertaining to it, as quickly as possible.

If Parnell is made bankrupt he must either settle with his creditors within six months or resign his seat.

That would be a not altogether unacceptable ending to the Irish fight, but Parnell will probably evade this penalty, when convinced there is no other option.

The GLOBE correspondent at Cork took pains to investigate the story about O'Brien which became current gossip in the political circles of Dublin, and was also discussed in the lobby of the House of Commons, and which even got into prominent newspapers without mentioning any names.

The substance of this story is that O'Brien was married when a young journalist in Cork to a pretty actress, and that, after trying in vain to get a priest to perform the ceremony, because the actress was too young, they were finally married at the registry office; that they separated soon afterwards, O'Brien making her a monthly allowance to live upon: that in due time she disappeared; that he never heard of her again and that he supposed she had died some years before he married Miss Raffolovitch.

This woman, it was reported, turned up in Dublin a few weeks ago, and is talking about a prosecution for bigamy that brings the matter before the authorities of Dublin castle.

Naturally the report created a sensation.

So far as the facts can be learned, pending O'Brien's release, they are that 23 years ago he did have some love affair with a young actress in Cork; that he wanted to marry her, but that when the priests objected to perform the ceremony she refused to go to the registry office; that they separated: that the woman is alive now, and is living in London under the name of Mrs. Harcourt, and that she never was married to O'Brien.

The contest will assume a new phase when Dillon and O'Brien are released.

Very few Irish members attended the anti-Parnell faction meeting yesterday, while those present assured McCarthy of the hope that ill health will not compel him to resign.

It is generally understood that Dillon can at once assume the leadership if he consents to accept it.

The news reaches London from Dublin tonight that Parnell is attempting to postpone the general meeting of his followers, called for next Thursday at Dublin.

If the meeting is held as originally intended there will probably be a row.

### HOME RULE DEAD,

#### Says Lord Salisbury—Earl Spencer Does Not Believe It.

LONDON, July 16.—Lord Salisbury, speaking at the United Club yesterday, said he believed that the danger of church disestablishment was considerably removed, and if it was to be an electoral reform the Conservatives did not dread it.

The demand of a one-man vote was unreasonable, but the question of women voting demanded consideration.

The abolition of the illiterate voter might be necessary.

He declared that home rule had not effected any lodgment in England; that it had been supported in the past by American gold, and was now backed by a clerical conspiracy.

Lord Salisbury also said that he could not tell when the next general election would take place. All he knew about the matter was that the Septennial act would come into operation in August, 1893.

He was not so certain of the future as was Mr. Labouchere, who knew of papers in the foreign office which the speaker had never seen, and who attributed to Lord Salisbury, as minister of foreign affairs, things whereof he had never dreamt.

Lord Salisbury further said that he would not deal with political meteorology, beyond saying that he had no fear.

Speaking in regard to a revision of the electorate, Lord Salisbury declared that any change in this direction ought to be associated with a redistribution of the seats in Parliament.

The Conservatives had no cause to dread the result. Ireland, Wales and North Scotland were greatly over-represented, while England, especially London, was greatly under-represented, and a redistribution of the seats must be to the advantage of the Conservatives.

Earl Spencer, formerly lord-lieutenant of Ireland, in a speech at Royston Wednesday, declared that the policy of the Liberals in favor of home rule for Ireland was at present stronger than ever.

The cry of the Conservatives that home rule was dead was utterly false.

It was a living principle, and was as popular in English constituencies now as before disaster overtook the Parnellites.

He declared that home rule would be the first proposal to be introduced in the next Liberal Parliament.

### CHURCH AGAINST CHURCH.

#### Unitarianism Condemned by Council of Congregationalists.

LONDON, July 18.—The feature of the week's session of the International Congregational Council was the speech of Rev. Dr. Walker of Melbourne condemning Unitarianism which, he said, was making tremendous headway among Congregationalists.

Dr. Walker said he would rather drift towards the Church of England or the Church of Rome than towards Unitarianism.

There should be no fraternizing with Unitarians.

The Rev. Dr. Noble of Chicago asked Dr. White, the next speaker, whether they (Congregationalists) should exchange pulpits with Unitarians.

This question, Dr. Noble added, was one of vital importance in the United States.

Dr. White answered, "No," and the chairman said that the voice of the council was sufficiently emphatic, and that it was not necessary to ask anything to the contrary.

The United States delegates of the Congregational council who will attend the unveiling of the memorial at Leyden, near Amsterdam, to Rev. John Robinson, pastor in Holland of the Pilgrim fathers, are Dr. Hall of Connecticut, Rev. A. Hastings Ross of Michigan, Dr. Whitman of Massachusetts, and Dr. Woods of Minnesota.

The unveiling will take place on Friday, July 24, in St. Peter's church, Leyden.

It is expected that large numbers of Americans, who are now in Europe, will be present at this interesting ceremony.

#### Told in Brief.

BERLIN, July 18.—Mr. Edwards, the American consul-general here, has invited all the American consuls in Germany to a conference in this city with Herr Wermuth, the imperial commissioner of the World's fair to be held in Chicago.

Mr. Edwards hopes through the consular conference and public meetings to dispel the German misconceptions in regard to the severity of the McKinley bill.

Lord Salisbury's adhesion to the triple alliance appears to have been made with due regard to the protection of English interests in Egypt and India.

The conferences of the Emperor and Herr Von Bieberstern, Prussian minister of state and imperial secretary of state for foreign affairs, with Lord Salisbury have materially altered the whole course of German foreign policy.

Only a partial indication of the drift of the entente concluded at Hatfield House has transpired, but enough is known to suggest that Lord Salisbury obtained assurances from the Emperor that the Franco-Russian projects against England's possessions in the East will be met with open German support of England.

Diplomatic opinion here concurs that Lord Salisbury has got the best of the bargain, securing a positive check upon French schemes against the Egyptian occupation and Russian encroachments in India without committing England to armed intervention in support of Germany.

The Porte, which has become alarmed at the movements of French diplomats toward reopening the question of the Dardanelles in the interest of Russia, has communicated with the German ambassador at Constantinople on the policy of the triple alliance on the matter.

The latest rumor regarding attempts upon the life of the Czar, which rumor caused momentary terror in St. Petersburg, was that an officer had tried to murder the Czar with an axe.

The report arose from the fact that the Czar was amusing himself in a forest chopping a tree, when the head of the axe flew off and struck an attendant in the face and wounded him.

The Czar went to the assistance of the wounded man, and got some blood on his hands and clothes.

An officer of the guard approached them and thought that the Czar was endangered. He called upon some soldiers to rescue his majesty, and before an explanation could be made the wounded attendant was cut down.

### MUST BE ON THEIR GUARD.

#### Advance of Free Trade Ideas in Protectionist Countries Lost.

LONDON, July 18.—The Cobden Club, at a meeting last night, adopted a report which declares that "if it had not been suggested by some home protectionist, it was not likely that any colonist would have been so unreasonable as to propose that we should, while admitting colonial goods free of duty, tax similar commodities imported from foreign countries.

"While the president of the board of trade in the government of Lord Salisbury delivers unanswerable refutation of the government that it is a case for fiscal federation, as presented by the united trade league, our free trade system does not appear to be greatly endangered.

"But we must be on our guard, as these proposals are not strongly urged by colonists as well as by the league.

"Protectionism in protectionist countries has not attained the height at which it stood at the time of Cobden. Though some advance was made a quarter of a century ago in the direction of free trade, it has been lost.

"The interests of employers and landowners are powerful, and governments find it comparatively easy to raise enormous revenues by collusion with the interests which profit by protection."

The report also predicts that compositors and kindred trades will not suffer on account of the American copyright act.

### EMIGRANT SHIPS IN DANGER.

#### The Dresden Floats all Right, but the Harris Sinks with Four Sailors.

LONDON, July 18.—The German steamer Dresden, from Bremen for Baltimore with 800 emigrants on board, collided with the Bristol brigantine Annie Harris off Start point at 12.45 o'clock this morning.

The Annie Harris sank immediately before assistance could be given. Four of her crew were drowned.

The captain and mate were saved.

The passengers on the Dresden were greatly alarmed until reassured.

An examination of the steamer was made, and it was found that the injury she had sustained was not sufficient to prevent her from proceeding.

The Dresden placed the survivors of the Annie Harris on board a fishing smack.

### WAR SHIPS NEED REPAIRS.

#### Balmaceda's Cruisers Beaten Back by the Rebel Vessel Magellanes.

NEW YORK, July 15.—A special from Iquique, Chili, to the Herald says:

The wires between here and the south have been cut by Balmaceda's men, and in consequence news of what is going on between this port and all the towns any distance below it travels very slowly.

We nevertheless from day to day receive word of the advance of the insurgents into Balmaceda's territory, from vessels which touch here or from deserters from the government forces.

The latest confirmation of the progress made by the Congressional fleet in its mission to attack the Balmacedan ports in the hope of ultimately fighting its way to Valparaiso was received here Monday.

It was brought in by an English merchant vessel from the south.

The captain said that on July 12, the insurgent cruiser Magellanes had had a fierce battle with two or three of the Balmacedan war ships off the Chilian coast. He could not tell the exact locality, but said it was in all likelihood Coquimbo.

The Magellanes, though outnumbered, was the better manned ship. The insurgents seemed to be inspired with valor, while the government crews made a very poor showing.

The English captain heard that the government vessels were nearly sunk and that they put about at once for the South. The Magellanes pursued them for some little distance, continuing to fire upon them and scoring an occasional hit.

At length she gave up the chase, her commander being of the opinion that the Balmacedan ships would not be able to do any further damage to any one until they got a thorough patching up.

### CURIOUS AND FATAL ACCIDENT.

#### A Train Falls on a Number of Men.

LIVERPOOL, July 18.—A terrible accident occurred this morning along the line of the Manchester ship canal.

A train passing along the railroad running near the canal, fell over the latter's embankment near this city, killing 11 men who were working under the heading.

In addition to the men killed, many other workmen were injured.

The accident was due to the fact that the pointsman, a boy 17 years of age, mistook the points and turned a railroad train, consisting of 22 wagons loaded with ballast, into a cutting.

The train then crashed into a slight buffer at the end of the cutting, and toppled over upon the men at work below the embankment.

The bodies of the men killed were horribly mutilated.

The boy pointsman ran away. The lad was captured later in the day and was charged with manslaughter.

### GLADSTONE CAN'T SPEAK OUT.

#### No Orations for Months Yet—Hopes Election Will Settle Something.

LONDON, July 18.—Mr. Gladstone has written a letter in support of Mr. Brand, a candidate for Wisbeach, in which he says:

"My physicians will restrain me for some months to come from the public use of my voice.

"I hope the election will be an additional proof that the country is determined to shake off the incubus of the Irish question."

### PARLIAMENTARY CRISIS.

#### French Government Sustained on Direct Vote of Confidence.

PARIS, July 17.—The rebuff which the government received yesterday in the Chamber of Deputies, when it was decided by a vote of 286 to 203 to discuss the interpellation of M. Laur, the Boulangist deputy, who asked the government to explain the manner in which the Alsace-Lorraine passport regulations were enforced, has occasioned a great deal of excitement throughout France.

The newspapers this morning are full of this subject, and its significance may be judged from the fact that the moderate government organs appeal to the Chamber to rescind its decision. These papers further declare that the discussion of the manner in which the Alsace-Lorraine passport regulations are enforced will answer no purpose, and will only lead to the adoption of more rigorous measures upon the part of the German government on the frontiers of Alsace and Lorraine.

Later—The government in the Chamber of Deputies today was sustained by a vote of confidence, which was carried by 319 to 103.

#### Notes.

The Pall Mall Gazette published on Saturday an interview with ex-Congressman Butterworth of Ohio, one of the members of the foreign commission of the Columbian exposition, now in London. In this interview Mr. Butterworth says: "Besides a successful show, we intend to have a gathering of nations and to promote commerce. You may think it strange to talk of promoting commerce when we have built a wall across the road with the McKinley bill. Anyhow, we think that the exposition will lead to a better entente. It is not a dollar-making business."

Arrangements are making to entertain the officers of the French fleet when the proposed visit of the warships to Portsmouth is made. The mayor of Portsmouth will tender a banquet to the officers, and a committee is engaged in raising a fund for the purpose of entertaining the sailors connected with the visiting fleet.

A despatch from Halifax, N. S., says that a Russian named John Orloff, who claims to come from Boston, has been placed under arrest charged with passing forged checks to the value of several hundred dollars.

The Canadians competing in the rifle contests at Bisley, Eng., are winning many money prizes. They have won all of the prizes in the London corporation save one. Davidson won the corporation cup.

The Shanghai (China) Mercury of June 8 announces the murder of an English customs house officer, A. W. Green, and of Mr. Argent, a member of the Methodist mission, by Chinese rioters at Wuhsiep. A number of houses were burned during the riot.

The German Emperor has sent numerous costly presents to London to be distributed among officials concerned in his receptions, members of the Queen's household, officials of the foreign office, especially members of the treaty department, Guildhall officials and chiefs of police.

Rev. Mr. Gooch of Chicago preached before the Congregational council in the City Temple in London Tuesday. He contended that the Pilgrim Fathers and the Congregational leaders were as truly called of God as were the apostles. The general line of his argument was against the new theology and in favor of orthodox views in regard to the Bible.

Commander Janer of the Mexican man-of-war Democrata, in harbor at San Diego, Cal., has received a despatch from the navy department of the Mexican government to the effect that a naval engagement took place off the Chilian coast two days ago between the insurgent cruiser Magellanes and several government vessels. The engagement resulted in a decisive victory for the insurgents, and two government ships were almost destroyed.

Prince Bismarck and his wife are at Kissingen. Princess Bismarck is seriously ill.

The Chilian cruiser Errazuriz, which recently left Havre, is lying at Penzance. She is unable to procure firemen.

The English Bank of the River Plate, with a capital of $7,500,000, half of which is paid in, has suspended payment, and will go into liquidation.

## THE EARTH'S HEAT.

### Does it Grow Constantly Hotter from Circumference to Centre?—No One Knows Absolutely.

[Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.]

Many scientific men are devoting their lives to finding out all that can be learned about the interior of this wonderful globe of ours. One of the interesting problems on which they are engaged is the depth and geographical limits of permanently frozen soil. The British association has collected a large amount of data on this question. They have already told us some curious things, such as the fact that excellent wheat lands north of Manitoba overlie frozen earth that never thaws.

Sometimes geologists find strata of rocks that they are able to show must have been buried at a remote age 20,000 feet under the surface. These upturned edges of rock, which some terrible convulsion lifted to the air, gives us a glimpse of the condition of the interior some way below the greatest depth to which we can attain. The workmen in the deepest mines of Europe swelter in almost intolerable heat, and yet they have never penetrated over one seven-thousandth part of the distance from the surface to the centre of the earth.

In the lower levels of some of the Comstock mines the men fought scalding water, and could labor only three or four hours at a time until the Sutro tunel pierced the mines and drew off some of the terrible heat, which had stood at 120°.

The deepest boring ever made, that at Sperenberg, near Berlin, penetrates only 4172 feet, about 1000 feet deeper than the famous artesian well at St. Louis. The result of this imperfect knowledge is that there are more theories and disputes among scientific men with regard to the interior of the earth than about any other problems of physical science.

Some eminent physicists, for instance, like Sir William Thomson, have believed that the crust of the earth is at least 800 miles thick. The majority adduce good reasons for believing that the crust is only 25 to 50 miles thick. All agree that if the temperature within the earth continues to increase as it does near the surface—at the rate of one degree Fahrenheit for about every 55 feet of descent—all igneous rocks must be fused at no great depth.

In fact, at this rate of increase, the temperature at 200 miles is 18,000 degrees Fahrenheit, which is Prof. Rossett's estimate of the probable temperature of the sea. It is improbable, however, that this rate of increase is maintained for a great distance, and many physicists believe that at some unknown but not very great depth the increase in temperature ceases.

### HE SAVED THE CHILDREN.

#### But Went Away and Left No Trace of His Identity.

[Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.]

An elderly and matronly-appearing woman stopped at a corner fruit stand last evening and purchased a pound of figs.

"Something for the children," she said to the vender, as she apologized for indulging in such delicacies.

Before she had reached the opposite side of the street the woman was overtaken by a man who would have been genteel looking but for his general appearance of seediness. He was evidently not on good terms with the world.

"Beg pardon, madam," he said, as he laid his hand gently on the lady's shoulder, "but did you not just purchase some figs at yonder stand?"

"I did," answered the old lady, wonderingly.

"Are you aware of the prevailing weakness of that man's figs?"

"No."

"Ah, I thought not. Then I'll tell you. It is worms. The fruit you have purchased is fairly alive with bacteria."

"You don't say!" exclaimed the woman, almost ready to drop the package.

"Yes, I know it. I'm collecting evidence against the dago. I need just such a purchase as you have made to complete my chain of damning evidence. Let me take that and confront him with his perfidy. Thanks! Watch the papers tomorrow for news of his arrest."

And while the innocent old lady stood on the corner in wide-mouth amazement, the seedy man disappeared in the crowd with the last link in his chain of evidence.

### THE BOSTON STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations..............3 P. M.

| LAND STOCKS. | Bid. (July 20) | Asked. (July 20) | Bid. (July 18) | Asked. (July 18) |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Anniston City | 30 | 38 | 30 | 38 |
| Aspinwall | 9 | .. | 9 | .. |
| Boothbay | .. | .65 | .. | .. |
| Boston | .. | 6 | .. | 6 |
| Boston Water Power | 2⅝ | .. | 2¾ | 3 |
| Brookline | 4 | 5 | 4 | 5 |
| Campobello | .. | 1¼ | .. | 1¼ |
| Cutler | 1 | 1¼ | 1 | 1¼ |
| East Boston | .. | 4 | .. | 4 |
| Frenchman's Bay | .. | 4⅞ | .. | 4⅞ |
| Franklin Park | 27¼ | .. | 27¼ | .. |
| Lamoine | .. | .. | .5 | .8 |
| Maverick | 2 | 2¼ | 2 | 2¼ |
| Nahant | .75 | .. | .75 | .. |
| Newport | .. | 2 | .. | 2 |
| Payson | 1 | .. | 1 | .. |
| Penobscot Bay | .. | .60 | .. | .60 |
| San Diego | 18 | 20 | 18 | .. |
| Sullivan Harbor | .35 | .. | .35 | .. |
| Topeka | .. | .75 | .. | .75 |
| West End | 16¼ | 16⅜ | 18⅝ | 18¾ |
| West End rights | 2⅝ | 2¾ | .. | .. |
| Winter Harbor | .. | .50 | .. | .50 |
| Winthrop | .. | .. | .62½ | 1 |
| Wollaston | .50 | .70 | .. | .70 |
| **RAILROAD STOCKS.** | | | | |
| Atch, Topeka & S Fe | 32 | 32⅛ | 32⅜ | 32½ |
| Atlantic & Pacific | 4¾ | 5 | 4⅛ | 4⅞ |
| Boston & Albany | 200 | 201 | 200 | 201 |
| Boston & Lowell | .. | 177 | .. | 176 |
| Boston & Maine† | 165 | 167 | 166¼ | .. |
| Boston & Maine rights | 15½ | 15⅝ | 16¼ | 16½ |
| Boston & Providence | .. | 253 | .. | 253 |
| Central Massachusetts | 16½ | 17 | 17 | 17½ |
| Central Mass preferr'd | .. | .. | 36 | 38 |
| Chi, Bur & Quincy | 83½ | 83¾ | 85⅛ | 85⅜ |
| Cleveland & Canton | 5⅛ | 6 | 5½ | 6 |
| Cleveland & Can pref | 20 | 21 | 20 | 21 |
| Chi June R & S Yards | .. | 71 | .. | .. |
| Chi June R & S Y pref | .. | 84½ | .. | .. |
| Fitchburg preferred | 74 | 75 | 75 | .. |
| Flint & Pere Marq prf | 72 | .. | 72 | .. |
| Maine Central | 127 | 130 | .. | .. |
| Mexican Central | 18⅞ | .. | 19⅛ | 19½ |
| New York & New Eng | 32⅞ | 33⅛ | 33¼ | .. |
| New York & N E pref. | 95½ | 96¼ | 96 | 98 |
| Old Colony | 164 | 165 | 164 | 165 |
| Oregon Short Line | 24 | 25 | 24 | 25½ |
| Rutland preferred | 65 | .. | 65 | .. |
| Union Pacific | 41⅞ | 42⅛ | 42½ | 42¾ |
| Vermont & Mass | .. | .. | .. | 138 |
| West End common† | 61½ | .. | 62 | 62½ |
| West End rights | 3¾ | 4 | .. | .. |
| West End preferred | .. | 82 | 81¾ | 82 |
| Wisconsin Central | 17½ | 18½ | 18 | 18⅝ |
| **RAILROAD BONDS.** | | | | |
| Atchison, T & S Fe 4s. | 78½ | 78⅞ | 78 | 78½ |
| Atchison incomes | 48⅞ | 49 | 48½ | 48½ |
| Boston & Maine 4s. | 85 | .. | 85 | .. |
| Bos United Gas 1st 5s. | 84 | 85 | 84 | 85 |
| Bos United Gas 2d 5s. | 70 | 71 | .. | 72 |
| Chi, Bur & North 5s. | 99 | 100 | 99½ | 100 |
| Mexican Central 4s. | 70¼ | 71 | 70 | 70½ |
| Mexican Cen 1st inc. | .. | 34 | 32½ | 33 |
| Mexican Cen 2d inc 3s | .. | 20 | .. | 19¾ |
| Wisconsin Cen 1st 5s. | .. | 91 | 90¼ | 91 |
| Wisconsin Cen inc 5s. | .. | .. | .. | 39 |
| **MINING STOCKS.** | | | | |
| Allouez | 2⅛ | 2¼ | 2 | 2¼ |
| Atlantic | 16 | .. | 16 | .. |
| Boston & Montana | 43 | 44 | 45 | 45¾ |
| Butte & Boston | 14⅝ | 15 | 15 | 15½ |
| Calumet & Hecla | 250 | 260 | 250 | 256 |
| Centennial | 14 | 15 | 14⅛ | 15½ |
| Franklin | 16 | 16½ | 16 | 17 |
| Huron | 1 | 1⅜ | 1 | 1¾ |
| Kearsarge | 12 | 12½ | 12 | 13 |
| Napa | .. | 4 | 4 | .. |
| National | .. | 2¾ | .. | 2¾ |
| Osceola | 36½ | 37 | 37 | 37½ |
| Quincy | 108 | 110 | 106 | 109 |
| Santa Fe | .45 | .50 | .45 | .50 |
| Tamarack | 149 | 151 | 151 | 152 |
| **TELEPHONE STOCKS.** | | | | |
| American Bell | 186 | 183 | 187 | 188 |
| Erie | 48¼ | 49 | 43 | 48½ |
| Mexican | 1.15 | 1¼ | 1 | .. |
| New England | 50 | 52 | 50 | 52 |
| Tropical | .. | .85 | .. | .85 |
| **MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.** | | | | |
| Eastman Car Heater | 2 | .. | 2 | .. |
| Edison Phono Doll | .. | .. | .50 | .. |
| Lamson Store Service | 18 | 19 | 18¼ | .. |
| National Cordage | 87¾ | 88 | 87½ | 88 |
| Pullman Palace Car | 180 | 182 | 182 | .. |
| Reece Buttonhole | .. | 13½ | .. | 13½ |
| Stand Stave & Coop'e | 100 | 102 | 100 | 102 |
| **UNLISTED STOCKS.** | | | | |
| American Cotton Oil | 22 | 22¼ | .. | .. |
| Bay State Gas | .. | 27½ | .. | 27 |
| Detroit Electric | .. | 9 | .. | .. |
| European Welding | .. | 50 | .. | .. |
| Fort Wayne Electric | 11½ | 11¾ | 11½ | 11¾ |
| Illinois Steel | .. | 62 | 60 | .. |
| Illinois Steel 5s | .. | 92½ | .. | 93½ |
| National Lead Trust | 17⅜ | 17⅝ | 17½ | 17¾ |
| Sugar certific'ts com | 81 | 81½ | 81½ | 82 |
| Sugar certific'ts pref | .. | .. | 88 | 89 |
| Thomson-Hous Elec | 39¼ | 39½ | 39⅛ | 39½ |
| Thomson-Hous E pref | 24½ | 25 | 24½ | 25 |
| do series D | 6⅞ | 7¼ | 6⅞ | 7⅛ |
| Westinghouse El Tr R | 12¼ | 13 | .. | .. |

†Ex-rights.

# COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

## BOSTON MARKETS

### Produce.

BOSTON, Monday, July 20.

BUTTER—The market is dull on all grades and especially is this the case with the low grades. The receipts continue liberal. Western and Northern creamery range from 18c for the first to 19c for the latter as outside quotations. Imitation and ladel packed goods are neglected.

Nor. creamery, extra, 19@..; Western creamery, extra, ..@18; do, ex, 1st, ..@17; do, 1st, 15@16; Franklin Co. (Mass.) creamery, extra, box, ..@20; do, extra dairy, 18@19; Vermont extra dairy, ..@17; do, extra New York, @16½; New York and Vermont extra 1st, 16@16½; do, 1st, 14@15; Western dairy, extra 1st, ..@15; do, 1st, 13@14; Western imitation creamery, extra, 13@14; Western ladle-packed, ex. 1st, 12@13.

CHEESE—Trade in this market is dull and prices are easy. The hot weather is injuring in many instances what was originally shipped as a choice article so that the prices are correspondingly depressed. The supply is abundant.

We quote: New York extra, 8@8¼c ₩ lb; do, 1st, 7½@8; do, 2ds, 6@7; Vermont extra, 8; do, 1st, 7@7½; do, 2ds, 6@7; sage, 8½@8¾; part skims, 3@5; skims, 2@3; Ohio flat, extra, 7½c; do 1st, 6½@7.

Liverpool quotations, new, 43s.

EGGS—The demand the past week has been confined to choice lots, and prices for such are firm, but aside from this the market is quiet and weak. Receipts were liberal during the week despite the unfavorable weather.

We quote: Near-by and cape, fancy, 20@22c ₩ doz; Eastern extra, 18@19c; do, 1st, 17; Vermont and New Hampshire extra, 18@19; Michigan extras, 17@17½; Western 1st, 16½@17; P. E. Island, 17@17½c.

BEANS—The demand is fair for good stock and the market is firm. The receipts were 1584 barrels; last week, 384 barrels.

We quote the current prices as follows: Choice Northern, hand picked, $....@.... per bushel; New York, small, hand picked, $2.40@2.50; do, marrow, $....@ 2.40; do, screened, $2.00@2.25; do, 2ds, $1.60@1.90; medium choice hand picked, $2.30@....; do, screened, $2.00@2.25; yellow eyes, extra, $2.80@2.85; do, 2ds, $2.00 @2.70; red kidneys, $2.25@3.00. Foreign Beans—Pea, $2.25@2.35; Mediums, $2.00@2.25.

DOMESTIC FRUITS—Apples are plentiful and of good quality and there is a good steady demand. All seasonable berries have been in fair supply and demand. We quote: New Apples—Baltimore, per bbl., choice, $2.50@3.00; Norfolk, green, ½ bbl., $1.00@1.50; Del. & Md. Astrachan, $1.00@1.50 per crate.

Evaporated apple, fancy, 13@14c; fair to good, 12@13; sun-dried, sliced and quartered, 10@11c.

Cherries, red, 10@..c per quart; do light red, 5@8c per quart.

Blackberries, 8@12c. per quart.

Strawberries—Portland, Me., 7 @12c per quart; Concord, Mass., ..@..c.

VEGETABLES—We quote the following current prices:

Northern Rose and Hebrons, No. 1, $2.50@2.75 per bbl.

Cabbage, Northern, $5.00@7.00 per 100.

Onions, Northern, $3.50@3.75 per barrel; Native yellow, $4.50.

Green pease, Native $1.50@2.00.

String beans, Northern Wax, $....@1.25 per crate; do Green, $1.00@1.25.

Tomatoes, Florida, per bushel crate, 50c@$1.25.

HAY AND STRAW.—Following are the rates for hay and straw.

N. Y. & Can., $17.00@18.00 per ton; do, fair to good, $15.00@16.00; Eastern choice to fancy, $14.00@16.00; do, fair to good, $14.00@15.00; ordinary, $12.00@14.00; hay and clover, mixed, $10.00@12.00; swale, hay, $8.00@9.00; poor to ord., $10.00@12.00.

Rye straw, $10.00@16.50 per ton; oat straw, $7.00@8.00 per ton.

### Groceries.

COFFEE—We quote: Java pa'gs, pale, ....@....; do, medium brown, 24½@24¾c; do, fancy brown, 24½@24¾c; do, Timor, 23¼@..c; do, Buitenzorg, ..@..c; do, Malang, ....@....c; do, Tagals, ..@..c; do, Ankola, 26¼@26¾c; Holland bags, 22¾c; Mandhelings and Ayer Bangies, 26½@27¾c; Mocha, ..@ 25c; Rios, prime, 19½c; do fair, 19c; do, ordinary, 17c; low ordinary, 17½c; Maracaibo, 19¼@....c; do ordinary, 18 @ 19c; Bucramanger, 20¼@22¾c; Caracas, 20¼@22¾c; Languayra, ..@18½c; Costa Rica, ..@19½c; Jamaica, 18¼@19¾c; Guatemala, 20¾@22½c; Mexican, 19 @ 20c; Hayti, 18@18½c.

RICE—We quote: Louisiana and Carolina, Choice, 6¼@6½c; Prime, 5¾; Good, 5¼@5½; Fair, ..@..; Rangoon (duty paid), 4¾@5; Java, 5¼@..; Japan, 5¾; Patna, 5¼.

FRUITS AND NUTS—Following are the current quotations: Raisins, London layers, new, $2.25@2.50; Muscatel, new, $2.50@3.00; Sultana, 22@23; Eleme, ....; Valencia, new, 7⅝@7¾; do, Ondara, 7@8. Currants, $5.00 @ 5.50. Citron, Leghorn, 17@20. Dates—Persian, new, 3½@5½; do, fard, new, 7@9. Figs—Layers, 12@20; do, keg, 7½@9. Prunes, French, case, 10½@15; do, Turk, new, 7@8c; do bag, 5 @ 6c. Lemons—Palermo, $3.50@6.00; Messina, $3.50@6.00. Oranges—Jamaica bxs, $....@....; Sicily, $3.50 @ 5.00; Florida, $3.50@5.00. Bananas—Baracoa, yellow, $1.00@1.15; do, Red, 75@85c; Port Limon, $1.50@1.75; Jamaica, No. 1, $1.50@75; 8 hands, $1.50; No. 2, 75c. Walnuts, Naples, 14@15c; Castinas, 6½@8c; Pecans, 13@15c; Filberts, 9@10c; Almonds, 16@17c; Peanuts, hand-picked, 5@5½c; do, Fins, 2½@4c; Shellbarks, $1.50@2.00.

### Flour and Grain.

FLOUR—Following are the current prices for carload lots of flour:

Fine flour, $2.90@3.25; Superfine, $3.50@4.00; Common extras, $2.25@4.50; Choice extras, $4.25@4.50; Minnesota bakers, $4.75@5.00; patents, $....@....; Michigan roller, $4.90@5.15; New York, do, $4.90@5.10; Ohio and Indiana, $5.00@5.10; do, straight, $5.15@5.25; do, do, patent, $5.20@5.50; St. Louis and Illinois clear, $5.00@5.10; do, straight, $5.15@52.5; do, do, patent, $5.20@5.50; Spring wheat patents, $5.40@5.75 ₩ bbl.

CORN—We quote: High mixed, 72 @ ..c ₩ bush; Steamer yellow, 71½@..c ₩ bush; Steamer mixed, 70½c ₩ bush; ordinary, 68½c ₩ bush.

OATS—No. 1 and Fancy, clipped, 54@..c ₩ bush; standard, do, ..@53c; No. 2, white, 52c ₩ bush; No. 3, do, 51c ₩ bush; rejected white, ..@..c; No 2, mixed, 51c.

### Fish.

FISH—Following are the current prices for the week past:

Mackerel—Extra bloater mess, $28.00; No. 1, do, $22.00; No. 1 shore, $22.00; No. 1 Bay, $19.00; New medium 3s, $11.00; New tinkers, $6.00; No. 2, large, $17.00; No. 1, large ..@..; New large, 12.50@13.00.

Codfish—Dry Bank, large, $....@6.50; do, do, medium, $5.25@....; Pickled Bank, $....@6.00; Georges, $....@6.50; Shore, $....@6.00; Hake, $....@2.25; Haddock, $....@3.50; Pollock, pickl'd $....@2.50; do, slack salted, $3.00; Boneless Hake, .@4c ₩ lb; Boneless Haddock, .@5½c; Boneless Cod, 7@8c.

Herring—Nova Scotia Splits, large, $7.00; do, medium, $4.75; Labrador, $6.25; Round Shore, large, $5.00; domestic Alewives, nominal.

### Miscellaneous.

HIDES AND SKINS—Following are the current prices: Brighton steers, native packer, 8¾@9c; New England steers, green, 5 @ 5½; do, cow, 4@3½c; do, do, bulls, 3½; Salted steers, ....@7½; cows, ..5@5½; bulls, 5½. Calfskins—deacons, 35@40c; 5@7 lbs, 60@65; 7@9 lbs, 70 @ 75; 9@12 lbs, 85c @ $....; 12@18 lbs, $1.10@1.10; Texas, dry-salted, ..@8; Tex flint rough, 10@10½; Texas kips, 10@..; Buenos Ayres hides, 13; Rio Grande, ..@12½; Montevideo, 13½; Cordova, 12 @ 14; Rio Grande kips, 12@13; Sierra Leone, 12½@..; Bissao & Gambia, 8¾@9; Zanzibar hides, 9@..; Tamative, 8@..; Majungas, 8½; Dry Chinas, 10½@12.

SALT—Quotations: Liverpool, in bond, hhd., $1.00@1.15; do, duty paid, $1.40@1.55; Bostonian, $1.35@1.50; Liverpool, c. f., 85c@$.00; Cadiz, bond, $1.87½; Trapani, bond, $2.00; Turk's Island, hhd., $2.25@2.40.

STARCH—We quote Potato starch, 4¾c; Corn, 3½@3¾c; Wheat, 5¼@6.

SEEDS—Quotations: Clover, West, 8 @ 9 ₩ lb; do, North, 9 @ 10; do, white, 17@19; do, Alsike, 17@19; do, Lucerne, 18@20; Redtop, West, ₩ sack, $1.90@2.10; do, Jersey, $2.10@2.25; Rhode Island Bent, ₩ bush. .@$1.85; Hungarian, 90c@1.10; Golden Millet, $1.25@1.50; Common do, $1.10@1.28; Orchard, $1.75@2.25; Blue Grass, $2.50@3.00; Timothy, West, $1.75@1.85; do, North, $1.75@1.85; American Flaxseed, $2.00@2.25.

TALLOW—Following are the quotations: Tallow, prime, 4½@4⅞; Country, 4@4½; Bone, 3¾@4; house grease, 3½@3¾; grease, tanners, 2¼@2¾; do, chip, 2½@2¾; do, naphtha, 1½@2; do, hard, 2@5.

TOBACCO—We quote: Havana wrappers, $5.00@7.00; do, fine fillers, $1.10@1.25; do, good fillers, 80@95c; Yara 1 and 11 cuts, 70@85; fair, 60@75; Kentucky lugs, 3½@5c; do, leaf, 6½@10½c; Havana s'd wr's, 40@60; do, 2ds, 20@35; do, binders, 12@18; do, seed fill, 5@8; Conn and Mass fill, 8@10; do, binders, 12@17; do, 2ds, 18@25; do, fair wrappers, 25@30; do, fine wrappers, 35@45; Penn wrappers, 20@40; do, fillers, 10@20; Sumatra wraps, light, $2.50@3.25; do, dark, $2.00@2.25.

WOOL—The receipts of wool the past week were 20,198 bales domestic and 8157 bales foreign, against 15,855 bales domestic and 8476 bales foreign last week, and 23,535 bales domestic and 4174 bales foreign for the corresponding week in 1890.

## WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week past:

Cattle, 2849; sheep, 15,017; shotes, ....; veals, 1546; hogs, 27,010; horses, 529.

Western cattle, 2591; Eastern and Northern cattle, 258.

Western sheep and lambs, 13,760; Eastern sheep and lambs, 1257.

Prices of western beeves ranged from $6.00@6.75 per 100 lbs., live weight. Northern cattle sold at $7.50@8.00.

PRICES OF HIDES, TALLOW, SKINS, &C.

| Cents ₩ lb. | | Each. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Brighton hides | 6½@7 | Sheepskins | 25@50c |
| Brighton tall'w | 4 @5¼ | Woolskins | 25@50c |
| Country hides | 5 @5½ | Sheared skins | 25@40c |
| Country tall'w | 3 @4 | Calfskins | 6@8 c |

Pelts, 75c@$1.50.

#### The Identical Lad.

[Chicago Mail.]

The wind was blowing stiffly and the bridge at Dearborn st. was open.

"Look out for your hat, my boy!" shouted an old gentleman of portly appearance, but he was too late. The hat—a battered straw—rolled into the river. The boy began crying and dug his knuckles into his eyes.

"Well, young man, you'll have to buy another hat now."

"An't g-g-got nuthin' to buy with," snuffled the youngster.

"That's too bad. Here's a dollar for you."

Twenty minutes later I was at the Clark-street bridge.

"Catch that hat, please, mister!" and as the old, worn out headcovering floated into the river a small bareheaded boy sank down on the pavement, sobbing violently. Three men's hands went into their pockets and three silver quarters gravitated toward the small boy. I peered into his face. It was the same lad.

#### Cast-Off Trousers.

Everything is utilized, and some articles in a remarkable way. Who could dream of boiling up soldiers' cast-off trousers? And what do you guess to be the use of the condiment when so cooked? One is apt to think of something in connection with the witches' caldron; but no, the process is quite innocent. The pulp thus produced is used to stuff balls. The trousers are chopped fine, boiled, treated with some chemical substance, and then cast in moulds of different sizes for use in the different fives and racquet courts. Truly this is an age of adaptations.

## A TEXAS IDYL.

My latest experience is to be caught in the delicate filaments of a genuine Texas idyl.

I had heard of my heroine long before I saw her, as undisputed belle of the whole Dry Fork country, where she held regal state, like the cruel princess in the fairy tale, sending away suitor after suitor and champion after champion despoiled, not of his head, but of his heart, and with several inches taken off the stature of his conceit.

The family name was Drake; Teenie was affectionately known among her admirers as "the duck;" the ranch was "the duck-pond," and whenever another unfortunate went down to worship at her shrine, he was facetiously referred to as having gone duck-hunting.

She was as a rule engaged to three or four of the best looking and most promising young sheepmen of the region, and carried things in general with a high hand. All this had predisposed me to think slightly of the girl as a poor, shallow creature, trifling with and rejecting men who were too good for her only to gratify her vanity and love of conquest.

But perhaps the thing that prejudiced me most against her was her failure to fall a victim to the charms of Johnnie Sherwood.

Johnnie and I are great friends. I met him at balls, where he was the best dancer; at roundups, where he was the finest rider and roper, and he camped with our party many a night. A handsome, black-eyed boy of 24, just six feet, with fine, square shoulders and well-knit figure, beautiful black hair, curling flat against his round, comely head, glowing eyes, a satiny cheek, fresh and warm; a nice, well-cut chin, with a dimple set a little to one side of it; a good mouth, with a youthful mustache above it, and the finest white teeth possible.

Face and figure were quite handsome ordinarily, but when the eyes shone the dimple deepened, and the white teeth flashed in the bubbling, mellow, spontaneous laugh that came so naturally from the fine, deep chest you hastily laid aside all judgment and surrendered your heart.

And these two were sweethearts once; indeed, Johnnie had been engaged to Teenie "all by himself," when no one else was, and the matter was regarded as quite serious.

There was, as might have been expected between two such heart-breakers, a smash; mutual recriminations were indulged in. At the hottest of the quarrel, smarting beneath a sense of injustice, tingling at remembrances of the affronts she had put upon him, Johnnie came one day upon a maverick and made so innocent a thing as a yearling calf the vehicle of his resentment. It was a delicate bit of cowboy repartee, an example of pure Texas wit to catch it up and brand it all over its helpless bovine side in great, sprawling letters, "DUCK."

When the capering bon mot presented itself before Teenie's indignant eyes she waxed very wroth indeed, and told her big brothers, but on the ready offer to "wipe up the ground" with the author she weakened, and advised the whole family that they treat him with silent contempt—which they were doing when I went there.

When I came to spend a week at the Three Cedars ranch and see her daily with her mother and her little brothers and sisters, I found her quite different from what I had imagined, and was constrained to like the girl despite my disapproval of some of her methods. She was a good daughter, a kind sister, and the blithest, most irrepressibly joyous creature, with a frank, engaging boyishness of manner that I never found in any other girl, and I soon came to the conclusion that if she was vain and fickle it was the fault of the foolish men who hung about her and ministered to her vanity.

She rode finely, and was as passionately fond of it as I.

I used to talk to Teenie a good deal about Johnnie, dwelling warmly on his good qualities and his winning ways.

She was always ready to argue with me on the subject, professing to find him the most hideous and disagreeable of mortals. When I ceased she would go on at some length herself, applying to him all her small feminine epithets of derogation, sneering especially at his conceit.

Perhaps a more masculine bat might have been deceived by the appearance of frank sincerity with which she "slanged" him, but, as Sister Peacock says, I am a female myself, and will at the proper time acknowledge it; and it convinced me—if it convinced me of anything—that Teenie was no more indifferent to Johnnie than he was to her; that, indeed, she carried as sore a heart as he did.

"Let's go and get some of those resurrection plants you want, Miss Alice," she said to me one day. "I know where it grows by the bushel, over on the Escondido arroyo, near the Pecos."

Two of her slaves were about the house at the time. They immediately rushed out, saddled our ponies, and humbly petitioned to be allowed to "go along;" but she refused with the utmost asperity, and we went alone.

She began whistling an air and I struck in with the alto. She stopped, dissatisfied with my performance. "No, you lead, I'll trail," and when I took the air she made of it a mere frame, upon which she hung and draped the most beautiful and fanciful minor accompaniment, then turned to me and said: "Pretty, ain't it? I wouldn't have a fellow that couldn't whistle nice and ride anything that goes—would you?"

She had a rich, pathetic contralto, with a note of hoarse tenderness in it that went right to your heart, and so flexible that she could follow freely any air I sang with her own irregular, sobbing alto.

After we had ridden 10 or 12 miles across divides and through draws and hollows that all looked alike to my eyes, she turned abruptly to me, on the heels of a closing minor cadence, checked her pony, pushed back her hat, and exclaimed, "By George, I'm lost."

Here was a bad state of affairs. I was utterly helpless, and she had only been over to the place on the Escondido arroyo once before, she admitted.

But it was only 3 o'clock by my watch; our ponies were good ones, and we were not more than two or three hours from the ranch; so we kept moving ahead, she scanning the surrounding country anxiously from the top of every divide.

Suddenly, as we were loping across a level, she laughed out loud and pointed in front of us.

"Why, here's the arroyo; we've come to it farther north than I was before. All we've got to do is to follow down."

We followed down, got our saddle pockets full of resurrection plants, and then started homeward.

"We can cross Turkey Roost and go down Lost Mule and it'll only be 18 miles," said Tennie. It's a sort of blind trail, but I can find it, and we want to get mighty near home before dark."

It was 4.30. There remained but an hour of daylight, and our ponies had already come some 24 or 25 miles at a brisk gait since noon.

As the sun declined I saw Teenie look anxious. Finally she said: "We crossed Turkey Roost all right, and I was sure we struck into Lost Mule on this side, but I declare it don't look like it now."

We rode up on the divide beside which we had been travelling and looked around.

"Good Lord!" said Teenie. "I don't see a hing I know. We're lost sure enough this ime—and night coming. We'll freeze."

While we looked and hesitated the day visibly withdrew and night dropped down upon us like a presence. All landmarks by which to steer our course were obliterated, but we pushed ahead with feverish haste.

Presently Teenie pulled up and said: "It's no use; we're like as not going away from instead of toward it."

We got down, staked the ponies, wrapped ourselves as best we could, and sat down to face the situation.

Suddenly the little prefatory whimpering giggle of a coyote sounded out of the night, and Teenie, who had been huddled beside me in a dismayed heap, clutched my arm.

"Oh, Miss Alice! Can't you holler? Listen to that coyote! There's timber wolves and panthers out there, too. We ain't got a match, nor a thing to shoot with. I never wanted to see a man so bad in my life—do holler!"

I took one moment to say, "Would you even like to see Johnnie Sherwood?" and then gathered up my forces and sent forth a powerful soprano yell that was the effort of my life.

But no answer came back, and then ensued a bad quarter of an hour for Teenie and me. The coyotes snickered on the hillside, and howled fearfully in the nearer valley.

All at once our ponies neighed out joyfully. I gave a last scream; there was an answering shout, a clatter of hoofs, and somebody rode down the slope and almost over us.

How should I know it was Johnnie Sherwood? But Teenie rose up, and crying, "O Johnnie! Johnnie! Johnnie!" cast herself at him any way as he jumped off his horse.

I could see nothing of them but two moving shadows—then one, stationary; but presently a big voice that tried to whisper murmured in an abandon of tenderness:

"I'll shoot that fool calf, darling, quick as I can find him!"—[Alice McGowan in St. Louis Republic.

### Counterfeit Mummies.

[Life.]

It appears that there has been an overissue of Egyptian mummies, and it behooves people who are accumulating these picturesque and pleasing objects to look into the genuineness of their possessions. It is even stated that for many years none but counterfeit mummies have been shipped from Egypt. They are made of prepared jackass hide, and it is extremely difficult to distinguish between a XXX V. S. O. P. mummy of the Psattic dynasty and one whose immediate progenitor is a modern mule.

## REDEEMED BY A MOUSE.

### The Story of an Ex-Convict and the Pet He Loved—It Sounds a Little Fishy, But Is Pathetic.

[Mrs. E. W. Latimer in New York Herald.]

Some years ago a poet lived in Paris who had a kind heart and possessed considerable influence among rich and respectable people. He was sitting one day at his desk, writing a poem, when his servant brought him a letter from an old friend, asking him to find employment "for the bearer." The poet told the servant to show the bearer into his study. He was an elderly man, tall, stoutly built, and scrupulously neat, with a full gray beard, and he looked about 50.

"My friend tells me," said the poet, "that you have lately been bookkeeper with a tradesman in the Rue St. Denis?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"Why did you leave your situation?"

The man hesitated and then said with an effort, "I left it because of an unfortunate discovery."

"But," said the poet, "what was the discovery? I must know, because if I recommend you to a place I shall take a certain responsibility."

"I will tell you, sir," said the man, looking full in his face as if he had suddenly taken a resolution to speak frankly. "I was in that house six months and no one had any fault to find with me, when one day they heard of it—found out that—that I had been a convict at the galleys."

"Ah, indeed! you were a convict at the galleys," said the poet, in much the same tone as if he had been saying: "Ah, indeed! So you danced last night at court ball." "And how have you been living since you left your situation?"

"On a little money that I saved when I was in prison."

"I thought," said the poet, "that convicts were forbidden to take money from visitors."

"So they are, monsieur. But they all do it if they can get a chance. It seems no great harm to take it if we can do so without discovery."

"How do you manage it?" persisted the poet, who was curious to learn something of a convict's experiences.

"We had several ways," the man replied. "Mine was one not often used, but it always interested visitors. Some used to tame pet mice and teach them to bring any coin thrown down for us by a visitor. We always kept these mice in our clothes, where they would nestle all day without stirring, and when a visitor dropped a little coin for a prisoner the mouse, at a faint chirrup from its master, would come out of its hiding place, slip down the leg of his trousers, secure the cold and run back to its master's breast the way it came."

"What an ingenious trick!" said the poet, much interested, but hardly able to believe the thing was true. "I should like to see it done," he added presently.

"You can, monsieur."

"What! Do you carry any trained mice about you?"

"Only one, monsieur, but I never can part from her. She is the only true friend I have left," he added, sadly.

"Will you show me?"

"Certainly, monsieur. Please to throw down a coin—a cent, five cents—what you think proper."

The poet threw down a cent piece, which rolled along the floor. The man gave a slight chirrup with his lips and the sleeve on his left arm was agitated. Then the mouse came sliding down the leg of his pantaloons and appeared a moment later on the carpet. But, to the great surprise of both men, it stood still and seemed inclined to run back to its hiding place.

Its master, seeing its hesitation, chirruped again more loudly. The mouse obeyed. The coin had rolled under a piece of furniture in one corner of the study. Just as the little mouse was about to pick it up a piteous squeal was heard. Alas! the poet's great Angora cat had been lying asleep under the table.

When the convict saw what peril threatened his little friend he turned as pale as death and gave a cry of terror.

Poet and convict sprang at once to the rescue. The cat was driven away, but not before he had seized the prey in his sharp claws. The poor little mouse lay still with a drop of blood like a shining carbuncle on its glossy breast.

Its master picked it up and held it for a moment in his hands.

Then he laid it on the writing table, drew himself up to his full height, doubled his fists and sprang upon the poet, who received his attack with great composure, only saying, "Was it for murder you were sent to prison?"

At these words the poor fellow recovered himself.

"Let us see, my poor friend," said the poet, "if your poor little mouse is certainly dead."

I am sure that all who read this story and who sympathize with the convict in his sorrow for the injury to "his only true friend" will hope the little mouse got well, though it is hard to cure a wounded animal. I wish I could inform them, but I do not know. The story is a true one, and he from whom I had it could not tell. But this I know, that the poet was ever after a true friend to its master, and got him a situation in a bank, where he remains to this day an honest man.

## TAKE A TEPID BATH.

### It Is a Most Excellent Sedative for Cerebral Irritation.

The remedial use of warm baths has come down from ancient times. The water generally contained medicinal constituents in natural solution, but the relief in many cases was doubtless due solely or mainly to the temperature. The effect of hot flannels or warm poultices in relieving internal inflammation and pain is familiar to most families.

For inflamed and painful eyes, nothing is so good as hot water, applied with a woollen cloth, is the opinion of the Youth's Companion. Equal benefit is derived from such an application in many forms of headache. The best thing to do with a sprained ankle is to immerse the foot in water as hot as can be borne. A crushed foot or hand may be similarly treated until the arrival of a surgeon, the hot water being frequently renewed.

A communication in the Medical Record, Oct. 4, 1890, advises the warm bath for infants suffering from intestinal colic.

The writer says that he was led to try this remedy in a case of colic, accompanied by extreme restlessness and pain and considerable diarrhœa, because of the failure of all usual treatment. The trouble had continued several weeks, and the child had become much emaciated. Morphia had been tried without success.

At length, fearing that the child might go into convulsions, the doctor ordered a tub half-full of water at a temperature of 90° Fahrenheit. While the child was immersed in this, its head was kept cool with cloths wrung out of cold water. The doctor says:

"The effect was magical. Within ten or fifteen minutes the child quieted down, and on being taken from the bath fell into a quiet, healthful sleep, which lasted several hours. The little patient from that time began to get well. The mother and nurse, having learned the value of the tepid bath, resorted to it afterward, whenever the child was threatened with one of its colic spells. Within a week or two it had entirely recovered."

Another writer adds his experience in a still worse case—that of true cholera infantum—the child, when the physician was called, lying in a comatose state. The treatment was the same as already described, with the addition of a mustard plaster applied to the back of the neck.

Says the writer: "I am now fully convinced that the tepid bath is a most efficient sedative, particularly when there is cerebral irritation; and that it is at least as efficient as any of our ordinary anodyne remedies in the control of abdominal pain in young children, after the bowels have been thoroughly opened so as to remove offending causes, such as partly digested food."

### Figs and Thistles.

(The Ram's Horn.)

Every man is some boy's hero.

Backbiters always have long teeth.

Sins that are not killed soon become our masters.

Sharp words make more enemies than wrong conduct.

Right where love for God stops growing backsliding begins.

There is joy in hell whenever men lose their self respect.

The devil helps the man who tries to cut the Bible in pieces.

A head conversion never takes the meanness out of the heart.

No man can have anything to do with God and stand still.

You can never break a cow of kicking by kicking back again.

The devil is afraid of a good man when he sees him on his knees.

The devil feels sure of a man who is not afraid of little sins.

A trouble that makes us want to get alone with God is a blessing.

God needs people who will do faithful work without being watched.

The man is most useful to the devil who is most in love with himself.

No man pleases God who is not interested in the good of all other men.

## HE BUNCOED THE QUEEN.

### Her Majesty Was Not at All Slow at Cards,

### But the Yankee Skipper Was Up to All Her Tricks,

### And Beat Her Out of Her Beautiful Robe of State.

[San Francisco Press.]

A craze for gambling appears to be affecting royalty the world over at present, and if the infatuation continues we shall presently be hearing of kings dealing faro, queens presiding over keno games, and princes conducting pool rooms.

As though the recent English baccarat scandal, involving the Prince of Wales, was not enough to emphasize this assumption, news has lately come to hand that even Queen Pomare, the copper-skinned sub-boss of the island of Tahiti, in the South Pacific ocean, which is a French possession, has been caught cheating at casino, that old-fashioned game of our grandmothers' day.

Not to be outdone by Albert Edward, who had his own counters, don't you know, Pomare had prepared a deck of cards especially intended to give her the advantage. When detection came, her majesty was forced to admit that she had been cleverly trumped and that clubs (made of hard wood) were the winning hand.

This interesting piece of royal scandal was brought to San Francisco by a passenger on a sailing vessel which recently arrived there from Tahiti, California's chief city being the principal point of departure for that tropical island.

It seems that early in the present year a Yankee sailor who visited Papeete, the capital of Tahiti, brought with him several dozen decks of cards to sell on speculation. To each buyer he imparted gratuitously the mysteries of casino, and it was not long before Papeete was casino mad.

The cultivation of banana and taro patches, and the manufacture of fine mats was abandoned by the common people, while chiefs of rank and members of the royal family neglected affairs of state for the study of the American game. Officers of an American man-of-war which happened to be in port were invited to the palace as special guests, and then pressed into duty as tutors of the Tahitian nobility and royal family, who had well nigh gone casino crazy.

While many of the natives were unable to quickly master the intricacies of the game, yet Queen Pomare, like her royal English brother, soon demonstrated that she had especial aptitude for learning games of chance, and rapidly became an expert.

The result of this was that when the American warship sailed away she was the casino monarch of the island. True to customary royal instinct she soon began to turn her superior knowledge to practical account.

Like a busy queen bee she quickly displayed her anxiety to improve each shining hour, and issued a royal decree, through her copper-colored secretary, that casino parties, lasting four hours, should be held at the palace each night until further notice.

This order was mandatory upon all native subjects known to possess means, while an open invitation was extended to foreigners and others to join the royal card games. The unfortunate native novices, like unwilling lambs forced to the slaughter, could do nothing but obey, although fully aware of the royal bunco game of which they were being made victims.

To disobey the Queen's command would have meant not only forfeiture of their lands, but probably decapitation, so, deciding to at least have a "run for their money," they formed one of the card party, taking turns at being beaten on different nights.

This sort of thing had been going on for fully six weeks, the Queen in the meanwhile having won dozens of acres of land, thousands of cocoanuts, 25 horses, four Waterbury watches, an antiquated sewing machine and six bolts of red flannel cloth. But one night her "hoodoo" came in the person of a shrewd Yankee sea captain, who had arrived on a trading ship with his schooner from Honolulu a couple of days before.

The captain not only understood the science of navigation, but in earlier years had been a professional card sharp in one of the large cities in the United States. It did not take him 20 minutes to discover that this South Pacific female Ah Sin was cheating at play by means of marked cards, she having cleverly marked every card in the pack by means of pin holes pricked in the tops and bottoms of each piece of pasteboard.

To read the hand of each of her opponents was thus an easy matter, while her innocent, dusky victims, although strongly suspicious that something was wrong, could not imagine where the trouble lay, and at the same time were afraid to withdraw from the game through fear of incurring the royal displeasure.

During the first night's play the Yankee skipper purposely lost $35 to Pomare, but secretly resolved to turn the tables on her majesty on the following evening, her confidence in the captain's unsuspicion being firmly settled. The fateful evening came, and with it the captain and a private pack of cards, also marked with pinholes, apparently in the same manner as the Queen's deck, and apparently resembling it in every way.

But while the pinholes in each of the Queen's cards were made to correspond with the spot on the face of the card, the captain advanced one pinhole for each spot on his cards.

On the eight spot, for instance, instead of their being eight pinholes in the card there were nine; in a nine spot, ten holes; in a ten spot, eleven; a jack was represented by a cross, a queen by a double cross, and a king by a circle.

Each mark was made large to be distinguished in the players' hands without difficulty, and the Queen's suspicions not being aroused there was little fear of discovery on the captain's part.

The game, which began with the Queen, the captain and three chiefs as players, soon consisted of but her majesty and the sailor, the others having dropped out by royal consent.

The deal came to the captain, and while the Queen's attention was momentarily directed elsewhere, he deftly substituted his own pack of cards for that of her majesty, who, quite unconscious of the way in which the tables had been turned upon her, made heavy bets, only to find herself beaten in every game.

The captain had gained over $200 of the royal gold, to the astonishment of the Queen and the onlookers, when he announced his intention to cease playing. To this the sovereign objected most vigorously, and insisted upon being given further chances to regain her lost wealth.

The sailor was at first obdurate, but finally consented to play a final game, the stakes to be the $200 he had won from the Queen, against which she was to wager her royal cloak of state.

This was a most magnificent affair, and one of the only three known to be in existence, the two others being one in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington and the other the property of Queen Kapiolani, the present ruler of Hawaii.

They are made of feathers from a bird long extinct in the islands of the South Pacific ocean. But two of these particular feathers grew on each bird, and as each cloak contains over 100,000 feathers, all sewed on together, and as the birds were the most difficult to capture, the value of each cloak may be appreciated. They are only used on occasions of great ceremony.

Queen Pomare violently objected to the captain's proposition, but finding that he would yield to no other terms, assented, feeling confident in the advantage which she felt convinced she possessed by reason of the marked cards, for, fully believing that her cheating had not been detected, her suspicions had not been aroused by previous losses, which was attributed to carelessness.

The cards were dealt, and the Queen played her hand most cautiously, but without avail. Her opponent read her cards as easily as though their faces, instead of their backs, had been held toward him.

Try as she would, the Queen could not score a point, and her wonderment gave way to helpless rage. The game came to an end at 1 o'clock in the morning, and the captain, with Pomare's $200 in his pocket and her priceless cloak under his arm, bade the assemblage a good night, and made all haste to his ship, which was lying in the harbor.

The Queen and her friends bewailed her misfortune and discussed the subject of her losses at length. In a moment of inspiration Pomare made a close examination of the captain's cards, which he had left behind. Then she discovered the cheat which had been practised upon her, and became wild with rage.

The news of the fraud was carried throughout Papeete, even at that late hour of the night, and the town was soon astir, the indignation of the natives being almost equal to that of the Queen, in the thought that the sacred cloak of state was in the possession of a foreigner and would probably be taken out of the country.

A trusted messenger was sent to the captain of the French man-of-war Magicienne, then in port, with a request that he use his authority to regain possession of the royal cloak.

He promised to do so early in the morning, and his assurance quieted the Queen and her people for the time being, but when daylight came no sign of the captain or his ship could be seen. Under cover of darkness, and with a favoring breeze he had quietly sailed away from Papeete.

To pursue would have been useless, for no one knew to which point of the compass the missing ship had gone, but the impression prevailed that she had sailed for the California or Mexican coast. Merchants in the principal cities along these coasts have been communicated with by the Tahitian authorities and empowered to purchase the cloak at any price should it be offered for sale, and hold it until a representative of the Tahitian government can arrive and redeem it.

Queen Pomare, by the way, has abjured card playing of all descriptions, and particularly casino.

## AN INTUITIVE PARROT.

### He Smells a Visitor's Breath and Administers a Severe Rebuke, Which is Duly Heeded.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Mrs. M. T., a well-known lady of Norfolk, owns a parrot known as Markoe, of which an amusing story is told. Mrs. T. bought the bird a year or two ago from a sailor, whose pet he had been for several voyages, and, shortly after purchasing him, became aware that Markoe had shared the convivial tastes of his first owner, and had a decided weakness for wine, and even something stronger.

She endeavored to break the parrot of the habit by allowing him to have no stimulants, but Markoe, when under their influence, was so clever and amusing that visitors often begged to give him a glass of wine for the pleasure of hearing him talk. The servants also often entertained themselves by making him drunk on beer, etc., so that Markoe was very often intoxicated, in spite of his mistress' disapproval.

On one occasion he had had some champagne from the lady's nephew, and was very hilarious when she said to him: "You're drunk, sir, and had better go away, I don't want to see you till you're over it." Upon this he slunk away and hid himself, feeling he was in disgrace, and also to sleep it off.

In a short time a gentleman coming to call on Mrs. T. was ushered into the room in which Markoe lay concealed. Presently the visitor heard a severe, displeased voice saying, "You're drunk, sir, and had better go away. I don't want to see you till you're over it."

He caught up his hat and was in the act of rushing from the room when Mrs. T. entered it, so he only made her a hasty bow and left the house. The lady had heard her words to the parrot repeated, and understanding that the caller had mistaken the voice for hers, was overwhelmed with dismay at what the gentleman must have thought of her discourteous and outrageous assertion, or, rather, accusation.

She looked for and soon discovered Markoe under the folds of a portiere which hung across the door by which she had entered the room. She was then about to write a note to her friend apologizing for the occurrence and explaining to him, though she feared he would scarcely credit the story, when to her amazement a servant brought her a note from the gentleman she was writing to, in which he stated that he acknowledged with humility that he had perhaps taken too much wine with his dinner, but had hoped in calling on her that she would not have detected it. As she had done so, however, he offered his most abject apologies and a prayer for forgiveness.

Mrs. T. declares she never told the story, but it leaked out in some unaccountable way, being really too good to be lost, and it is considered rather dangerous to mention parrots to the gentleman in question.

## WHAT HE DIDN'T HAVE.

### Three-Cornered Rat-Tail Files and a Lot of Other Common Articles.

[Detroit Free Press.]

He had a lot of fly traps strung over his shoulder, and, as he heaved in sight through the alley gate, the lady of the house saw him from the kitchen window and laid for him.

"Good afternoon, mum," he said, taking off the traps and spreading them at her feet as she stood in the doorway. "I have here a—"

"Yes, I see," she interrupted, "but I don't want them. Have you a machine that will make old eggs fresh again?"

"No, mum," replied the astonished pedler, "I—"

"Well, then, have you any freezers that will make warm ice cream?"

"No, mum; I—"

"No? Have you any recipes for making strong butter weak?"

"No, mum, but I—"

"No? Have you any scales that will make heavy bread light?"

"No'm, not to—"

"Indeed? Have you any spectacles for cross-eyed potatoes?"

"Well, mum, it's this way, you—"

"Certainly I do. Have you a nice, light straw hat for the head of the kitchen flour barrel?"

"No, I—"

"Gracious me," she exclaimed sharply, "what have you got, anyway. Nothing in the line of vats in which to tan a tomato skin, have you?"

The man began to gather his traps together hurriedly.

"What's the matter?" she asked pleasantly. "Aren't you going to let me have a—"

"Nothink, mum, nothink," he muttered, "except the whole back yard to yourself, and may Heaven bless you and keep you in it," and he fled out and slammed the alley gate as she smiled softly to herself and resumed her work peeling potatoes.

### Willie and His Grandma.

[Life.]

When Mr. William Hohenzollern of Prussia recently went to visit his grandmother in England, he appeared at first in the uniform of a British admiral. The next day he was in the uniform of the Corps Garde and wore a plumed helmet. Wales was disguised as a colonel of the Life Guards.

Queen Victoria is, among other things, a colonel of cavalry in the Prussian army, but she probably seldom appears in its costume. If on her next visit to Germany etiquette compelled her to parade in that garb the uniform would have to be made to order. The Queen is of a frugal turn and these costumes are expensive.

There is an idea in all this which our own royalty might adopt with very great effect. If President Harrison should appear in the morning, for instance, dressed as a sailor, and in the afternoon as a Spanish general, we are sure the American public would be very much pleased.

### The Finger Nail.

[Buffalo Commercial.]

Broad nails indicate a gentle, timid and bashful nature.

Pale or lead-colored nails indicate melancholy people.

People with narrow nails are ambitious and quarrelsome.

Small nails indicate littleness of mind, obstinacy and conceit.

Lovers of knowledge and liberal sentiment have round nails.

Choleric, martial men, delighting in war, have red and spotted nails.

Nails growing into the flesh at the points and sides indicate luxurious tastes.

### The Husband's Curiosity.

[Washington Post.]

"What nonsense is there?" he asked, as he looked over her shoulder at the paper she had in her hand. "Some fool dress pattern, I suppose."

"No," she replied, "it's a diagram of the pitcher's curves in base ball."

"Lemme see it as soon as you get through, will you?"

### A Budding Financier.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"Dot boy of mine ish going to make a goot business man," said Mr. Beckstein. "Yesterday I told him I vas going to leave all my broperty to him ven I died, und vat you s'pose he say to dot?"

"I don't know, Mr. Beckstein.

"Vell, he say he vill throw off 5 per cent. for spot cash."

### A Wise Child.

[Chicago Globe.]

Proud Father (showing off his boy before company)—My son, which would you rather be, Shakespeare or Edison?

Little Son (after meditation)—I'd rather be Edison.

Fond Father—Yes? Why?

Little Son—'Cause he ain't dead.

### Chappie and the Tramp.

[New York Herald.]

Dusty Rhodes—Couldn't you give me a lift? I have seen better days.

Chappie—I weally couldn't lift—weak kidneys, don't you know, but—aw—I quite agwee with you about the weather—beastly day.

### Both Staggered.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"The consumption of intoxicating liquors in this country staggers me," exclaimed a temperance orator from the platform.

"Me too," gurgled a man at the rear of the hall trying to hold himself up by the plastering.

## IT IS ALL IN YOUR EYE.

### Explanation of Stage Optical Illusions.

### The Ghost, the Beautiful Niobe, and Other Clever Tricks.

### How the Vanishing Lady Vanishes—A Startling Deception.

[London Invention.]

It has been reserved for its modern professors to raise the art of optical deception to the dignity of a scientific performance by availing themselves of modern discoveries in optics, pneumatics, electricity and other branches of knowledge presumably unknown to the ancient world.

The majority of the feats performed depend upon clever arrangements of reflecting or light-absorbing surfaces, which entirely deceive the eye at even very close quarters. But this field has very lately been intruded on by the addition or substitution of mechanical devices, by the aid of which apparent miracles are performed, rivalling the wonders recorded by Eastern travellers.

Pepper's ghost was based upon the simple principle that the image of any person or thing projected upon a reflecting surface with a dark background was refracted to apparently the same distance behind that surface—a result seen every day in an ordinary mirror, but owing its startling effect to the dark and hollow background which allowed a real person to apparently walk through the refracted image.

Some dozen years ago Mr. Pepper, in conjunction with Mr. Walker, invented the mysterious change trick, in which a man was apparently changed into a woman, and vice versa, on the stage in full view of the audience. This, like the "ghost," was a purely optical device, and was revivified with some modifications last year by another performer. Long previous to this the "talking head" had been successfully exhibited all over the world.

The spectator saw what was apparently a four-legged table standing on an empty stage. Upon this table was a human head, obviously attached to a body, as it was undoubtedly that of a live person; but how the body was concealed puzzled many thousands of spectators for a considerable time.

The next to succeed Prof. Pepper's first illusion, if we mistake not, was the "Beautiful Niobe," which consisted of an apparently human head turned to stone, which at the command of the exhibitor again became endowed with life, and was followed by the "Strange Lady," exhibited at the Royal Aquarium, and somewhat of the same order as the "Talking Head."

The lady reposes bodyless on three brass bars, and to prove that there is no deception Dr. Jennings opens the door at the back, through which an uninterrupted view can be obtained, proving that the illusion is not created by means of reflectors. Few ever succeed in discovering "how it is done," and the majority are even more puzzled by the "magic hand," shown at the same time, and which has frequently defied the scrutiny of even professional conjurers. Dr. Jennings was the first performer who started this class of entertainment at Westminster, and that it should have continued to be a success for so long a period is a strong testimony to its fascination.

Among the most notable examples of the deceptio visus that have from time to time startled the uninitiated are the inventions of a gentleman whose name may be quite unfamiliar to our readers, but whose productions have found their way to every part of the habitable globe.

The gentleman in question, Mr. J. H. Winston, unlike most performers, does not attach his name to the advertisements announcing his exhibitions, but he is well known to all professors of the mystic art as the inventor of all the illusions that have appeared at the Crystal Palace for some years past.

One of his first productions, "Thauma," he first produced at that place of entertainment in connection with the celebrated conjurer, Dr. Lynn, in 1884. This is probably the best known of Mr. Winston's inventions, as there is scarcely a city of importance in any part of the world where it has not been exhibited.

The solution of the mystery is ridiculously simple. It was once written: "The lady is placed upon an inclined plane, her head, shoulders and arms alone being visible. The plane on which her body lies is invisible in the darkness beneath.

"At the neck, however, begins a false bust, elegantly 'corsetted,' the waist of which touches the centre of the board on which her trunk is apparently swinging. The false bust is in the same perpendicular with her head, shoulders and arms, and she might be stabbed in the apparent region of the heart with the sharpest of daggers without sustaining the slightest injury."

Mr. Winston, however, states that the real explanation of the illusion is not quite so "ridiculously simple" as this writer appears to think. The explanation given above, if the anatomy of the lady, is "all right so far as it goes;" but the real secret lies in the production of the darkness below the waist.

Mr. Winston discovered a method of absorbing all rays of light falling upon the inclined plane and thus rendering it invisible, and it was by this means, and not merely by keeping the lower half of the lady "in the dark," that the illusion is really produced.

Among Mr. Winston's other productions may be mentioned "Ihdas," an improved kind of "Thauma," in which the darkness referred to above was converted into a blaze of light, a "vanishing lady" on a principle never used by any other performer, and the mysterious "She-who-must-be-obeyed," the secret of which has baffled expert exponents of "modern magic."

In the latter illusion the visitor sees before him, suspended in mid-air, a small brazen urn about six inches deep, and out of this small receptacle, which is said to contain the ashes of the terrible "white queen," but which would certainly not hold an ordinary sized baby, rises a full-grown lady, who demonstrates her substantiality by tapping the sides and bottom of the urn, and finally retires into the same narrow compass, leaving the amazed spectators vainly puzzling "how it's done." "Cleopatra; the Magic of the Ancient Egyptians Resuscitated and Restored," is another of this gentleman's inventions, and consists of a series of startling illusions and effects illustrative of Mr. Rider Haggard's novel of that name.

But of all Mr. Winston's productions the palm must certainly be awarded to his latest "Il Misterio Volante; or, The Maid of the Moon," produced at the Crystal Palace. The entire back of the stage is occupied by an immense moon, which is illuminated from behind.

The only object of this large transparent surface is to render it impossible for any opaque substance, however small or fine, such as wire or string, to be interposed between the audience and this transparency without its being at once detected by the sharp eyes of the spectators.

After a brief introduction, Mr. Winston leads his subject, a young lady about five feet six inches in height, on to the very front of the stage, within about six feet of the audience, and after putting her into a mesmeric trance she immediately ascends several feet and performs the most astonishing evolutions in mid-air at the bidding of the exhibitor.

Mr. Winston gives practical demonstration of the impossibility of the subject being supported by wires or strings, and considering that the whole exhibition takes place almost within reach of the audience, and eight or ten feet in front of the illuminated background, it would seem an impossibility to support the lady by mechanical means without its being at once apparent to the spectators.

A similar illusion was for some time exhibiting under the management of M. Carl Hertz, and many have regretted to find that it is now closed. It produced an excellent effect, but was not accomplished in quite the same manner as Mr. Winston's.

We have reserved until the last any special allusion to Mr. Maskelyne, who, this notwithstanding, is probably the doyen of inventors in the illusive art. This is the latest and certainly the most startling deception yet presented at that headquarters of mystery, the Egyptian Hall.

A well-grown young lady is placed in a cage of appropriate size, in full view of the audience, and this is placed on a wooden stand, previously handed round for examination by the audience, so as to negative the idea of its being possible to use a trap door.

The cage, with its occupant, is then covered with a thin silk cloth, just fitting the exterior; the performer keeps the attention of the audience for a few seconds while he is apparently adjusting the cloth, when he suddenly grasps it with his hands and cage and lady have vanished. This, of course, depends on mechanical as distinct from optical means, but it is none the less one of the most startling if not, as we are inclined to think, the very best ever offered to the London public.

Were we to turn to the East, there would be no lack of most interesting matter in this connection. The narrator of the following was himself an excellent amateur prestidigitateur:

The apartment being filled, the magicians began their performance. The audience sat on the floor about the fakirs, so that they had no way of concealing themselves or of hiding anything. At their request I examined them and satisfied myself that they had nothing about them.

Then one of the women stepped into the enclosure, the rest remaining behind the spectators, who formed a close ring about them. The light was now turned down a little and in a moment the woman's face began to be illuminated by a ghostly light that extended quickly over her entire body. She then began to move round and round, uttering a low murmuring sound the while, gradually quickening the pace until she was whirling like a top.

A moment of this, and the light that had clung about her seemed to be whirled off by centrifugal force and assumed a pillar-like form beside her.

As soon as this was accomplished she stopped, turned, and began to mould the light with her hand, and though I could distinctly see her hands move through the light as if it were a cloud, it began to assume human form. We saw the arms, hands and legs all moulded, and finally a face and headgear. She next called for a light, and the candles being relighted, there stood an utter stranger, a native seemingly evolved out of cloudland.

He stepped forward and grasped me by the hand; his hands were moist, as if with perspiration, and he was a very healthy spirit. After he had talked and drunk a glass of arrack he took his place beside the woman again and began to whirl about.

The lights were dimmed, but not so that we could not see, and in a few moments the figure began to fade, soon assuming the appearance of a pillar or form of light, and then attached itself to the woman, and seemingly being absorbed by her. All this was done in a very short space of time, before the eyes of at least 50 people, and not 10 feet from myself. The girl appeared greatly exhausted afterwards.

Now this would be explained by the Spiritualist as a materialization, and by the Psychical Society as some new sense or power, etc., but, between you and me, who know that all things can be explained by cold facts, it was merely a clever trick, so skilfully done that I did not discover it in any other way or shape.

## NOT OVER BRIGHT.

### The Princess of Wales is Beautiful and Sweet and All That, but Very Obtuse at Times.

[Illustrated American.]

New Yorkers who took in the early Paris and London seasons, are now at home again, handsomely equipped for Newport, have much to say of that ceaselessly interesting personage, the Princess of Wales, whose beauty and virtues the English public never weary of lauding. She has, it seems, been more than usually en evidence this summer, and a few favored Americans met her socially a number of times.

They all agree as to her aristocratic loveliness, and readily assert her superior moral worth, but as one very emphatic woman put it: "She is absolutely the lowest minded and least interesting individual I have ever met.

"Nor," she continued, "do I give this as a merely personal opinion. All of the princess' warmest admirers who have access to her society whisper the same thing behind their fans. She is a beautiful, sweet-tempered, gentle-hearted doll, without even the ordinary amount of intellect. Men invariably lose their hearts to her refined and charming face, but it requires actual muscle to keep this enthusiasm if her royal highness is gracious in yielding more than passing attention. Conversationally she is nil, and is not bright enough to seize even the most ordinary opportunities. In fact, so unfortunate have been several contretemps brought by this mental obtuseness that a keen-witted lady in waiting is ever ready to watch the turn of events and give the princess her cue.

"To illustrate what I mean," added the narrator, "a trifle of the kind came up at Ascot one day during the races. Her highness, surrounded by the well-behaved, substantial element that her really admirable qualities attract, was smiling amiably and making a very ideal picture of queenly dignity and beauty. Things went well until a nobleman, whose recent conduct demanded a direct cut by the court, had the audacity to press forward and seek the recognition of the princess.

"Whether absent-mindedness or ability to act her role was the cause, Alexandra leaned a trifle forward and was about to concede the honor of her salutation, when quick as a flash the prompter at her elbow whispered: 'Your lorgnon—erect—quick! look across the field!' Accustomed as the princess is to such discipline, only the sharpest eyes could detect the inspiration of the royal lady's haughty stiffening of her neck and cool stare above and beyond the duke's flushed and enraged face."

## THE LEGEND OF NEW RIVER.

### How Water Came in the Desert After a Child's Prayer.

[A Pioneer of '49 in Hartford Courant.]

In the early fifties a party of emigrants on their way to the gold fields of California by the southern route, via the Gila river, crossed the Colorado by the ferry left by Graham in 1848, "and struck out on the desert for the land of promise. The trail was well defined by abandoned wagons and the bones of horses, mules, and human beings.

Struggling through the yielding sand, the thermometer at 120°, wheels falling apart, animals dying from heat and thirst, they on the second night out halted some 10 miles from "Cook's well," with the water in their kegs exhausted. Tradition states that a little 10-year-old girl was heard praying in one of the wagons for water:

It states that in her childlike faith she said: "Oh, good Heaenly Father, I know that I have been a very naughty, naughty girl, but oh! dear, I am so very thirsty, and mamma, papa and the baby all want to drink so much. Do, good God, give us water, and I will never, never be naughty again."

The gaunt, half-starved, desperate men gathered around the wagons, discussing how and what movement to make to save their lives and their dear ones, with no thought of gold now, and listened to the humble petition. One voiced the rest and said, "May God grant it!"

Soon the voice of the little child, in cheerful accent, sounded clear in the silent night, "O mother! mother! get me water; oh, I can hear it running; oh, do get some for baby and me!" They thought her delirious from her sufferings, when suddenly a babel of sounds broke forth from the oxen and mules, all frantic and endeavoring to break loose from the wagon poles.

A rustling noise called their attention to a slight depression near the wagons, and on investigating the cause, they found water gushing up out of the sand, sweet, clear, but warm. Their sufferings were over, and they reached the mines better and wiser for this interposition, as they firmly believed, of Divine Providence.

This spring continued to flow, running due north for 20 miles, then was lost in the sand. In places it was over two miles wide and from four to 20 feet deep. When immigration in 1851 moved by the isthmus and the northern route, the miraculous water disappeared, as its mission was accomplished and its divine work done.

But the memory of the "New River," that was caused by a sand bar below Yuma, will long be remembered by survivors of the thousands benefited by it in 1850-51.

### No Left-Handed Stem-Winders.

[Waynesboro True Citizen.]

A left-handed darky bought a stem-winding watch from one of our young men. After having the watch in his possession for several days he brought it back to him, saying that it was no good, as it would not run in spite of all his persistent efforts to wind it up. The young man, after examining the watch, turned the stem, and the watch at once began ticking.

The negro could not for the life of him understand why the thing would not run for him, though he had been so faithful in winding it up. The inquiring mind of the young man, to the astounding bewilderment of the darky, told him the trouble, which was that no left-handed nigger could run a stem-winder.

With his left hand he had been turning the wrong way all the time. He went home firmly convinced that his watch would ignore his left hand every time, and it would only run when manipulated by a man using his right hand.

### The Old Man's Darling.

[Life.]

She—Would you believe it?—that vicious little Mrs. Weston has taught her baby to call its father "grandpa."

He—What did she do that for?

She—So that Weston shan't forget that he is old enough to be her father.

### He Wanted to Make Sure.

[Puck.]

Bridegroom (to minister)—How much will it be?

Minister—That depends upon how much you think it is worth.

Bridegroom—Well, I think it is worth $20,000; but I'll come around in a few days and see you.

### By Instalments.

[Puck.]

Miss Prentice—What do all those signs I see in the cars mean? How do you "Get a Home on the Instalment Plan?"

Tom Dewitt—First you get a house, then you get a wife, and then—the other instalments complete the home.

### The Indulgent Friend.

[Life.]

Bingham—Carson, you must excuse my tardiness; just as soon as I get hold of that 100 you borrowed I can pay you that 50 I owe you.

Carson—Tut! tut! Don't mention it.

## TYPEWRITER'S MEMORIES.

### She Had Bravely Withstood Many Temptations,

### But She Finally Succumbed and Accepted an Offer of Marriage.

### Her Strange Experiences and the Men She Met in Her Work.

[New York Sun.]

She had been a typewriter, and now she was a bride, seated in her own cosy home in the suburbs and surveying all the handsome appointments of the place with the proud eye of wifely ownership. She was talking over her experiences while she was working for her living before a writing machine.

"For years," said she, "I was the best operator in a large office from which girls were sent out to take down at dictation whatever the customers of the firm wanted to have written. I must have been to many hundreds of offices and stores and studios and houses, and if any one knows the risks and temptations and trials of a typewriter's life I am the one."

Her brown eyes widened and then sparkled with amusement, as her full, rosy lips were pursed up to begin another sentence. Her beauty of face and of form lent an added emphasis to the thought that she must have had "experiences" which many a plainer girl would not have suffered or provoked.

"I had a man chase me around and around a table one time," said she. "He was a portly, dignified old man, the father of a family. I became so wise that I easily and early scented the possibility of a disagreeable adventure, and was on my guard against it.

This man was too dignified to do anything violent, but he had a look in his eyes and a way of edging nearer and nearer to where I sat, that I took fright and edged away from him as often as he moved his chair. It was the funniest experience I ever had. We sat at a big table, but, nevertheless, I went all the way along all its four sides with him nudging along beside me.

I did my work all right, but it was of no earthly use when it was done, for his wits were so scattered and he was so confused that he talked the veriest nonsense. The next day he came to the office and picked out a very old-maidish and prim operator, whose natural expression of face would sour a pail of milk. To her he succeeded in dictating what he wanted, which was an argument in a law case.

"The only actual indignity that I suffered was when a young man pinched my cheek. He did it so deliberately and it was so unexpected that I did not know what to say or do. Of course I stood right up and scrunched my notebook into a roll in my hand. Then I started to say that I should be obliged to return to my employer and report what had happened, but he was as much frightened as I, and, with his face just as red as a peony, he stood in front of me and prevented my going a step.

He made a full apology, and ended it with a promise that no such thing should occur again. He called in a clerk and gave him something to do in the room. I forgave him, but with such hesitation and so black a look that he was pretty well frightened.

Other girls had told me so many stories of men apologizing by offering them five or 10 dollar bills, that I half expected him to try that method, but he was too much of a gentleman. I often took work at his dictation afterward, and he was as meek as pie every time. I noticed, though, that there was always a clerk in the room, and that the clerk always remained the whole time.

"You don't know what a pleasant thing it is for a girl to find a second man in an office to which she is sent to do work. I know that lots and lots of lawyers and business men make it a rule never to be left alone with a woman one minute in their business places. You may say that it is very embarrassing and humiliating to think that this is done through fear that you are an adventuress and are feared for the evil designs that you may have, yet after a girl or woman has had a little experience she comes to be as much afraid of strange men as they are of her, and she looks upon the man's clerk as her own protector."

"You say many a girl has had money offered to her in lieu of an apology—are such things so common as all that?"

"Not at all," the ex-typewriter replied. "I said 'many girls,' because I have known certainly a hundred typewriter girls that have passed through the establishment where I was employed, and their experience and my own covered all the time that women have been engaged in that sort of work.

"Such things as we are speaking of used to happen much more frequently when it was a new thing for girls to go about the downtown offices. The men did not know how to treat them at first, I think. They did not reflect that the very fact that the young lady was in the business was a proof that she was a young lady, and was to be treated as such.

"You see, it's this way: There are typewriting schools that promise to fit girls out in a few weeks, or in three months, or some such time. They don't do it, and can't do it, as many a girl has found out. It really takes a year oftener than not, because, while the machine is easy to master, the least part of it is to master it.

"After that nothing but hard work and long application will make a quick writer, and then a girl is no good until she has got quite an education in spelling, punctuation and in legal forms, for lawyers are the main employers. Added to all this a girl has got to have wide general information, so as to know how to spell all common proper names, geographical names and all the rest.

"I'm telling you all this so that you will understand that no frivolous or fast girl is going to go to all that trouble, and no such girls are to be found among typewriters, at least I have never known one or heard of one. But men did not know that at first, and at that time adventures were more frequent.

Within the last year or two I seldom give a thought to the possibility of insult, and not a ripple of masculine misbehavior disturbed my experiences. The only nuisances were those men who wanted to have a social as well as business acquaintance with us young ladies."

"How was that?"

"Why, they wanted to know if they could not take a drive, or go to the theatre, or dine out with us. I suspect that is the way that the idle and mischievous ones now take for finding out the characters of the girls that are sent to them. I was constantly meeting with that experience when I took work from the younger men. After a great deal of 'a-heming' and 'humphing,' I would be asked if I had seen Dixey, or Francis Wilson, or Mansfield, and then out came the invitation to do so, or to ride, or to go to Delmonico's.

"I always made one reply; I always said that I never accepted such invitations except from callers at my home, and then only with permission from my parents."

"What then?"

"Why, that settled it—except in one case. One great goose replied that if that was so he would feel honored if he might know my address, so that he could call and be entitled to ask me out. I never did another bit of typewriting for him. Can you guess why? It was because he came to call on me that night, and from that night he could never bear to think I was working for a living.

"He called twice a week for six months, and at last once a week we went out of an evening, and all the time he groaned because I would keep on working for my bread and butter.

He was such a thorough goose. To prove what a silly fellow he was, and to make sure that I should stop working and not starve to death, he married me at the end of six months, for I am speaking of my husband, the only man I knew who sincerely and truly felt the interest in me which so many expressed."

Here the ex-typewriter drew a long, sighing breath and said: "And he put an end to all my 'experiences' with strange men and miscellaneous offices."

### A Very Cheap Tenement.

[Philadelphia Times.]

It is related as an actual occurrence in the outskirts of Vienna that a wood-ranger in going through one of the parks of his noble master, noticed tobacco smoke coming from a hollow sort of a den under the stump of a big tree. Naturally he came to the conclusion that it was the residence of some human being, and just as naturally he determined on investigating. He accordingly yelled down the cavity, and in response he was rather surprised to see an elderly person, in the garb of a country mechanic, come to the light of day.

"Who are you?" he asked in astonishment.

"I'm a bricklayer from just outside the city. My name is Ewald."

"And what are you doing here?"

"Since rents have gone so high there I thought it cheaper to come out here and live."

The ranger whistled and then inquired:

"Is there anybody with you?"

"Certainly there is. Becky, rise to the surface."

This command was followed by the vision of an old woman, the counterpart in all possible essentials of her husband.

"My better half," said the bricklayer, by way of introduction.

"And is there perhaps anybody else in there?" suggested the keeper, more and more struck by these revelations.

"Yes, Hetty is there."

"Ah, yes. Hetty. Your daughter, I suppose."

"Daughter? Not a bit of it. It's a young lady my wife has taken in charge to teach housekeeping."

## BRIC-A-BRAC.

### Wants the Earth.

[Woman's World.]

Man wants but little here below.
He is not hard to please;
But woman—bless her little heart—
Wants everything she sees.

### Why He Was Cast Down.

[Puck.]

I painted well her portrait,
And she cried aloud with glee:
"Oh, won't the family be surprised
When I tell 'em that it's me!"

### A Bathing Incident.

[New York Press.]

The pretty maidens shout with glee
As into the brine they trip,
And romp and play in the rippling sea
While taking their morning dip.
But their mirth subsides and they stand aghast
As they hear the shrieks of woe,
Which tell that a crab is making fast
To a luckless maiden's toe.

### A Boy's Conclusion.

[R. K. Munkittrick.]

Beneath the breezy bough
The cow
Is now a happy rover,
Adown the sloping dell
A bell
She's ringing in the clover.

It truly puzzles me
To see
Just why she should be swinging
That bell that ever keeps
The deeps
Of daisy-land a-ringing.

It goes the whole day long
Ding-dong
And makes my nerves unsteady;
I think she rings that bell
To tell
Her calf that dinner's ready.

### Beside Her Hammock.

[Madeline S. Bridges in Puck.]

The warm leaf-shadows fleck her face and hair
And waver down to kiss her feet, and then,
No doubt, go wavering off some other where,
While I—how blest above a world of men!—
I am allowed to sit, and gently stir
Her hammock, now and then, and talk to her.

But too much bliss, in man's imperfect state,
Ceases ere long, to bless; hence, as I swing,
I'm silently rebelling against Fate
And getting very weary of this thing;
And yet I sit and smile, the while I yearn
For some one else to come and take a turn.

Still, there's one thought which makes me almost gay—
To know that other fellows fret and pine
And grind their teeth, watching this hammock sway.
They little dream that I am grinding mine;
And so life goes, and never can one guess
How much is real of seeming happiness.

### Summer Sillies.

[New York Commercial Advertiser.]

There's the ingenue girl in the tight bathing suit,
That's awfully down in the deck,
Who lolls on the strand, with a book in her hand,
And a soft youth or two at her beck.
She's silly, no doubt, to suppose that she'll pass
For an innocent lambkin just turned out to grass
The fact is, she's 40, and wrinkles, alas,
Are coming to view in her neck.

There's the swimmer that plunges far out in the sea
And scorns all the lifeguards and lines,
Smites his brown breast in pride, and says "Just look at me,
The sea and the billows are mine!"
All eyes thereupon are on him only set,
And when he's got as far as they think he can get,
The guards yank him laughingly out of the wet,
And empty his bosom of brine.

There's the fat dame in diamonds, whose cabriolet
Goes past like a Welsh rarebit dream,
On circus parade about three times a day,
And whose rouge is toned down by cold cream.
There's the tennis young man, with his leglets and hat,
And the baseballing maid and the comical brat
Who recites "Angel Faces" and mimics a cat—
Oh, they're a wonderful strong summer team.

### To a Sea Mew.

[Algernon Charles Swinburne.]

Our dreams have wings that falter;
Our hearts bear hopes that die;
For thee no dream could better
A life no fears may fetter,
A pride no care can alter,
That wots not whence or why;
Our dreams have wings that falter,
Our hearts bear hopes that die.

With joy more fierce and sweeter
Than joys we deemed divine.
Their lives, by time untarnished,
Are girt about and garnished,
Who match the wave's full meter,
And drink the wind's wild wine
With joy more fierce and sweeter
Than joys we deem divine.

Ah, well were I forever,
Wouldst thou change lives with me,
And take my soul's wild honey,
And give me back thy sunny
Wide eyes that weary never,
And wings that search the sea!
Ah, well were I forever,
Wouldst thou change lives with me.

### Metempsychosis.

[W. E. Henley.]

Or ever the knightly years were gone
With the old world to the grave,
I was a King in Babylon;
And you were a Christian slave.

I saw, I took, I cast you by;
I bent and broke your pride.
You loved me well, or I heard them lie,
But your longing was denied.

Vaguely I knew that by and by
You cursed your gods and died.

And a myriad suns have set and shone
Since then upon the grave
Decreed by the King of Babylon
To her that had been his slave.
The pride I trampled is now my scathe,
For it tramples me again;
The old resentment lasts like death,
For you love, yet you refrain.
I break my heart on your hard unfaith,
And I break my heart in vain.

Yet not for an hour do I wish undone
The deed beyond the grave,
When I was a king in Babylon
And you were a virgin slave.

### On the Wings of the Wind.

[Fedora Bell in Chambers' Journal.]

Dear idle summer winds that softly blow
Across the lea,
I love a maid, and fain would have her know
Sweet thoughts of me.

So let me fetter you with strong desire
For my behest,
Then wing your way, and light a loving fire
Within her breast.

Go, murmur through the pine trees, soft and low,
In mournful tone,
Until she sighs—then whisper: "Thus in woe
He walks alone."

Go, dash her lattice with the sea's salt tears,
Nor ever rest
Until she weeps—then whisper: "So do fears
Assail his breast."

Go, shake the heather blooms, and make them ring
Each rosy bell
Until she laughs—then whisper: "They but sing
'He loves thee well.'"

Go, waft the sound, if marriage church bell ring
A glad refrain,
Then—if she speaks—oh, bear it on your wings
To me again!

### On the Pier.

[Emma A. Opper in Travelers Record.]

So dim the moonless night, I mark
Only the pale sky rounding to
The water, still and deep and dark,
A shroud on its day-blue.

The salt wind cools my cheek. I hear
A-many sounds, lonely and faint,
Like voices from a distant sphere:
A night-crow's echoed plaint;

The drowsy rhythmic swish and play
Of the stilled waves that rear and sink
Under my feet; and far away
The bell-buoy. I could think

The world shuts in with grim, cold hand
Only the waves, the dark, and me;
So could I dream, and shudder, and
Shrink from Eternity.

Nay! There are lights along the shore.
Hark!—and I hear the pulsing beat
Of music, where swings wide a door—
All but the tread of feet;

And where beckons, where beams the light
Breaks an answering star above.
Loneliness is there? is there Night?
So are there Life and Love!

# LET'S GO SWIMMING.

## Take the Girls, too, for They Float Better than Men.

### How and Why People Drown and Do Not Drown.

### A Man who Has Saved 53 Lives Tells all He Knows About the Water.

WHAT is there more enjoyable, more healthful, more invigorating, more exhilarating, than a plunge in the briny waves, and to swim gracefully and well?

While there is not as much bathing and swimming along the New England coast, north of Cape Cod, as there should be, still the number here who dip and swim is by no means small. The number should be greater, however, for our beaches offer as good opportunities for bathing and swimming as any other on the Atlantic coast. Here the water, although a few degrees colder, brings better results. The temperature of the waters of New England from the middle of June until the middle of September, is, as a rule, warm, but they have not the warmth of those at Long Branch, for instance, where they are almost tepid. Theirs is a real, healthy warmth that requires a little exercise in order fully to enjoy them and obtain healthful results.

The fear of catching cold, which restrains so many New Englanders at the shore, is all nonsense. There is no reason why a bather should take cold except through his own carelessness. Bathing, and particularly swimming, cleanses the skin, opens the pores, and gives tone and vigor to the whole organism. It is, therefore, a preventive of colds. Careless persons will take colds, and all the more frequently, when they neglect to bathe.

There are rules, however, for bathing just as essential as those in regard to eating and drinking. It is not well to enter the water immediately after a meal. If from mental or physical labor you feel exhausted, rest before going into the water.

"Cooling off" while undressed is contrary to all good sense. Cool off before undressing; never leave the skin unprotected. If the action of the heart and the respiration have become normal after exercise, a warm or even moist skin need not prevent you from plunging into the water, but on the contrary it enables you to enjoy your bath all the more.

Do not stand still in the water or leave it to rest. Keep moving and always keep the body submerged. In this way chills may be prevented. When tired, leave the water, rub yourself well with a towel until dry, and then dress.

More bathers are, perhaps, injured by remaining in the water too long than by any other cause. By overtaxing the physical energies the reaction is rendered slow and imperfect. A little exercise before bathing and a good deal after bathing is very essential.

**All You Need is Faith.**

In the essential part of swimming, that is the keeping of the head above the water, there is really no skill required. Faith in the sustaining power of the water is the only secret, and if the novice will remember a few simple rules he will not sink below the surface.

Remember first of all to keep the hands and feet below and near the surface, and immerse the whole body up to the chin.

Curve the spine in and throw the back of the head upon the shoulders.

Bulk for bulk the body of an ordinary human being is about the same as that of the same bulk of water. There are, however, two exceptional portions—the head, which is somewhat heavier, and the chest which is somewhat lighter than an equal bulk of water. Any one will, therefore, see that it is most essential to support the former upon the latter, as well as to make the water support both as much as possible. By curving the spine and throwing the back of the head upon the shoulders, the heavy, solid mass of the brain is supported by the air in the chest.

As to the mouth, it matters not whether it is kept above or below the surface. The chief object in hollowing the back is that it aids the swimmer to float well and keep the nostrils out of the water.

Move the limbs quietly. A good swimmer is at once distinguished by the ease and quietude of his movements. The arms sweep about in the water equably, flung out to their fullest extent, and are drawn up for every stroke without the least hurry. The slow stroke is the very essence of good swimming. The racing stroke, of course, is not in consideration, for that must of necessity be quick and powerful.

The beginner should first become familiar with the buoyant power of the water, and to acquire this it would be well for him to walk out into it until it is breast high, and then, turning about, launch himself or make a "scoop" towards the shore with arms and legs extended at full length. There is no danger in doing this where there are no currents, rolling billows or undertow, for one can easily, in this depth, plant his feet on the bottom whenever he wishes. This should be repeated several times, after which a little practice in the stroking—the movements of the arms and legs—and with the necessary self-confidence, these things will give one a mastery.

Once able to swim the breast stroke, all other methods of swimming are at hand, and require but little practice to learn.

But the knowledge of the supporting power of the water constitutes the groundwork of all efforts in swimming or in self-preservation from drowning.

**Women Swim Better Than Men.**

There is no argument for a man learning to swim which does not apply equally to women. Women make strong and graceful swimmers. In fact, they float better than men, and, therefore, should learn to swim more readily.

The records of the humane societies, on both sides of the Atlantic, show that of late years a fair proportion of their medals fall to girls. There were several instances of rescue from drowning last summer by girls under 20 years of age. Indeed, many women have become accomplished swimmers. This is but natural, since their bones are generally lighter than those of men, and their flesh more buoyant.

They have less difficulty in acquiring the art. Most of them could float at their first attempt if they would but acquire the requisite faith in the power of the water to hold them up.

Swimming with women is faith, and nothing more nor less, for if a young lady but trusts her precious body to the water, lo! she is a swimmer. There are young girls at the beaches this summer who can float on the surface of the ocean with no more difficulty than they experience in lying upon a sofa. They can float for hours if necessary. Some of the most famous swimming feats have been accomplished by young women.

Women drown more quickly than men. They lose confidence and their senses in half the time a man does. Women, physically, are generally weaker than men, but when being rescued they grip in most cases harder than men. A woman can cling much closer on land than a man can, and the rule holds good under water. It is easier to save 10 men than one excited woman.

**Look Out for the Undertow.**

Of the many dangers to young swimmers and bathers the undertow is one of the worst. Every wave that rolls up from the sea and breaks on the gently sloping beach has in it the elements of the undertow.

As soon as the wave expends its force, the waters begin to recede and sweep away under the succeeding wave, which runs over it, and breaking, follows its predecessor. This is what is known as the undertow; the better name would be undercurrent.

To one struggling in the undertow it seems for a moment as if the sand were running away from under his feet, and no fast hold could be obtained. Every bather has experienced this sensation, and it makes the timid gasp with terror.

The undertows at our New England beaches are not particularly dangerous to bathers, unless it is just after a storm, when the waters are the roughest, and even then they are not so bad as they are represented.

At the beaches in the vicinity of Boston, when the water is calm, one can advance to his armpits without danger of being carried away, but when there is a heavy surf or swell on, the latter particularly, the undertow is sometimes very dangerous on account of the formation of the beaches.

When the tide is on the flood and rolling in, it is a much easier matter to swim against than with it. The undertow assists the swimmer in going out, but resists his progress back to the shore. The way in which all good swimmers combat this current is to ride each incoming wave without swimming, a momentary rest being thus obtained, and when dropping into the trough of the sea and undertow by spurting themselves until the gradual rise of the next wave is reached, when they repeat the floating again.

**How it Feels to Drown.**

Speaking of drowning, who has not heard remarks like these: "Drowning is an easy death; to die by drowning is pleasant; sweet music rings in the ears of the drowning," etc., etc.

These ideas are all fallacious, for death by submersion in water, in almost all cases, is frightful.

I have had several drowning experiences, and have been, so to speak, more than once on the very brink of eternity, and I have learned that a death of this kind is most horrible. Once I was down so long that when rescued it required 45 minutes' work to revive me, and I assure you that my stay under water was anything but pleasant. On this particular occasion I was diving and was caught between two spiles which were joined together like an inverted V. I was wedged in back upwards and firmly held by the strong current of the Charles. I struggled hard to free myself, but my efforts were futile.

I tried to swim downwards, upwards and straight forward, but my position remained unchanged. I could hold my breath no longer; choking, and with a heavy pressure on my head and body, I was forced to expel the air from my lungs. Then I began to smother.

Something must be done, and quickly too, or I should die. I continued to struggle; there was a frightful pressure on my head. It increased, and my skull seemed to be splitting in pieces, while my face felt as if it were afire and about to burst.

I suffered the greatest agony.

Frightful noises rang in my ears. My whole past rose before my mind like a panorama. I thought of home, friends and everything dear to me. I prayed that I might be free.

Soon the pressure on my head and chest increased, and the pains also. Everything began to grow dark. "What is eternity, and where am I going?" flashed across my mind. The noises grew to the volume of thunder, and I swooned.

I had been under water not much longer than two minutes when I was rescued; yet I had passed through a century of torture.

**A Strange Fact.**

It sounds strange, nevertheless it is a fact that the bodies of men drowned are always found floating face downward, the back exposed from the waist to the shoulders, the head hanging, while the bodies of drowned women are found floating with face towards the sky, the back of the head resting upon the shoulders and the breast and lower part of the face upon the surface.

The reason for this is easily explained. The head and brain of a man are heavier than those of a woman, while his body is not as buoyant; therefore his peculiar position.

The trunk of a woman, in the main, is flesh, and her flesh is more buoyant than that of a man. The great buoyancy of her breast causes the head to fall backward when rising to the surface, and she is invariably found in the position described.

**Rescuers Never Rewarded.**

It is a strange fact that persons rescued from drowning are generally ungrateful to their rescuers, and seem to have little appreciation of the desperate chances taken to save them.

This strange ingratitude has received much consideration from psychologists and others. They find that persons rescued from drowning have such a horror of the drowning that they detest everything connected with it. Then again, many of them feel as if they ought to reward their preservers, and, not having anything of value to give them, they avoid them as much as possible. Others, through sheer selfishness, will neither reward nor recognize the rescuer.

When Capt. William H. Daily, the noted life-saver of California, went before a notary public to swear to the truth of his statement in a report he was making to Congress concerning his rescues, and by which he was to obtain the national medal for life saving, the notary public, whom Daily had rescued from drowning at the risk of his own life, charged him 50 cents for the service. He was a rich man, too, while the heroic Daily was poor.

At one time, Daily, wishing to prove that rescued persons were ungrateful, took a newspaper man with him and called upon a man whom he had rescued and asked a slight favor of him—I think it was a pass over a railroad. He was promptly refused, and told by the official that, even though he owed his life to him, he did not feel as if he was obligated to him for performing an action that any brave man would do under the circumstances.

Once, Daily, after a long illness, wanted to borrow $50 from a man whose three children he had rescued at great peril and after severe labor. The man, and a millionnaire, refused!

Women who have been saved from death by drowning almost invariably cross to the other side of the street, or turn their attention to window displays, if their preserver happens along.

Cornelius Roach, the brave ferry hand, has never but once received grateful acknowledgment for a rescue from those whom he has saved from watery graves.

### What Bernhardt Has Earned.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

What are the earnings of a theatrical star? a French contemporary asks, and points out that in the case of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt the "takings" of a quarter of a century have amounted to 6,516,000 francs, to which, after her return from her present tour in America, another 2,000,000 francs may confidently be added. When the "divine Sarah" began her career at the Comedie Francaise in 1867, it was at a very modest salary indeed, and even in 1872, at the Odeon, she only earned 200 francs a month. Eight years later she made 100,000 francs during a short tour in France, and in 1881 her first European tour, during which she played Frou-Frou, Adrienne Lecouvreur and Hernani, brought her 250,000 francs. Then came the first American tour, whence she returned with a clear profit of the sum of 600,000 francs, and henceforth the flow of the hundred thousands has never ceased. Considering that poor Corneille in his old age had not the wherewithal to buy a pair of shoes, one may well be surprised at the progress of civilization as expressed in the fortunes paid to a tragic actress.

# THE GRANGE.

### Read by Mrs. Phineas Whitcomb at the Union Meeting of the Cheshire Pomona Grange and the Fitzwilliam Grange, New Hampshire, May I.

Masters, stewards, lecturers, overseers,
Chaplains, singers, one and all,
Members of these worthy granges,
To whom these lines may fall.
Surrounded by this cultured band,
With Fitzwilliam's sons and daughters true,
Standing on memory's hallowed ground,
Why should I read to you?
Fitzwilliam, from thy fair hillsides,
Women and men, in former days,
Went forth, who, still with loyal life,
Proclaim thy worth, thy praise.
While others from the sparkling spring,
Rich draughts of eloquence might draw,
Yet cheerfully my song I sing.
"Mother," not mine-in-law,
Proudly thy history we relate,
Thou gem of the old Granite State.
Journeying from city to town,
Wandering up, and wandering down,
Turning eastward, or moving west,
Thy claims to beauty are all confessed
By friend and tourist, by son or guest.
Whether viewed by moonlight, or by day,
Up from the valley these whispers stray.
By thy children 'tis oft confessed
Here, where Monadnock's feet doth rest,
Here is the dearest place and best.
Why should we tarry to declare
Thy gifts and charms? the very air
Doth bear incense of hope and pride,
By thy winter beauty quite justified.
Thine age (excuse me) thou art old as earth.
Still just awaking to know thy worth,
Perhaps thou hast lessened thy forest charms
Since the pale-face came to thy sheltering arms.
Perhaps his axe brought waste more dire
Than ever the Indian's forest fire.
Yet, "Mother Fitzwilliam," thy hands unseen
Have flung o'er thy hills a mantle green;
Thy flocks still thrive, thy fields still smile,
Thy woods are growing all the while;
Thy strength thou has lent to every zone,
Thy children firm, like the granite stone;
The love of progress, of helpful change,
Has moved thy people to join the Grange.
No more delightful task is found
Than those enjoy who till the ground,
The first employment set by God,
When man's first couch was Eden's sod.
His promise was to those who toil;
His was the fruitage of the soil.
God's promise hath not suffered change;
We well may pray, "God bless the Grange."
We count our growing numbers now
Blessings, in basket, and in store;
Blessings in all things, great or small,
Sincerely we desire for all.
Here let us "seeds of kindness" sow,
And harvests rich in friendship grow.
No discord break the mystic pledge,
Which shields us like a flowering hedge.
May each to each a helper be,
In charity and harmony;
While we fraternally abide,
We'll hope to bless the world outside;
Like slender twigs, securely bound,
It shall appear to all around
That, verily (as here we teach),
Each faithful Granger strengthens each.
The burdens, and the anxious care
Our master feels, we'll seek to share.
Each field of usefulness we'll till,
And thus the law divine fulfill.
And where our ripened sheaves are bound,
'Tis one by one may each be found,
Bringing life's grains to His rich store,
That "Master" whom we all adore.

# HAVE YOU SEEN HER?

### She is Just as Tall as Mamma and Much Slighter.

You meet her on the avenue every fine morning with her wavy hair brushed to the last degree of glossy sheen, her fresh-tinted face and sparkling eyes, and dressed with quaint precision in her French coat of heavy corded silk in pale gray, blue or green if she is fair, or sombre black if the curls and eyes beneath her broad-brimmed hat are of dusky brown or black. The hat, according to the Sun, will be of open lacy straw, with the brim so heavy with waving plumes that it dips in picturesque curves about her face, or else hidden beneath a perfect shower of wild roses and daisies, violets and corn flowers, carelessly trailing and crowding and nodding as if they had taken up their abode there of their own sweet will. She is "just as tall as mamma" and a great deal slighter. The sweet face, so full of questioning interest and wonder, with its wide, childish eyes and full red lips, perhaps is cast in the same mould as mamma's, too, but it is as glad and free from care or pain as a rose bush on a wayside bank. The color leaps up into the cheeks if you speak to her, and she will offer you her faultlessly gloved hand with a pretty, shy demureness, lacking the frankness of childhood no less than the savoir faire of young ladyhood. The long heavy coat will be fastened in front with dull silver buttons of antique pattern, and the full front drawn up on one shoulder through an old silver buckle. The small hands will be covered with a glove of light dogskin, made after the same pattern as those her big brother wears, and the boots, buttoned about the slender ankles, will be of patent leather, with cloth tops. She will walk better than mamma, because she is devoted to athletics and dancing, which gives a proud poise to the curly head on the square shoulders, litheness to the erect figure, and lightness to the quick footsteps.

### A Conundrum Lunch.

[Denver Republican.]

Under the curious title of "Conundrum Lunch" the Ladies' Aid Society of the Sons of Veterans, Abe Lincoln Camp, gave a pleasant entertainment at 1808 Curtis st. last evening. The feast began at 5.30 o'clock and puzzles were served in every conceivable style known to culinary artists. The diners had an amusing time giving their orders and guessing what they would get. The menu was, without the parentheses, as follows:

Condensed fruit juice (jelly), Kidd's food (milk), fruit of the vine (pickles), home for the skippers (cheese), perpetual motion (tongue), McKinley's elixir of life (sugar), what women most need (men), hidden tears (onions), mochajavario (coffee), New England specialties (pork and beans), whip tips (crackers), bovine fruit (butter), too steep (tea), spring's offering (water), spring's offering seasoned (lemonade), mineral cake (marble cake), woman of grit (sandwich), cause of neighborhood contention (chicken), congealed lacteal fluid (ice cream), chip off the old block (toothpicks), tree cake (nut cake), what a young man gives his sweetheart (kisses), what a sweetheart gave a young man (taffy).

### To Mark Table Linen.

A lady wishes to know the best way of marking table linen. A baby with a gravy dish is highly esteemed by many.

# WHOM DID SHE MARRY?

## Romance and Fashion at the Seaside.

### Bathing Costumes That Suggest the Naiads.

### Some Noted Beauties Who Love to Frolic in the Surf.

NOW that July is come again the salt-water bathers are thick. All along New England's southerly shore, and here and there, is a bathing suit as wonderful and daring as any seen at the French seaside resorts.

The bathing suits of Puritan maidens are in all colors, some blue as old ocean, or scarlet as lobsters, and looking very much like those animals, making one's eyes ache to gaze on them; some are of green, and yellow, and brilliant tartan plaid, and the impressive sable suits that are so popular cause one to fancy wildly that a whole theatre full of Nadjies has escaped and taken to the sea, like the rats of the Pied Piper.

Some of the silk bathing suits are elegant. One, seen at Narragansett Pier last Monday, was a very striking affair of black corded silk. It had two skirts, and was trimmed elaborately with jet (a most inappropriate garniture). It was very pretty, however, to look at, as the wet jet glinted and glistened in the sunshine.

"WORTH TELLING ABOUT."

Another modern Naiad splashed and sported in a costume imported from Dieppe. It was of blue and white striped stuff, relieved with rows of red braid. The waist and skirt were in one piece, fastening in front over a striped red vest. A wide straw hat, trimmed with blue and white striped silk, was tied under the chin with silken ties.

A white wool costume was rather dainty, having a short ruffled skirt and puffed elbow sleeves, a wide girdle and ruffled collar.

I could not help thinking of a white spring chicken, however, every time I looked at the young lady who wore it, for the reason that she wore long yellow silk stockings, and I am sure that you can imagine how apt the comparison might be.

I have studied carefully the effect of color in the water, and I find nothing is prettier than green in the light shades. It seems to blend so beautifully with the colors in the waves which reflect the glorious sunlight. It is moreover very becoming to the dripping wearer of whatever complexion she may be; it makes the skin look very white and fair, and is really the most desirable of colors for the purpose.

A NARRAGANSETT NAIAD.

I noticed one last week, from which I drew my conclusion. It was of soft wool, in two kinds—plain green and white, with green polka dots. It had short gathered trousers of plain green, with a little spotted ruffle about the knees. There were three skirts of alternate plain and spotted stuff. They were very full, and were edged with narrow green braid. The gathered bodice was of plain green, with a wide ruffle of spotted stuff about the rather low-cut neck. The full sleeves were spotted, and came only to the elbow, and were finished with a ruffle of the same. Green silk stockings and white bathing shoes completed the dainty costume.

The girl who wore it was beautiful, with great laughing, saucy eyes and cherry lips. She wore a little silken handkerchief knotted over her ruddy locks when she appeared on the sands, but she snatched it off and tucked it into her belt as she plunged into a great foaming breaker and came up laughing and panting, with her skin shining like alabaster and her kinky hair all wet and clinging and curling about her sweet forehead and little ears.

Her motions in the water were full of poetic grace as she splashed her white arms about and floated and swam in the opal waves. She attracted a deal of attention, and when she sprang out on the sand, all wet and limp and lovely, and her maid threw a great, soft white wrap about her shoulders, there were eyes and eyes that turned to follow her.

Almost every third person that one meets at the seaside is gowned in china silk. There is nothing in fact that is so common, and yet one never tires of it. The gowns of it are as refined and dressy and distingue as if there were but one or two to look at. They are fresh and light and always elegant.

One that I saw the other day in the yellow sunlight is well worth telling about. A girl with the fairest of fair hair and the sweetest of faces had it on. It was of white with large polka dots of yellow, and was trimmed with frills and frills of yellow silk. The long coat was cut away at the front, and was frilled all round, the neck and sleeves being trimmed with frills also. The long skirt was cut in bell fashion and set out gracefully about the bottom. It was finished with fine yellow frills. An aggressive leghorn hat of generous size, trimmed with bunches and loops of white gauze ribbon, was worn with the gown, as also was a large parasol of the yellow spotted silk, trimmed with festooned yellow frills.

Another china silk that had everything its own way, as far as oddity was concerned, was of a brilliant magenta color, which, as every one well knows, makes all colors about it appear hideous. The girl who wore it evidently knew what she was about, like Josephine of old, when she sat on that traditional green sofa in her snowy gown beside the unsuspecting woman in blue.

"IN A MAGENTA CHINA SILK."

She looked very lovely in her "intense" gown, being of that bright type of beauty that is made up of a fair skin, deep violet eyes and black hair. A large jabot of softest silk muslin was thrown gracefully about her shoulders and she smiled sweetly as she swept down upon her friends and enemies in their frocks of yellow and scarlet and green.

She wore the Frenchiest, daintiest bit of millinery on her dusky tresses. It was of magenta lace and pink tulle, strings of the tulle being wound around her face and neck in a fantastic fashion of her own that suited her to perfection.

There is a beautiful young married lady at a South shore resort, with sad, sweet eyes, and trunks upon trunks full of Paris frocks, and there is a little story about her that has somehow leaked out and which is too good to keep. It savors of real romance, and so long as I do not use names I cannot be transgressing in telling the readers of THE SUNDAY GLOBE about it.

Several years ago this beautiful woman had a love affair with a young college fellow. They vowed vows of eternal devotion and constancy while together, and when he was finally sent West their letters were full of undying affection, till the man's letters suddenly stopped. The poor girl fancied he had tired of her and wrote several appealing missives to lure him back; but a watchful parent acted an important part in the drama, and the result was that she married another man, the choice of the said stern parent, and one whose ducats were "as many as the sands by the sea."

They went to Europe, and the girl's old love never saw her again until the other day here as she was standing at the head of a lighted stairway in the glory of full evening dress. He had just arrived from South America and stood talking at the foot of the stairs with the girl's husband, whom he had known slightly in college. Suddenly he looked up and saw her with her sad, sweet eyes and wonderous beauty. He pulled on his friend's arm, and said huskily:

"Good God, Jack, there's Maud R——!"

"No," the other replied, "she's married, you know."

"Married!" and the first lover's face hardened. "Do you know, Jack, that that is the only girl I ever loved in my whole lifetime, and I know that there was a time when she loved me," and his strong voice shook when he asked, "whom did she marry?" And the other answered:

"She married me." MARIE.

# SHE TRAVELLED AS A BOY.

### The Long Trip of Fascination—Miss Muriel in a Wild Country.

One of the most talked-of and beparagraphed personages of the day is Miss Menie Muriel Dowie, who obtained fame a year or so ago by crossing the Carpathian mountains all alone, sleeping in the cottages of

MISS DOWIE IN HER TOURIST COSTUME.

an ignorant and simple-minded but courteous peasantry, and now and again under the stars. Her work, "A Girl in the Karpathians," will be one of the hits of the month.

Miss Dowie is a granddaughter of Robert Chambers, the publisher, and a goddaughter of Mr. James Payn.

To betray the age of a fascinating young lady would be heartless, but Miss Menie Muriel was 23 when she took the grim scientists of the British Association by storm.

It was somewhat of a novelty for a young lady of that age to stand up before a large audience, and, with the most winning manner, to tell of travel in obscure villages, where few Europeans have ventured.

And it was all done, too, in the most diffident style, with no assumption that there was anything peculiarly wonderful about it, except her costume, a picture of which is given above.

### Had Not Changed the Butcher.

A cook at a boarding-house played a little game on a grumbling boarder by serving him with a piece of solid leather instead of beefsteak.

"You have changed your butcher, Mrs. Hashcher?" said the boarder, looking up at the landlady, after sawing two or three minutes at the leather.

"Same butcher as usual," replied the boarding-house keeper, with a patronizing smile. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing much," said the lodger, trying to make an impression on the steak with his knife and fork, "only this piece of meat is the tenderest I have had in this house for some weeks."

# CROWNS OF SUMMER.

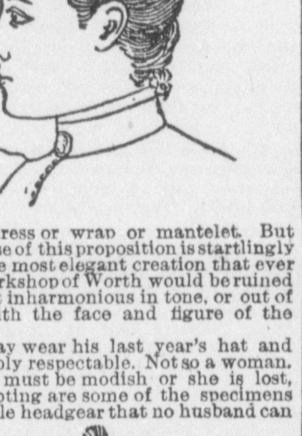
### Four Examples of New Millinery Such as Some Fashionable Women Will Wear—Headgear No Husband Can Say Boo to.

Here are sketched four of the newest outputs in millinery. The first is a fancy straw hat trimmed very stylishly with folds of yellow velvet and black tulle with clusters of different colored bellflowers. Some of the wide-brimmed black lace hats have coronets of flowers with an upturned ruching of lace surrounding the opening in the centre. Or, instead of the wreath, you may make use

of two or three large sprays of lilac or other flowers. With these hats are often worn collars to match, a double frilling of black lace divided by a collarette of such small blossoms as cowslips, buttercups, daisies, or violets, or merely a bunch of flowers nestling in front and another behind. The second is a dainty capote. Its crown is of tulle point d'esprit in plaits on a wire frame. Below

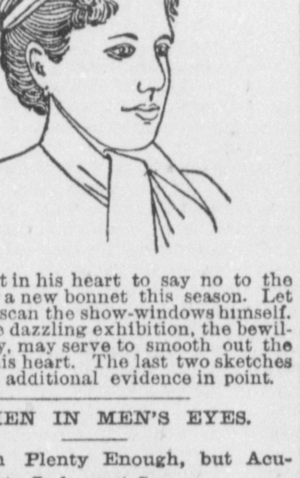
this, as border ornaments, is a circle of jet. In front is a large bunch of the lace, and at the back a spray of pink lilacs; lace strings.

There is no doubt, as an eminent fashion leader once remarked, that as long as a woman appears in public with a hat or bonnet of the very latest spasm of modishness she may be permitted to be a little careless



about her dress or wrap or mantelet. But the converse of this proposition is startlingly true, for the most elegant creation that ever left the workshop of Worth would be ruined by a bonnet inharmonious in tone, or out of keeping with the face and figure of the wearer.

A man may wear his last year's hat and look tolerably respectable. Not so a woman. Her bonnet must be modish or she is lost, and so tempting are some of the specimens of seasonable headgear that no husband can



really find it in his heart to say no to the demand for a new bonnet this season. Let him go and scan the show-windows himself. Possibly the dazzling exhibition, the bewildering array, may serve to smooth out the cockles of his heart. The last two sketches are simply additional evidence in point.

# WOMEN IN MEN'S EYES.

### Admiration Plenty Enough, but Accurate Judgment Scarce.

It was 6 o'clock, the not particularly witching hour when the toilers of the great city are struggling homeward. On a corner stood a very striking example of "one of the finest," airily swinging his club, says the Sun, and observing the trim young working girls trip over the broad street crossing. Suddenly he became aware that a very pretty young woman of modest attire had taken her stand on the corner near him.

He noted the blueness of her eyes and the wavy softness of her blonde hair. Throwing back his shoulders and giving his moustache a twist he meandered showily by the young woman and gazed tenderly into her face.

Presently a young man, who had hurried across the Bowery, stopped in front of the girl, and, raising his hat, spoke a few words to her. At the same instant the heavy hand of the policeman fell on the young man's shoulder.

"Here, here," growled the officer. "You'll have to come along with me."

"What for?" demanded the young man, looking up in alarm.

"For mashin' this young lady," replied the policeman.

"Why, she's my fiancee."

"She's your what?"

"My fiancee."

"Aw, what are you givin' me? Don't try any fiancy business on me. Come along."

But now the young lady herself spoke up with, "Really, Mr. Officer, this is my young man. We are going to be married."

The large red face of the policeman became purple, and he seemed to have a fit. After he was able to speak he said:

"Say, young feller, don't talk Portugee or Dutch to a policeman after this. If you'd said you and she was keeping company first off there wouldn't have been no trouble."

Satisfied that he had sustained his official dignity, the policeman crossed the Bowery and took up his stand on the opposite corner.

### Woe was He?

[Detroit Free Press.]

Detroit has one poor young man, who is a clerk in a dry goods store, but his soul is above even the bric-a-brac on the top floor.

"I love a girl in Kalamazoo with all the intensity of my nature," he sighed to his roommate one night.

"Why don't you marry her?" very naturally asked the roommate.

"There is one insuperable objection," he moaned; "I am so poor and—"

"Is she rich?" promptly came the inquiry.

"Yes, but—"

"And handsome?"

"Yes, but—"

"And young?"

"Yes, but—"

"And unencumbered?"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, great spoons, what more could a poor man ask?"

"He could ask her to marry him," he almost whispered.

"Well, why in thunder don't you ask her?"

"I have asked her," and there was such an interminable gloom in his voice, and such an unutterable woe in his face, that the roommate couldn't ask another question.

# "GIMME A FLOWER, MISS!"

## And When She Did So She Made a Child Happy.

### Francesca's Bright Idea and What Came of It.

### How Her Little Flower Mission Taught Her a Surprising Lesson.

"MISSUS, missus, please give me a flower."

"Gimme one, missus, please."

"An' me, missus—"

In a moment more Francesca was the centre of a clamoring throng, a throng of children clamoring not for raiment or for food, but for a single flower apiece — a group of the dirtiest and raggedest and forlornest of God's creatures begging for so small a boon as a single blossom.

To go back a bit, Francesca's present mission—a little flower mission all on her own account—was the outgrowth of the state of siege she fell into every time she came up to town from her country summer home, if she had so much as a bachelor's button in the lapel of her jacket.

These repeated requests on the part of first one and then another small atom of humanity set Francesca to thinking that it would amuse her and might give some little pleasure to a whole lot of urchins some day to multiply her buttonhole posy by a great many and give them all away.

So she did.

ALL WANTED A FLOWER.

It was the easiest thing in the world to get the flowers, and when she dropped down in the North End the other morning her basket was heaped with sweet peas and nasturtiums and pink, and many another variety of the sweetest and prettiest of July garden flowers, topped off with a cluster of mignonette blooms and odorous rose geraniums.

Something of a schemer by nature, Francesca had mapped out her route to avoid the children by the stations, whom she felt sure must fare well at the hands of flower-laden passengers, determining for once that the youngsters who live off the beaten track of suburbanites, and aloof from the Common and other of the city's breathing spaces should have their innings.

And, then, all the way along she had misgivings as to whether she should find children enough to give the contents of her basket to who would care to take the flowers, and whether upon an initial trip she would have been wiser to take fewer.

She turned into the dusty, dirty North End street, uglier and more repulsive than ever under the searching summer sun. A sickly baby in its mother's arms upon the corner stoop stretched a pitifully thin hand toward Francesca's basket, smiling a pathetic wan little smile at the gay garden messenger of friendliness that found its way into the tiny fingers.

A step farther, and a dusky daughter of Italy, with eyes as big as her face was small, preferred a modest request in excellent queen's English for "a pink, lady."

Then another child with a beseeching hand, plump and brown, and—then Francesca was surrounded.

They sprang up like sprites, gay little gnomes, poor, sad, little dwarfed copies of childhood, saucy little witches, big ones and little ones, roly poly and shadowy ones, dirty ones and, saints above! the miracle, here and there a clean one—children and children.

They swarmed like bees and buzzed about that basket of flowers no more like sainted copies of the Sunday school library type than truth is like perverted speech, but precisely like a crowd of human little beings possessing an amount of admiration for gay colors and sweet smells.

Well, there they were, a small horde of them, trooping upon Francesca's heels, the littlest ones tugging at her dress, some of them drumming a tattoo upon her arms, and wherever they could find space for their fingers, to attract her attention and win for their impatience a blossom by way of reward.

THE SICK BABY.

The general formula was: "Missus, gimme a flower, please"—almost invariably with the please; some of the little ones said "Teacher," and some said nothing, only held up their patient or impatient little digits, while tears crept into the eyes, blue, black or gray, of several children who thought they were not going to get the coveted flower.

Clamoring for a flower! Think of it!

Well, the basket was emptied in less time than it takes to tell of it, the boy in a blue pinafore, upon whose head the few loose petals came fluttering down as Francesca turned her basket upside down, breaking into a loud wail of disappointment. But his mother stanched the flow of tears with her generous apron, and a small lassie with a sunny, round face gave him one of her two yellow zinnias, thus assuaging his woe.

Ten paces or a dozen from the starting point and empty handed!

Francesca laughed to herself at her qualms of a quarter of an hour back, and aloud in spite of herself for pure pleasure over the antics of the boys and girls of all ages and of most all nationalities who had blocked her way.

Only a flower. Of course, everybody knows a cut flower is short lived, and nowhere more so than when clutched tightly in a hot little fist, but the genuine delight of the owners of these some grimy fists over their inconsequential gift proved the value of the blossoms to lie deeper than their fleeting beauty.

The aspirants to favor were most of them shy, and a word from "The Lady" shut them up like a touch of a finger does a turtle, but they talked to each other. The smallest son of Israel that ever toddled on two legs and lisped, said, "Booful lady gimme et," to his next of kin, and the booful person smiled and could not for the life of her for the minute feel sorry for the infant's evident poor eyesight.

The mother of the boy who helped himself in his eagerness not to miss getting "that red pink, lady," rated him sharply with a "Here you! put it back till she gives it to yer; put it back er I'll whack you. Don't yer know no manners ner decency when a nice lady does be givin' yer all flowers ez fast ez she kin, that yer'd steal wan of 'em. Ah, you!

WAITING FOR FRANCESCA.

He put it back and waited his turn.

A couple of tall workmen who towered above Francesca overawingly in their brawny might, paused "fer wan uv the pooty yeller ones, if 't was ter spare." They got two which they went off smelling, and if wishes had been flowers just then, two tall men in blue overalls, with dinner pails, would have had a garden apiece.

It was not in human nature not to wish for a wagon load of flowers in place of the few by comparison, for more pinks and more of the "yellow ones," since they of the variety of flowers were especial favorites, and Francesca's generous meditations were not disturbed when a little later she meandered over her course again, and found that there were no ruthlessly destroyed flowers in the gutters, and that such of the children to whom she had given flowers as were in sight were still cherishing the then wilted pink or yellow or variegated delegate from country gardens. Those of the boys who had on jackets had the flowers stuck through whichever buttonhole chanced to be hanging together. One boy wore his stalk of gillyflower twisted in and out of the one "gallus;" and the Tom Sawyer to this Huckleberry Finn sported a nodding French marigold in the crownless and next to rimless remnant of a head covering, which he called his "dicer."

The woman and her sick baby were still on the scantily shaded stoop; the little fellow had fallen asleep in his mother's arms, with one arm thrown about her neck, while the other hand held tightly the flower he had smiled over, the petals of the blossom brushing against the wan, white face.

This was the happiest inspiration of the morning to Francesca.

Not stopping to go countrywards, she reduced the distance between the North End and the nearest flower vendor to its lowest terms, and before high noon she was back again with both a basket and an armful of sweet peas and pond lilies, and these went into the houses and up the dingy, rickety stairs into the rooms where there were children sick and crippled, and in some places at work, old before their time with delving for the daily bread. Here, where there was always a cup of water, though not often very cool, to receive them, were deposited the clusters of blossoms that were received with more expressions of delight, thought the donor, than ever society bud gave to the floral offerings at her coming-out party.

The littlest child of all, on a bed seemingly forever a stranger to sweetness and light, said: "Oh!" with a long-drawn breath, and then, "How long 'll they last? I never had any before, and I'd like to keep them, they're so nice. Oh, they must cost just lots!" Poor baby!

Francesca says she never supposed that she had many treasures laid up above the stars, but that if an hour or two of time, a little effort, and a bit of money saved from bonbons and ice-cream soda and spent in flowers can buy so many blessings as were showered upon her head in that single forenoon, she considers it one of the best investments ever made.

"May you never know trouble the longest day you live, nor any day." Was ever wish more grateful? Well, that was from the old grandmother of a poor little cripple, who said he used to go to the Public Garden to see the flowers before his "legs got so bad."

But neither that nor any of the expressions of joy which Francesca says are still ringing in her ears quite equalled in intensity the pleasure of carrying a few flowers to the mite of an Italian boy who could speak no word of English, but who kissed his hand and then the flowers to Francesca and wiped away the tears of pure delight with the sleeve of his little red flannel bed gown, while his mother, muttering the blessings of the powers above in her native tongue, wrung Francesca's hand as if it had showered gold into the stifling attic instead of a few fragrant flowers.

And Francesca says, truly enough, that anybody can have as lovely a time as she had by getting up a little individual flower mission.

# DISAPPOINTING THE CHURCH.

### It is a Very Small Hoosier Baby, But it Makes the Father Very Happy.

[Chicago Times.]

Three years ago a wealthy Hoosier farmer died, leaving a will which provided that his entire estate should go to the Cumberland church at the end of five years from the testator's death, unless in the meantime his only son—a lusty bachelor of 40—should marry and have issue, in which case the property should revert to the new heir or heirs. The son married a few months after the old man's funeral, and last week a young doctor was called upon to officiate at a happy event, which ruined the financial hopes of the little Cumberland church congregation.

"The new son and heir," remarked the physician the other day, after recounting the foregoing facts, "is about the smallest Hoosier who ever saw the light of day. But the proud father is the happiest man in all christendom. After surveying the little visitor for the first time, he stopped dancing about the room long enough to say very gravely, 'Pretty small, eh, doc?'

"'Oh, I don't know about that,' I replied, hesitatingly, as if somewhat in doubt.

"'But not too small, eh, Doc?'

"'Oh, no; certainly not.'

"'Not too small to live, you know, Doc?'

"'I certainly see no reason why the child should not live and thrive.'

"'Honest?'

"'Yes, sir. The child is all right.'

"'Well, understand, now, Doc, I'm not playing him for a Goliath at all—I'm backing him as a David. See! What I want to know is, do you honestly think he will be strong enough to knock out the whole darned Cumberland church? Remember, it will be a two years' scrap."

### Talking to Himself.

[Texas Siftings.]

Schamburg (to Jacobs)—You vas a liar und a schoundrel. Do you hear dot?

Jacobs (to Schamburg)—I hear you already und I dinks you vas talking to yourself.

# HOWARD'S LETTER.

## Suggestive Topics Shelved Because of Prejudices.

### The Bread and Butter Problem the One of Most Serious Importance.

### Fresh Air Funds Doing Much Good this Hot Weather.

NEW YORK, July 18.—There are a number of matters of great public interest which are also most difficult to discuss because of prejudice, probable misunderstanding of motive, and, to a certain extent, an inability in the popular mind to appreciate without exaggeration or diminution assertions made.

For instance, take the marriage question.

How utterly impossible it is in the present condition of social life to discuss with any degree of intelligence that great problem.

It has occupied the attention of mankind for hundreds of years.

Every country has its peculiar ways of looking at it. Nations differ very widely in their estimate of its desirability.

In the old biblical times men had as many wives as they wanted, with concubines galore, and it was considered the proper caper for old patriarchs, as the Mormon elders do now, not only to have as many wives as they could support, but as many as they cared to have.

In this era of divorce, when not a day passes that the papers don't tell us of some infelicitous matrimonial alliance, from which the high contracting parties desire to be released, which is in process of investigation by the court, it is really a question worthy of serious consideration as to whether the present stamp of marriage with its binding effects is the best for all parties concerned.

But, no, you don't.

You don't catch me getting into that mess. I am a married man myself, so are a large majority of my friends, and it would be a literal impossibility for me to draw photographs without giving offence, for me to present pictures without treading on somebody's toes, for me to suggest without being utterly misunderstood.

Therefore?

Therefore I let it alone severely.

Another matter which really

**Ought to be Exploited**

is the wonderful divergence of religious beliefs.

We are divided into creeds of all sorts and kinds, and, in spite of Christian charity, there is a marvellous rarity of courteous recognition of mankind's right each to his own faith.

We are told that a poor devil the other day was not buried in "holy ground," the church authorities having refused to allow him, he having taken his own life, to be buried in a plot of ground for which he paid his own hard-earned money, so his body was put in another cemetery, and a leading paper in the city of New York comes to the front with a tremendous headline, "Not Buried in Holy Ground."

Now you readily see how a common-sense view of the case would show that whatever ground the body was put in there would be a certain result, decomposition, utter disintegration and final falling into dust, useless.

How easy to follow that line of thought, yet how disturbing it would be as a factor introduced for conversation, for discussion, for debate in certain circles. Now, I have certain beliefs myself, as have all my friends, and I know better than to, in these beastly hot days, throw any closet door open that the skeleton may be shown.

Therefore?

Therefore I leave that subject very emphatically and decidedly alone.

Another topic which attracts universal attention, but which the newspapers and public speakers never under any circumstances touch, is that of the strained relations between the rich and the poor.

This is a very peculiar country, and it is a very suggestive fact that the rich are getting richer very fast, and the poor either keep along as they are or

**Descend to a Lower Depth**

of discomfort and poverty.

Now, it stands to reason that a condition of affairs so inequitable, making princes of one and slaves of another class, cannot last.

There will come, as certain as fate, some great upheaval, and it is the very dread of that upheaval which keeps men, thoughtful men, from discussing the condition.

They hope by silence, by ignoring facts, to persuade themselves that they don't exist.

They appear to be quite content with things as they are, and, although they are confident that sooner or later the deluge may come, so long as they not overwhelmed by it they don't care.

Now I don't care to discuss on a beastly hot night like this that problem, for, although I have very well defined ideas on the subject, I dare say they would not suit everybody, and that would provoke argument and disputation which are not at all desirable at present. One must fall back therefore at such times upon the old and always new topic of men and women.

What is it which interests men and women most today.

Obviously bread and butter.

We have 2,000,000 of people here, of whom probably 350,000 are out of the city today, leaving probably more than a million and a half men, women and children on this fair island of Manhattan; yet if you walk Broadway or 5th av., you will be surprised at the few people you meet, and if you ask the editors, or the preachers, or the police why Broadway and 5th av. are comparatively deserted, they look at you in amazement, and say: "Why, don't you know everybody is out of town?"

Oh, indeed.

**"Everybody" is Out of Town**

and yet a million and a half of us are in town. Who may we be perchance, and what are we thinking about, and who may the fortunate everybody be who is out of town and what are they thinking of.

All the great enterprises of the metropolis are under headway. Our manufactories, our great bazaars, our stores, our varied industries of whatever name are going along just the same today as they were yesterday, as they were a month ago.

Houses are in process of erection to an extent never known here before. Thousands of men are at work upon our streets, indeed, certain great avenues are so uprooted by them as to warrant the assertion that they are one vast trench. The smell from these upheavals of gas and of earth are most offensive. There are miles, yes scores of miles of travelled highway, dirty, noisome, stenchful, over the stones of which no cleansing broom has passed in many weeks.

The roofs of our tenement houses are packed in these terrible nights of torridity, a hundred thousand people sleep under the vaulted sky, upon the slated or tin-covered roofs, a score of thousands sleep upon the stoops, another score of thousands sleep upon the streets. Walk up Madison and 5th avs., and you will find that out of every 100 houses 98 are closed, barred and locked, and in all the cross streets between 4th av. and 6th you will find at least 75 of every 100 houses closed and barred and locked.

The chief churches of the city, the houses of God, are closed and barred and locked, yet a million and a half men, women and children are here enduring, suffering, striving, wondering, working, many of them starving, many of them in dire distress.

**Is There No Relief?**

Oh, yes; when tomorrow's blistering sun shall rise, notes of preparation will make musical the river fronts, and ere THE BOSTON GLOBE is laid fresh and sparkling, rich and enjoyable upon the breakfast tables of New England, the fair surface of our unrivalled harbor will be dotted with craft of every name from the majestic steamship along the line of yachtdom, of excursion boat, down to the tiniest bit of naval architecture that can be imagined.

All these beautiful illustrations of the advance and progress of that most enjoyable and delightful line of endeavor, boat building, will be gay with bunting.

The harbor will be enlivened by the screams of whistles, by the ringing of bells, and made beautiful with holiday decorations of bunting, chief and foremost, with its recent decorations, the Stars and Stripes. All the flags of all the nations will be utilized as dressings for the shipping of our harbor.

Down the bay, up the rivers, through the sound, out upon the bounding billows of the turbulent ocean itself will they push their prows, gleaming in the sunshine as cheerily they speed their way, enabling tired eyes to rest or lighting them up with novel prospects unfolded in the midsummer days, filling hungry lungs with fresh breezes from the salted seas, stirring the sluggish blood in veins long since shrivelled and shrunk. Oh yes, there is relief for at least 150,000 more tomorrow.

You will find if perchance you visit New York on one of these scorching Sundays every place of exit thronged by men, women and children of the poorer sort seeking the sands of the ocean, hurrying to the woods and glades up the river, anxious to enjoy their picnic lunch, happy in the anticipation of a day freed from toil, from labor and from vexation of any kind.

**But the Others!**

Ah, that's the sad part of it.

They, too, want relief, but they haven't the wherewithal with which to provide it. Many a sturdy man, working hard six days in every week, looks into the appealing eyes of the partner of his sorrows and answers with hesitant manner in the negative.

The children need shoes, their underclothes are torn and worn, the little ones must have hats, the sick baby needs nourishing food, so they sit and suffer together. The children in the gutters play, and no man unaccustomed to the frightful condition of a metropolitan gutter can begin to appreciate the nastiness of such conditions.

There is an indescribable odor arising from miles upon miles of uncleansed gutters in this city, which offends the nostril, sickens the stomach, turns the gorge and doubtless hurries hundreds every year to untimely death and premature decay.

The one cheerful thought which blossoms like a rose in a desert of aridity is that so many kind-hearted sympathizers turn with smiling face and helpful hand to the poor and distressed, the sick and the helpless in these terrible days.

We have guilds and fresh air funds and associations for the relief of the poor which do an immensity of good.

I dare say that their methods might be improved and that the charities might be extended in a less perfunctory manner, but it is not good policy to look a gift horse in the mouth, and we should be thankful that the giver of every good and perfect gift has implanted humanitarianism in so many noble breasts.

The Tribune fresh air fund, Life's fresh air fund, the St. John's Guild and the Seidl Society do

**More Practical Clean Cut Christian Work**

every summer than all the charities of the city combined. They take the poor man and his wife, groups of children and the poor and troubled from our public institutions, and send them down the bay to a seaside resort, or, as is the case with the fresh air funds, they take companies of little boys and girls and send them to farms in the interior of the State or somewhere in New England, giving them a week or a fortnight's taste of rural life, of rural food, of rural air, straight from the heavenly courts.

I dare say these people don't deserve thanks for doing God's work; but, on the other hand, they have the solid satisfaction, each to himself and herself, of helping those who are helpless, of taking the burden from a breaking back, of cheering a troubled heart, and of uplifting to a certain extent from the drudgeries of life, even though it be but for a day, men and women who, had they been born in other stations, would have had a lot of life very different from that in which they labor and struggle and die as the beast dies.

**Oh, this Contrast**

between the lives of the rich and the lives of the poor!

It has been my good fortune to spend two weeks by the seaside. There stands a perfect specimen of architecture, clean as a whistle, so clean that you could eat your dinner from the very floor. Its corridors, its verandas, its balconies, its rooms, its dining halls are spacious and fully equipped with everything, from mechanism to food, that the heart of man can desire and wealth procure.

There sit men and women fortunate in life's affairs. There they spend the days in full enjoyment of a perfect view, with everything that a palate most sensitive and exacting could desire, with the beautiful breeze booming in from the ocean undiluted with smells from the gutter, unpolluted with the exudations from city trenches, men and women fortunate in life's affairs.

I thought as I looked at them last night, the moon shining full and brilliant, giving a light so clear as to reveal every face among the hundreds, what a contrast between you and your fellows in New York sleeping on the heated tin of the very roof itself, nestling within a foot of the stenchful gutter itself, wandering through the highways and the byways, searching for a crust or a melon rind or a decayed orange or a thrown-away bit of meat.

Why is it?

What is it?

How long can it last?

No man need be an alarmist because he finds conditions of affairs so startling. Common sense can come to the rescue.

Upon the broad shoulders of the press rests the responsibility. What we need is

**Virility in the Sanctum.**

Men with big hearts and clever heads and facile hands have a duty to perform between the rich and the poor.

How idiotic it would be for the family physician to cover with a sheltering plaster an angry and a threatening carbuncle. He can by his plaster conceal it from view. He can say in smooth and oily tongue, "there is no danger." Meanwhile, the carbuncle is at work drawing to itself from every section of the system the virus which ultimately will flame forth, with core inflammation, causing intensest pain and fraught with danger.

A more sensible physician would treat the carbuncle from the first, and by judicious means bring it along to the point where expert incision would afford permanent relief. It is a very easy thing for us to shut our eyes to the condition of affairs, but why?

Surely it isn't wisdom to do so.

Look at Newport.

Why I can find you a hundred men in Newport, every one of whom is worth more than a million and some worth ten, twenty, fifty, a hundred millions of dollars.

Come with me to this imperial city. Why, I saw this very day on the veranda of Austin Corbin's Oriental Hotel 10 men, one reputed to be worth $115,000,000 and the others ranging by conservative estimate from $2,000,000 to $20,000,000.

Then I came to town.

On the boat and in the cars were many rich men.

I struck the city.

Heavens and earth what a difference! Rich men disappeared, the poor cropped up. Poor devils without a cent looked eagerly and anxiously this way and that. The broiling sun fell upon their unprotected bodies, sizzling what little blood was left in their brains. Many of them had

**No Breakfast,**

thousands of them expected no dinner, and as for a third meal the very idea carries its absurdity with it.

Well, here they are, right here in town. Here they have been for years, here generation after generation comes to the front. The poor man's children grow to be poor men and women, and their children follow them.

They walk the streets side by side with these men of phenomenal prosperity, they see that they are built precisely as they are from the top of their hairy head to the sole of their tired feet. They have eyes and ears and teeth and hands and stomach and feet precisely as the rich men have.

Why this difference, they have been asking for years; why this difference, they ask with increased vehemence today. What will be the end?

Common sense says all men are brothers, and when the prosperous class recognizes the fraternality, the comradeship, the brotherhood of the unfortunate class, all danger will pass away, the heavens will be clear, and the sun, whose beams are for the healing of the nations, will shine upon the one as upon the other, and for the best good of both.

That time must come.

It may be not in my day or in yours, but as certain as the revolutions, as certain as fate, as certain as God himself, there must come a change whereby men will stand more nearly upon a level, and when this monstrous difference, of millions on the one hand and nothing on the other, will be done away with.

HOWARD.

# MISS COUPONIA.

### THE STORY OF A HANDSOME YOUNG BROKER AND HIS LUCK.

By K. K.

WHAT a jolly altogether fascinating sort of a chap Jack was—eyes as black as ink, teeth as white and perfect as can be imagined, and such a smile.

Oh, ladies and gentlemen, that sort of smile is the badge of the conqueror, the key that unlocks the most impossible things, the subtle, dangerous electric agent that, in his case, developed hysterical symptoms in Miss Prim's select short-hour school for ladies to such an extent that good Dr. Squills was almost worn out with the incessant calls for his services; that no less than 12 bosom friends, who had been sworn to be true until death and some time thereafter, became suddenly cold and estranged and suspicious of each other.

For the school was a down town, in the neighborhood of the stock exchange, and Jack, although exceedingly young, was a broker, and at certain hours of the day was certain to be found in that vicinity.

A stock broker at 20. Think of it. None of your meritorious country boys who come to the metropolis from the back towns, with their cowhide boots, pure souls and a capital of 10 cents tied up in a red cotton handkerchief, but the genuine Boston production, born and bred between the brick walls, product of the highest pressure city school and billiard rooms—at home alike in church, opera house, race course, pool room, public library, "Cribb club" art gallery or Y. M. C. A. gymnasium.

And what a dresser! No dude, and yet quite the despair of all the fellows. No other gloves so perfect, no other boots so shapely and so shining! His hat and coat and swell "continuations" are simply perfect, and looked as if they grew upon his jaunty, supple figure.

Perhaps you fancy that this "tailor-made" young man lacked in manliness and other higher qualities.

Not much. What other fellow of his inches dared to face Prof. Heavyweight for three hot rounds with four-ounce gloves?

Who thrashed a crowd of roughs and rescued poor old Farmer Hayseed from their clutches that day the old man took a drop too much?

"GOODBY, DEAR POLLY."

Who risked his life and spoiled a new spring overcoat before a furious team of runaways and snatched the little humpbacked shoe-string vendor from almost certain death? and, not content with that, who bore her bravely down the crowded avenue and to her wretched home without a care for all the sneers and curious glances he encountered on the way, and left the contents of his purse upon the table, and ran away to dodge her gratitude?

Why, Jack!

And what a brave, kind son he had always been to that good mother of his since the father died and left them alone in the great city!

What more is needed? The lad who helps, and loves, and treats his mother well is good enough for most of us.

Again, perhaps you think this "motherboy" could not be shrewd and sharp in turn, and didn't understand the stock reports, and all the mighty forces and ups and downs of fortune indicated by the calls and cries and bids in magic fractions and per cents., bewildering to untutored minds? Why! "Margins," "puts and calls" and "thirds and straddles" were simply A, B, C to Jack.

And then came that eventful day when Miss Couponia, the spinster Crœsus from Commonwealth av., had given Jack a somewhat large commission for the sale of certain stocks. Of course the lad had smiled—who wouldn't, when a brief transaction put a handsome sum of money in his pocket?

But this especial smile was dangerous, as we know. At all events, stern Miss Couponia found it so, and in short order struck her colors, so to speak; and that one visit to this fascinating broker led to many another one, so advantageous to the latter that soon his waggish neighbors swore the lady "only lived and breathed to cash his smiles at sight!"

About that time the "Great Northwestern Transportation Company" was working hard to engineer the famous "Land Grant Bill" through Congress, and Jack became aware that with a little backing he could control a certain block of shares he knew about. This operation, if successful, would make him almost independent of the world.

But where should he get the necessary funds?

He thought it over continually, and finally, one rainy morning, rang the street-door bell of the great brown stone house inhabited by Miss Couponia.

A ponderous footman showed him to the grand reception room, where 20 minutes later the charming capitalist swooped down upon him in all the easy splendor of a special morning toilet.

Awed somewhat by his fine surroundings, he hesitated for a moment, but soon his natural assurance had returned. The lady seemed so cordial, that his hopes revived, and after some explanatory conversation, he boldly asked her for a loan so large that for a time it fairly staggered that fair creature.

At first she made him no reply, but putting up her glass, she stared at him so fixedly that soon he grew decidedly uneasy.

But who can understand a woman? Just as his heart was growing faint a dawning smile and tender and expressive glance softened the stony face that until then had seemed to him so Gorgon-like; and putting down her glassy shield, she spoke as follows:

"The loan you ask for is a pretty large one. Suppose things shouldn't happen as you now anticipate, what then?"

"Why, then," said he, "the money would most certainly be lost. But I am confident that cannot happen."

"How confident you young men always are. 'The unexpected always happens,' somebody says," said she, and then she sighed. "If I should lose this money it wouldn't ruin me, and yet the loss would be a serious inconvenience. Now, if I help you to the sum you wish, is it not fair that you should give me—give me something in return?"

She blushed and hesitated.

"Why, certainly, most certainly, my dearest madam," said Jack, so eagerly. "Why, anything that I can do for you, upon my word, I will. In three weeks from this very day the principal and interest, with my most grateful thanks, shall be all ready for you."

"Yes, yes, of course, that's understood," said she; "but should I ask for something else, some other thing than money"—and here she looked so arch and tender that Jack began to tremble—"shall it be understood that you are bound in honor to do whatever I shall ask you in return?"

"Of that you may be sure," said he; "that is—why, anything in reason," laughing a trifle guiltily, for might she not suspect he might be hedging?

"Then you shall have the money," said the lady; and 15 minutes later Jack left the house with quite a pretty check stowed safely in his pocket, and worse (to tell the truth), a rather anxious feeling tugging at his heart.

But something very sweet and unexpected happened shortly, that for a season drove all worries from his mind, for at the very instant that the sun broke through the clouds that gray forenoon our hero met and had an introduction to Miss Polly.

And was there ever such a glorified, bewitching little scribe and rare typewriter as this Polly was? Such roguish eyes and dimples, with such a perfect figure, such white and slender hands, ankles so trim, such jaunty little feet and fluffy red-gold hair! Were ever smiles so utterly bewildering, bar even his!

No, never! probably. At all events, he would have sworn to it upon a heap of Bibles equalling in height the new Globe building. Besides, she was an orphan, and needed just exactly such a manly young protector as our hero soon became.

"AS FAST AS IT WAS OFFERED."

And then came bliss, of course, and very soon both Jack and Polly were quite head over ears in love.

How curious it should happen that the very day they first discovered and decided that, they had their first heart-breaking quarrel and parted, never, never to return.

When Jack, bowed down with gloom and despair, approached his office on that cruel day he saw a group of people crowding about the boards where bulletins are posted who seemed to be excited.

Scarce knowing what he did, with listless step, mechanically he joined the crowd.

But instantly his listlessness was gone. With starting eyes and beating heart he read the news that there was trouble with the land grant scheme in Congress, and what was worse, that great "Northwestern," the pet he lived and hoped and swore by, was tumbling like a block of tenements put up by contract.

What should be done? What could he do? The bill was certain to be passed in time—he felt so sure of that—but in the interim, what then?

That short three weeks was nearly up. If he could not repay the loan, what ruin stared him in the face!—and was he not in honor bound to Miss Couponia? Would she be merciful or patient?

He knew she wouldn't; and, shivering, he plunged into his office.

Horrors! there sat the very fate herself. He tried his best to show an easy, cheerful face, but she saw through him in an instant. In vain he pleaded heat and cold, was even mean enough to swear he had the toothache. It wouldn't do; she didn't credit it a particle.

At last, in sheer despair, he told the truth, at least that portion of it that concerned "Northwestern," and to his infinite surprise she didn't seem to mind it very much.

Was he so certain, if the stock was carried for awhile, that all would come out right?

Oh, positive; but, then, to do it would require more money.

Ah! That indeed. How much?

He named a certain sum.

She looked him keenly in the eye and drew her check-book.

"Let me be candid now," said she. "My money, I'm inclined to think, is lost."

"Or gone before," he murmured, without thinking, to himself.

"And now you ask me for a further loan. How many men would grant it, think you? Not one; you know it. But I, a woman—"

"A noble woman!" Jack echoed, fervently.

"But I, a woman, care for some things—some things (speaking very slowly) more than even money!" And she began to look so sentimental that he trembled. "Than even money!" she repeated.

He started backward, for he fancied from the look upon her face that she might throw herself into his arms.

"Give me your—your solemn promise—"

She stopped and turned so red, and looked so plainly what she meant, that Jack, poor, desperate Jack, now understood the crisis was at hand. Just like a drowning man, his whole life flashed before him in an instant.

"Why should he struggle? for ruin stared him in the face, and Polly, fair, false, fascinating, cruel Polly, had abandoned him forever. Then let it come! He should, at least, have all the money that a man could ask for."

He set his teeth, and though his face was pale, he forced a smile.

She saw the game was won. Another instant would have sealed the compact, when from the telephone near by a sudden call rang out.

"One minute, Miss Couponia," he said, and stepped across the floor.

"Hello!"

"Hello yourself!"

"Is this Jack Blank?"

"Unless the Parish Register has lied, it is!"

"O Jack, dear Jack!" a trembling voice came pulsing o'er the wire.

He almost dropped the tube and staggered back, while Miss Couponia's costly teeth were heard to shut together with a sharp and vicious click.

"Oh, Jack!" the voice repeated, "can you forgive me, dear, I am so very, very wretched, and I was—oh, yes, I was all to blame!"

What did he care for mere grammatical construction, or tumbling stocks, or even fair Couponia? He cared only that Polly, blue-eyed, precious Polly, was yet among the possibilities.

"For shame! for shame!" he shouted back, forgetful of his auditor. "I was a selfish brute, and you a perfect angel, Polly!"

"No, no! You were the angel, Jack. And will you come tonight?"

"As surely, sweetheart, as I live."

"Goodby, dear Jack."

"Goodby, dear Polly."

Then he remembered.

And 'twas time he did, for if a poor young fellow ever had to face a more infuriated woman who had him in her power than Jack did that hard day we pity him—that's all.

"O, MOTHER! MOTHER!"

No explanation could suffice. There she had stood and heard it all. His frantic words, his prayers and assertions alike were useless. She showed no mercy in her composition; but, threatening all the terrors of reprisal and the law, with bitter, stinging words, she left him.

And then reaction came, and once again, despite his Polly, poor Jack was desperate and disheartened. Another day would see him ruined.

Half dead with trouble and remorse, he found himself before a bar where men were drinking. He called for brandy, and, though he hated liquor, drank and drank again himself.

He was unused to stimulant, the brandy mounted to his brain, and soon he neither knew nor cared for anything. Yet, strange to say, although his brain was reeling, he walked as straight and easily as ever.

Not knowing how he got there, he found himself within the stockroom.

There seemed to be a strange excitement in the air, and stocks were fluctuating in a way that frightened careful men.

Most cool and calculating ordinarily, the panic seemed to stir him like a cordial, and scarcely knowing what he did, he bid and bid again in such a reckless way that those who knew him tried in vain to caution and control him.

He would not heed or listen. The idea seized him that some clique were working for his ruin, and that his whole salvation depended on his acquisition of a certain stock, which, it was whispered by the knowing ones, some great manipulators were anxious to unload upon an unsuspecting market. As fast as it was offered he took it eagerly.

Men stood aghast, and gathered round him in astonishment, and still he bid and bought, until it actually was rumored there was "method in his seeming madness," that he was "acting for some syndicate, with ample means, who would at any risk protect their interests."

How it all ended and he reached his home he never knew, but pretty Polly nearly cried her eyes out because that night her sweetheart broke his promise.

When he awoke 'twas morning, long past his usual hour for rising. His head seemed splitting, and his mouth so dry and parched he thought at first he had been stricken with a sudden fever.

But soon, too soon, his memory awoke, and, springing up, his mind was filled with dreadful thoughts. This was the fateful day that brought his downfall and disgrace.

"Oh, mother, mother! and poor little Polly, what will they think and say?" he groaned. "Why should I face it, then? Suppose a man can die but once."

Just then the former knocked.

"How can I see her?" she spoke.

"Jack, Jack! do hurry, dear. The gentlemen are so impatient."

"Impatient! gentlemen?" he thought. "Who can they be? Oh! dreadful thought! Why officers, perhaps—and yet it can't be time for that!"

He dressed as quickly as he could, and with a haggard face and sinking heart unlocked his door.

No one was there.

He hesitated, tempted for a moment to turn and fly for life, but that was useless. Where could he go? Where, lacking ample funds, could he be safe a day? So let him face the worst and have it over.

He braced himself, and walking boldly down the stairs he crossed the hall and reached the little parlor.

The door stood open. To his astonishment no creditor or agent of the law was there, but two or three old gentlemen well known to him as magnates of the street, who, in the place of greeting him with frowning faces, seemed disposed to meet him with uncalled-for cordiality.

Now, Jack had graduated from a school which taught its pupils, first of all, to veil their real impressions with the utmost care, and under no condition ever show surprise at anything. And so, by great exertion, he controlled himself and let his visitors explain the motive of their early call.

What was his almost incredulity, and soon his everlasting gratitude to that good Lady Fortune who had stood his friend, when soon he learned that by the merest chance, while almost crazed by unaccustomed stimulation, he actually had bid off and secured a vast amount of certain stock which for some reason of their own a ring of speculators had depressed far down below its actual value, a stock which now was going up again to quite a dazzling height.

It didn't take Jack many minutes to understand his wonderful good luck, and climb from out of gloomy and despairing depths to joy and thankfulness, but he was far too sharp a fellow to let his visitors see that, but coolly took their praise of what they called his "preternatural ability and foresight" as well deserved encomiums, and ere they left him made such shrewd arrangements for a nice division of the spoils as greatly to enhance his reputation and increase his growing clientage.

Need it be added, that with the means secured by this transaction, he did carry his "Northwestern," until, as everybody knows, it made its holders rich, or that sweet little Polly did in time forgive him once again, although with a narrow escape from another quarrel and one more endless separation, or even that Miss Couponia did receive her interest and principal on the very day it was due (which she of course accepted) and an invitation to a sweet little wedding reception a few weeks later (which she didn't) all this is quite self-evident.

The last we have to say of Jack (now named "Bondholder" of the most pronounced and "bloated" kind) and Polly (typewriting scribe no longer) is to recount how, standing on a big Cunarder's deck just as she was about to leave New York for Europe, somebody overheard the former (although he never drinks a drop) endeavoring to convince his pretty bride (who is a very temperance crank) that "if a fellow wants to make a genuine success in life he can't do better than to tempt the fickle goddess now and then by getting most sublimely drunk!"

And then, somebody said, "the rascal turned his head in my direction and winked a very wicked wink."

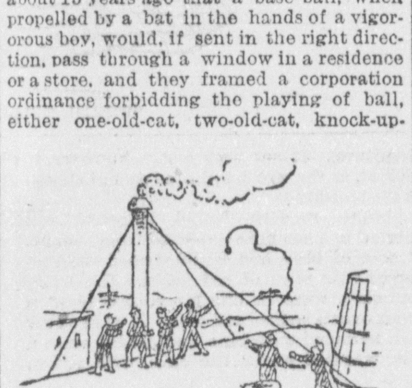
*LARGE CLUBS*

*Can be formed by every one who takes advantage of the new rate offered by the WEEKLY GLOBE in its new private circular. Send to WEEKLY GLOBE for new circular and free sample copies.*

## PLAYING BALL ON A ROOF.

### The Scheme of Some Apprentices for Enjoying the Noon Hour.

Our city fathers, says the Sun, discovered about 15 years ago that a base ball, when propelled by a bat in the hands of a vigorous boy, would, if sent in the right direction, pass through a window in a residence or a store, and they framed a corporation ordinance forbidding the playing of ball, either one-old-cat, two-old-cat, knock-up-



and-catch, or the national game, in the streets. The law is not enforced in all parts of the city, because enforcement is not always necessary, and especially against the players of a game.

At noon every pleasant day on the roof of a big mercantile establishment between Fulton st. and Beekman st., near Pearl st., the employes are permitted to enjoy the noon hour as they please, and one of the bright boys proposed the other day that they should play "one-old-cat" on the roof.

But how should the ball be kept on the roof? To erect a high wire fence around the edge of the roof would be too expensive. The reply was: "Fasten 100 feet of stout fish line to the ball and tie the end of the string to a nail in the roof near the batter's feet." The experiment was tried successfully.

The game is popularly called "knockout" or "fungoes," the catcher taking the batter's place when the batter strikes out or a fielder going to the bat after catching a fly. There is sure to be a peck of trouble with the ball about every three minutes.

It hangs over the top of the big water tank, or it winds the string around the guy rope of the smokestack. Sometimes it ricochets among the telegraph wires beyond the fielders, and is almost hopelessly entangled, and occasionally it makes a bee line for the East river, and then bangs down the side of the dead wall, and is hauled up hand over hand.

In the windows of offices in the neighborhood clerks watch the boys and admire the agility of the catcher, who stands close to the wall, and manages to save himself just as the spectators believe he is about to fall 60 feet to the street below.

## How Alarm Clocks Always Work.

[Chicago Tribune.]

It happened about 6 o'clock one morning.

A man with a flushed face and attired in a white robe stuck his head out of a bay window and yelled:

"Is that your alarm clock?"

A snore was wafted through the window of the next house, and that was the only answer.

"I say!" yelled the man again, "is that your alarm clock?"

"Huh?" came a muttered response.

"Is that your clock that is waking the entire neighborhood?" shouted the man.

"My clock?" came the voice again. Then, after a pause: "Hold on a minute and I'll see."

Then a draped figure carrying a clock appeared at the window of the next house.

"By George! it was my clock," it said. "It never seems to wake me."

"Well, it wakes me!" roared the first man.

"And then you get up and wake me," returned the other. "That's kind of you."

"Yes, I get up and wake you, and some time I'll throw a brick through that window!"

"No necessity for that. You just swear at me and it'll rouse me all right. Suppose I leave this other window open, too. That would make it surer, you know, and I must get up at 6 o'clock. If you go away from home you just let me know and I'll put the clock where it'll catch the man in the house on the other side, so that he can yell at me. I want to make a sure thing of it with one of you, for I never hear the clock."

Then he pulled in his head and a bootjack whizzed by and shattered a lamppost on the corner.

## Russians Will Have to Buy.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., July 17.—A cable, received by Charles A. Pillsbury from the American consul at Odessa, Russia, today states that the wheat crop is 25 per cent. short and the rye crop 60 per cent. short. This would mean a shortage of 360,000,000 bushels of rye and 50,000,000 bushels of wheat. If these figures are even approximately correct, Russia must be a large importer of breadstuff during the next season, instead of being as in average years an exporter nearly equal to the United States.

## Its Excellent Qualities

commend to public approval the California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasing to the eye and to the taste, and by gently acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, it cleanses the system effectually, thereby promoting the health and comfort of all who use it.

# CHECKERS.

EDWIN A. DURGIN..............Editor.

BOSTON, July 21, 1891.

All communications intended for this department must be addressed to Edwin A. Durgin, lock drawer 5220, Boston, Mass.

Chess Divan, 210 Tremont st. Chess and checker players meet day and evening.

Chess and checker players also meet daily at C. Taylor's, 118 Water st.

**Solution of Position No. 1552.**

Ending between Anderson and Seaton.

Black (Seaton) men on 1, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 11, 16, 22.

White (Anderson) men on 13, 15, 17, 18, 21, 27, 28, 29, 31.

White to play and win.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 15.10 | 1.10 | 22.31 | 31.24 | 3.10 |
| 6.15 | 31.26 | 18.14 | 14. 7 | 28. 3 |
| 13. 6 | | | | W. wins. |

**Solution of Position No. 1554.**

By J. A. Price.

Black men on 1, 6, 9, king on 31.

White man on 13, kings on 2, 23.

White to play and draw.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 23.19*1 | 26.22 | 18.23 | 19.23 | 18.15 |
| 6.10-2 | 16.11* | 16.11* | 15.11 | *2. 7 |
| 18. 6 | 22.18-3 | 23.19 | 23.18 | 15.11 |
| 31.26 | 11.16* | 11.15* | 19.16* | 7.14 |
| 19.16* | | | | Drawn. |

(Var. 1.)

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 23.18 | 13. 6 | 31.26 | 18.14 | 10.17 |
| 6.10 | | | | Black wins. |

(Var. 2.)

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 31.26 | 26.23 | 23.18 | 18.14 | 14.18 |
| 19.16 | 16.11 | 2. 7 | 11. 8 | 8.11 |
| | | | | Drawn. |

(Var. 3.)

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 22.17 | 17.13 | 16.11 | 13. 9 | 2. 7 |
| 11.16 | | | | Drawn. |

**Solution of Position No. 1555.**

By G. Price.

Black man on 20, kings on 10, 26.

White men on 24, 27, 32, king on 2.

White to play and win.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 24.19 | 15.10* | 2. 7 | 22.18 | 32.28 |
| 10.14-1 | 26.23 | 18.22 | 6. 1 | 22.18 |
| 19.15* | 10. 6* | 7.10* | 18.22 | 1. 5 |
| 14.18 | 23.19 | | | W. wins. |

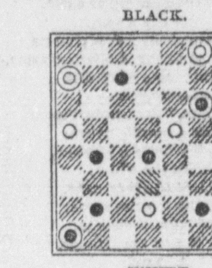
(Var. 1.)

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 26.31 | 19.15 | 27.23 | 15.10* | 14. 7 |
| 27.23 | 31.27 | 19.16 | 19.12 | 2.11 |
| 10.14 | 23.19 | 23.19 | *32.27 | W.wins. |

**Position No. 1556.**

By H. B. Washburn, Brewer, Me.

BLACK.



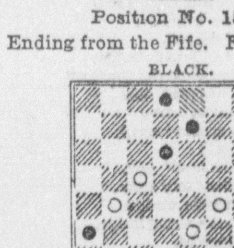
WHITE.

White to play and win.

**Position No. 1557.**

Ending from the Fife. For beginners.

BLACK.



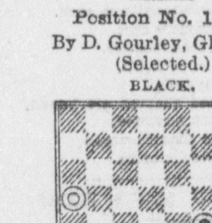
WHITE.

White to play and draw.

**Position No. 1558.**

By D. Gourley, Glasgow. (Selected.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and win.

**Game No. 2400—Single Corner.**

By F. Tescheleit, London, Eng.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11.15 | 26.22 | 31.26 | 22.15 | 28.24 |
| 22.18 | 8.11 | 10.14 | 2. 7 | 27.31 |
| 15.22 | 19.16 | 18.15 | 30.26-5 | 26.22 |
| 25.18 | 4. 8 | 7.11 | 14.18 | 31.27 |
| 12.16 | 16.12 | 23.19-1 | 32.28-7 | 24.20 |
| 29.25 | 11.16 | 16.23 | 18.23 | 7.10 |
| 9.13 | 28.24 | 26.19 | 27.18 | 21.17 |
| 24.19 | 5. 9 | 11.18 | 20.27 | 27.23 |
| 16.20 | | | | Black wins. |

(Var. 1.)

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 22.18-2 | 23. 7 | 12. 3 | 27.18 | 2. 7 |
| 16.19 | 3.28 | 14.23 | | Black wins. |

(Var. 2.)

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 32.28-3 | 6.10 | 24.19 | 25.22 | 28.24 |
| 11.18 | 15. 6 | 8.11 | 11.15 | 2. 7 |
| 22.15 | 1.10 | | | Black wins. |

(Var. 3.)

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 21.17*4 | 24.19*A | 23. 5 | 16.23 | 26.19 |
| 14.21 | 11.18 | | | White draws with care. |

(Var. A.)

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 32.28 | 23. 5 | 26.23 | 23.18 | 13.17 |
| 11.18 | 8.11 | 11.15 | | Black wins. |

(Var. 4.)

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 24.19 | 11.18 | 22.15 | 6.10 | |
| | | | | Black can win. |

(Var. 5.)

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 25.22-6 | 18.23 | 15.11 | 11. 8 | 4. 8 |
| 14.18 | 27.18 | 8.15 | 1. 5 | 26.11 |
| 30.25 | 20.27 | 18.11 | 8. 4 | 8.11 |
| 7.10 | 28.24 | 10.14 | 31.26 | 17.22 |
| 32.28 | 27.31 | | | Black wins. |

(Var. 6.)

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 19.16 | 16.11 | 18.15 | 6. 9 | 19.16 |
| 6.10* | 7.16 | 26.23 | 18.22 | 14. 9 |
| 15. 6 | 23.19 | 15.10 | 9.14 | 16.11 |
| 1.10 | 16.23 | 23.18 | 22.25 | 8. 4 |
| 25.22 | 27. 4 | 10. 6 | 4. 8 | 15.18 |
| 10.15* | 20.27 | 18.15 | 25.30 | 9. 5 |
| 30.26 | 32.23 | 6. 1 | 14. 9 | 18.14 |
| 14.18 | 25.30 | 9.14 | 23.19 | 5. 1 |
| 26.23 | 23.18 | 1. 6 | 9.14 | 13.17 |
| 18.25 | 30.26 | 14.18 | | |

Black wins by first position.

(Var. 7.)

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 19.16 | 6. 9 | 27.18* | 7.14 | 32.23 |
| 9.14 | 26.22 | 14.23 | 19.15 | 13.17 |
| 24.19 | 18.23 | 15.10 | 23.27 | B. wins. |

**Game No. 2401—Kelso.**

Played at Providence, R. I., in July, 1886, between Messrs. A. J. Heffner and E. A. Durgin. Heffner's move:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 10.15 | 16.19-2 | 13.17 | 11.15 | 18.27 |
| 21.17 | 17.14 | 22.13 | 32.27 | 31.24 |
| 11.16 | 6.10 | 15.22 | 6. 9 | 7.10 |
| 23.18 | 27.23 | 26.17 | 13. 6 | 14. 7 |
| 8.11-1 | 10.17 | 1. 6-S | 2.18 | 3.10 |
| 24.20 | 23.16 | 30.26 | 17.14 | 25.21 |
| 9.13 | 12.19 | 4. 8 | 8.11 | 10.14 |
| 25.21 | 21.14 | 29.25 | 27.23 | 26.22 |
| | | | | Drawn. |

(Var. 1.)

In a subsequent game Mr. Heffner varied here as follows:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 16.20 | 8.11 | 3. 8 | 18.23 | 20.24 |
| 18.11 | 22.18 | 23.18 | 22.17 | 15.10 |
| 8.15 | 5. 9 | 14.23 | 16.19 | 12.16 |
| 24.19 | 25.21 | 27.18 | 25.22 | 1. 5 |
| 15.24 | 11.15 | 9.14 | 23.26 | 8.12 |
| 28.19 | 18.11 | 18. 9 | 22.18 | 10. 6 |
| 4. 8 | 7.16 | 5.14 | 26.30 | 1.10 |
| 17.13 | 29.25 | 25.22 | 31.26 | 5.14 |
| 9.14 | 1. 5 | 14.18 | 30.14 | Drawn. |
| 26.23 | 19.15 | 30.25 | 17. 1 | |

(Var. 2.)

In another game Heffner tried the following:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6.10 | 10.17 | 11.15 | 7.10 | 18.22 |
| 27.23 | 21.14 | 29.25 | 14. 7 | 26.17 |
| 1. 6 | 13.17 | 8.12 | 3.10 | 13.22 |
| 32.27 | 22.13 | 25.21 | 20.16 | 8. 3 |
| 16.19 | 15.22 | 6. 9 | 5. 9 | 15.18 |
| 23.16 | 26.17-A | 13. 6 | 16.11 | Drawn. |
| 12.19 | 4. 8 | 2.18 | 9.13 | |
| 17.14 | 30.26 | 17.14 | 11. 8 | |

Same as trunk at S.

**Game No. 2402. Dundee.**

Played between two Boston "scrubs."

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 12.16 | 23.16 | 11.15 | 30.23 | 16.19 |
| 24.20 | 12.19 | 25.22 | 1. 6 | 23.16 |
| 8.12 | 25.22 | 8.12 | 31.27 | 14.18 |
| 28.24 | 9.14 | 27.23 | 8.11 | 16.11 |
| 3. 8 | 18. 9 | 4. 8 | 27.24 | 18.25 |
| 22.18 | 5.14 | 23.16 | 11.16 | 17.14 |
| 16.19 | 22.17 | 12.19 | 20.11 | 10.17 |
| 24.15 | 6.10 | 26.23 | 7.16 | 21.14 |
| 10.19 | 29.25 | 19.26 | 32.28 | 15.18 |
| | | | | Drawn. |

**Game No. 2403—Laird and Lady.**

Played at Melbourne, Australia, between Messrs. James M. Hutton, a prize-winner in the New Zealand intercolonial congress in 1890, and David R. Hay, draughts editor of the Weekly Times.

Hutton's move:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11.15 | 31.26 | 3.10 | 26.23 | 12. 8 |
| 23.19 | 17.21 | 17.13 | 25.30 | 14.18 |
| 8.11 | 25.22 | 1. 6 | 13. 9 | 8. 3 |
| 22.17 | 18.25 | 26.22 | 5.14 | 9. 5 |
| 9.13 | 29.22 | 10.15 | 18. 9 | 17.14 |
| 17.14 | 12.16 | 23.19 | 10.14 | 5. 1 |
| 10.17 | 24.20 | 16.23 | 24.19 | 23.27 |
| 19.10 | 4. 8 | 27.18 | 15.24 | 3. 8 |
| 6.15 | 22.17 | 12.16 | 28.12 | 11.15 |
| 21.14 | 8.12 | 32.28 | 30.26 | 19.10 |
| 15.18 | 28.24 | 6.10 | 23.19 | 14. 7 |
| 26.23 | 7.10 | 30.26 | 26.17 | 8.11 |
| 13.17 | 14. 7 | 21.25 | | Drawn. |

—[Weekly Times.

**Game No. 2404—Laird and Lady.**

Played at Adelaide, South Australia, between Messrs. Walkley and Wyllie. Walkley's move.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11.15 | 15. 6 | 6.10 | 24.20 | 15.24 |
| 23.19 | 1.17 | 29.22 | 22.25 | 28.19 |
| 8.11 | 26.22 | 10.26 | 9. 6 | 8.11 |
| 22.17 | 17.26 | 31.22 | 25.30 | 10. 6 |
| 9.13 | 30.14 | 5. 9 | 6. 1 | 3. 7 |
| 17.14 | 2. 6 | 22.19 | 30.26 | 6. 2 |
| 10.17 | 27.23 | 9.13 | 23.18 | 11.16 |
| 21.14 | 13.17 | 17.14 | 26.22 | 2.11 |
| 15.18 | 28.24 | 13.17 | 18.14 | 16.23 |
| 19.15 | 17.21 | 14.10 | 22.17 | 11.15 |
| 4. 8 | 25.22 | 7.14 | 14.10 | 23.26 |
| 24.19 | 21.25 | 18. 9 | 11.15 | Drawn. |
| 6.10 | 22.18 | 17.22 | 32.28 | |

—[South Australia Chronicle.

**Readers are Mournful, Too.**

Johnny More, says an English exchange, proposed to a girl. She said she would send her answer next day. He was surprised to receive a green leaf. He took it to a botanist, and since then he has been mournful. It was a leaf from a sick-o'-More tree.

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TO WEAK MEN

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## The Globe

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The WEEKLY GLOBE can furnish any style of watch made at Waltham or Elgin, but from the many different styles it has selected a few which represent exceptional value for the money invested. There are half a dozen great case companies in the country that make solid gold, gold-filled, silver and nickel-silver cases. Every one knows what a solid gold or a solid silver case is, and The Weekly Globe assures its readers that the gold-filled and nickel-silver cases are fast driving the old-fashioned "solid" cases out of the market. A gold-filled case is made by rolling two plates of solid gold upon a plate of fine composition metal. A nickel-silver case is made of a composition of nickel and other metals, and it is a solid, not a plated case.

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|---|---|---|
| In nickel silver case | $6 90 | |
| In gold filled 15-year case, engraved | 12.95 | $16.50 |
| In 14k, 20-year case | 15.30 | 18.80 |
| In 14k, 20-year case engraved | 18.00 | 21.60 |
| In solid 14k gold case, 14 dwt | | 36.00 |
| In solid coin silver (3 oz.) case | 12.70 | 12.95 |

### OFFER NO. 2.

A full (15) jewelled Waltham or Elgin nickel movement, patent regulator, compensation balance, safety pinion, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, 4 pairs jewels in settings, cased as follows:

| | Open face. | Hunting. |
|---|---|---|
| In nickel silver case | $11.45 | |
| In gold filled 15-year case, engraved | 17.65 | $21.15 |
| In 14k gold filled 20-year case | 20.00 | 23.50 |
| In 14k gold filled 20-year case engraved | 22.40 | 25.90 |
| In solid 14k gold case, 40 dwt | | 39.90 |
| In solid coin silver (3 oz.) case | 17.40 | 17.65 |

### OFFER NO. 3.

A full (15) jewelled movement, from one of the great factories at Waltham or Elgin, adjusted at the factory to heat, cold and position, full nickel compensation balance, patent safety pinion, Breguet hair spring, hardened and tempered in form. Upon this movement time and money have been literally squandered to bring it to perfection. This movement comes cased as follows:

| | Open face. | Hunting. |
|---|---|---|
| In nickel silver case | $15.00 | |
| In gold filled 15-year case, engraved | 21.15 | $24.70 |
| In gold filled 20-year case | 23.50 | 27.10 |
| In gold filled 20-year case, engraved | 25.90 | 29.50 |
| In solid 14k. gold case, 40 dwt | | 43.00 |
| In solid coin silver (3-oz.) case | 20.90 | 21.15 |

## LADIES' WATCHES.

### Offer No. 4.

A handsome movement, ladies' size, 7 jewels compensation balance and safety pinion, from one of the great factories at Waltham or Elgin, cased as follows:

| | Hunting. |
|---|---|
| In gold-filled case, guaranteed 15 years, engraved | $15.30 |
| In 14k. gold-filled 20 year case | 15.90 |
| In 14k. gold-filled 20-year case, engraved | 18.00 |
| In solid gold, 14k., 17½ to 19 dwt. case, engraved | 24.00 |

### Offer No. 5.

A magnificent 13-jewelled movement (3 prs. in settings), with compensation balance and all other improvements, cased as follows:

| | Hunting. |
|---|---|
| In gold-filled 15-year case, engraved | $18.90 |
| In 14k. gold-filled 20-year case | 20.60 |
| In 14k. gold-filled 20-year case, engraved | 22.70 |
| In solid gold, 14k., 17½ to 19 dwt. case, engraved | 28.00 |

The demand for watch chains has made it easier to supply than to refuse it. After the examination of a large number of styles and qualities the following chains have been selected: They are all of genuine rolled gold, and they are made by rolling solid plates of gold around a piece of wire, which is then drawn out to the size wanted for the chain. The genuine rolled plate wears for years, but the market is flooded with cheap imitations in electroplate and fire gilt that must be avoided.

No. 1 is a men's chain, with twisted open links, known as a "trace chain." It has a beautiful bar and an attachment for a charm, sent by mail for $1.50.

No. 2 is a men's chain with links twisted closely together, known as a 'curb chain." It also has an attachment for a charm, and is a very showy chain indeed. Sent by mail for $2.50.

No. 3 is a ladies' fob-chain, with close links and pendant in the shape of a berry made of gold beads. Sent by mail for $1.95.

No. 4 is like No. 3, with pendant in the shape of a cube made of golden lace work. Sent by mail for $1.85.

No. 5 is a ladies' fob-chain made of woven wire, with pendant in the shape of an open fan. Sent by mail for $2.35.

## POINTS TO REMEMBER.

*(1) In ordering, give number of offer and state whether you wish open-face or hunting case, men's or ladies' size; also state price. Order chains on a separate slip.*

*(2) This offer is open only to subscribers. Any subscriber to THE WEEKLY GLOBE may buy all the watches he wishes for himself or his friends.*

*(3) No subscription is included in the price paid.*

*(4) Every watch sent out will be in perfect order. If it is damaged in the mails, send it back within 24 hours and it will be repaired free of charge.*

*(5) It will take from 3 to 10 days to fill each order.*

**(6) Every Watch and Chain delivered at your Post Office free on receipt of price.**

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